

FAIRY TALES

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

With an Introduction by
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JACOB LUDWIG GRIMM 1785-1863

WILHELM KARL GRIMM 1786-1859

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THE BROTHERS GRIMM

THE brothers Jacob Ludwig and Wilhelm Grimm were sons of a lawyer (who later became public notary) in the town of Hānau in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. Jacob Ludwig was born on January 4th, 1785; Wilhelm on February 24th, 1786. From earliest infancy onwards, the two brothers were inseparable; they dressed alike; they shared one room, and they received their first schooling together. The bonds forged between them in childhood lasted all through their lives; indeed so close was their association and so complete their community of interests that the life and work of the one formed an integral part of the life and work of the other, though no doubt Jacob was the more eminent scholar.

In 1791 the family moved to the small mediaeval town of Steinau where, a few years later, the father died, leaving his widow with insufficient means for the upbringing of her five sons. In 1798 Jacob and Wilhelm were sent to Cassel to live with an aunt who was Lady of the Chamber to the Landgravine of Hesse and who had undertaken to pay for their education at the Grammar School (Lyceum). In the Spring of 1802 Jacob went to the University of Marburg to study for the profession of Law for which he had been destined by his father. Wilhelm followed his brother to Marburg a year later.

At Marburg the brothers attended the lectures of Karl von Savigny, the celebrated jurist and authority on Roman Law, who first awakened in Jacob the love for historical and philological investigation. In Savigny's library Jacob came upon an edition of the thirteenth century German lyrical poets ('Minnesingers') and other mediaeval texts, and from that time onwards the study of early German literature and language became the dominant interest in his life. Savigny removed to Paris in 1804, and early the following year he invited Jacob to join him to help in his literary research work. In Paris Jacob found further

opportunity for studying mediaeval literature. He returned to Germany towards the end of the year and settled in Cassel with his mother and his brother Wilhelm.

In 1806 Jacob obtained a clerkship in the War Office which, although badly paid, made small demands upon his time, thus enabling him to pursue his Germanistic and antiquarian studies. The tide of the Napoleonic Wars swept over the country and Cassel became the capital of the newly-founded Kingdom of Westphalia under King Jerome, Napoleon's brother. In 1808 the king appointed Jacob to the sinecures of superintendant of his private library and auditor to the State Council, with a very substantial salary. In 1811 Jacob published his first work *Ueber den altdeutschen Meistergesang*, and a year later the brothers jointly brought out two ancient fragments of the *Hildebrandslied* and of *Das Weissenbrunner Gebet*.

For several years they had collected all the popular tales they could find, partly from the mouths of people, partly from old books and manuscripts, and in the years 1812-15 they published the first edition of the *Kinder-und Hausmaerchen*, the work on which their fame rests throughout the civilized world.

When the tide of war had receded and the unpopular Elector regained his throne (1813), Jacob Grimm was appointed secretary of legation to the Hessian diplomatic mission at the headquarters of the allied army in France. In 1814 he was sent to Paris to demand restitution of books carried off from Germany by the French. In 1814-15 he attended the Congress of Vienna as Hessian Secretary of legation.

Meanwhile his brother Wilhelm had received an appointment in the Cassel library. In 1816 Jacob was made second librarian, but when, on the death of the chief librarian in 1828 the brothers were not promoted to the positions of chief and second librarian respectively, they removed to Goettingen where, in 1830, Jacob was appointed professor and chief librarian and Wilhelm second librarian. Jacob lectured on legal antiquities, historical grammar, literary history, and explained old German poems.

In 1837 he was among the seven professors (the famous

'Goettinger Sieben') who signed a declaration of protest against the King of Hanover's abrogation of the constitution of 1833. Jacob was dismissed from his professorship and banished from the Kingdom of Hanover. He returned to Cassel, together with Wilhelm, who had also signed the declaration. In 1840, on the invitation of the King of Prussia, the brothers removed to Berlin where they both received professorships and were elected members of the Academy of Sciences. In 1848 Jacob became a member of the Prussian Parliament.

The brothers Grimm were the founders and masters of German folklore, of the study of Germanic antiquity and of the science of philology. Jacob Grimm's chief scientific works are: *Deutsche Grammatik* (1819-37), *Deutsche Recht-saltertuemer* (Antiquities of German Law) (1828), *Deutsche Mythologie* (1835), and *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache* (History of the German Language) (1848). Wilhelm's chief work is *Die Deutsche Heldensage* (The German Heroic Saga) (1829). In 1854 the brothers published together the first part of a monumental Standard German Dictionary.

Wilhelm Grimm, who was married and left a son, died on December 16th, 1859; Jacob Grimm died on September 20th, 1863.

H. d. R.





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INTRODUCTION

SINCE their publication in the early nineteenth century and their translation into all the principal languages, the Fairy Tales of the brothers Grimm have been the delight of childhood throughout the whole world. Some peculiar, temperamental kinship between these simple, clear-sighted, gentle scholars and the tales themselves resulted in versions of them that are the perfect presentation of their material, a fact borne out by their continued popularity with that most critical of all audiences, the nursery. *Hansel and Gretel*, *Briar Rose*, *Tom Thumb*, *The Frog Prince*, *Snow-White*, *The Queen Bee*, *Rumpelstiltskin*; only to name a few, such as these, is to live again in a world of enchantment that is indestructible.

Yet for all their love and veneration for childhood, and for all their success in presenting the tales in a guise that has a universal appeal to children, the brothers Grimm, were scholars first and foremost whose real aim was to seek out and preserve the folklore of their native country, and to set it down with complete accuracy and without any conscious, literary embellishment. The term fairy-tale is often very loosely used. It has been defined as "a story about which we do not ask, 'Is it true?' We just enjoy it." This might serve well enough as a definition for any kind of imaginative tale that is intended purely for pleasure and entertainment; it might serve indeed also for such refined versions of the old, well-known stories as those of Charles Perrault, the eighteenth century French writer, whose *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Blue Beard* and *The Sleeping Beauty* are still first favourites in the nursery; or for the lovely literary work of Hans Christian Andersen. But it would not have satisfied the Grimms. They would not have asked if the *incidents* of their tales were true any more than they would have questioned whether the cow jumped over the moon, and they would have been all for extracting the last ounce of enjoyment out of them. But

they would have asked and did ask all the time, "Is this the true *version* of the story? Is this how it really came down from one generation to another on the lips of the people of our country?" For, strictly speaking, fairy tales are traditional narratives in which the supernatural plays an essential part, and which have been preserved from the earliest times by illiterate story-tellers; by the mother or the nurse who told them to children, by the tailor or the shoemaker as he travelled about the country to do his work, round the hearth in the evening or by the camp-fire. And these are the fairy-stories with which the Grimm brothers were concerned, and in the collection of which, as they said themselves, their first aim was "exactness and truth," "to distinguish the version of the story that is simpler, purer, and yet more complete in itself from the falsified one."

Some of the tales the two brothers found in mediaeval manuscripts, but they obtained most of them by going out among the country people throughout Germany and inducing them to tell what stories they knew of the fairies. Their chief helper was the wife of a cowherd in the village of Niederzwehr, near Cassel, who seems to have been a born story-teller, with an extraordinary memory. "Her memory," Grimm says, "kept a firm hold of all sagas . . . she told her stories thoughtfully, accurately, and with wonderful vividness, and evidently had a delight in doing it. First she related them from beginning to end, and then, if required, repeated them more slowly, so that after some practice it was perfectly easy to write from her dictation. . . . When repeating (them) she never altered any part, and if she made a mistake always corrected it herself immediately." Such accuracy seems to have been less uncommon than one might suppose, if one is to believe the stories of identical versions that crop up in every country; and it is easier to credit if we recall how the nursery-reader is pounced upon by the youngest child if even a word is changed in the repetition of a favourite tale. And it is on such accuracy that the value of the traditional story rests for the folklorist.

These traditional tales are of two kinds: the sagas, in which the stories are attached to particular gods and heroes,

some of the latter even historical; and the *märchen*, the nursery or household tales with which we are concerned here, in which the incidents are universal. It is not known for certain which were the earlier. Andrew Lang thought that the *märchen* came first, and that such cultured legends as the Greek were built up from them; others have regarded the *märchen* as the remnants of the greater stories when the incidents had ceased to be attached to particular persons and places and had become generalised. But their subject matter is the same, and we are all familiar with it: enchanted lake and forest and castle, kings and queens, dwarfs, ogres, sorcerers, elves, fairies and witches; swans that become beautiful maidens, and frogs that become princes, animals that talk and give advice and help to the good, human characters, spirits of the dead that watch over the living; and all the humble folk, woodcutters and charcoal-burners, shepherds, millers and fishermen, those who as Wilhelm Grimm put it "live nearest to Nature." And they are full of incidents that to our way of thinking are not only fantastic but horrific: like witches who would eat little children or stepmothers who boil their unwanted step-children and serve them up in the soup.

Such popular tales or folk-tales belong all over the world—in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, among the Bushmen of Australia and the Maoris of New Zealand. The remarkable likeness in their basic incidents, and sometimes also in their plots, can be explained only by the assumption of a common stock of ideas on which the primitive imagination worked, and of the chance transmission of the stories by agencies of which we know nothing for certain. There exist, for example, several hundred versions of *Cinderella*. We know it was written down in Europe in the sixteenth century, but it was known in China seven hundred years before that, and the Chinese version is most like that of Russia. But we do not know whether it came first from China to Europe or went from Europe to China, or whether it was first told perhaps in India and thence travelled both East and West. The common stock of ideas and incidents in the tales springs from a particular way of looking at life. They embody the imaginative con-

ceptions of primitive man, his way of regarding himself and the universe. His primary assumptions about this were very different from ours, and that is why his ideas seem so strange and wonderful, and some of the incidents in his stories so horrific. We assume, for example, in our lives that everything follows natural law; but primitive man believed just the opposite, that everything, good or bad fortune, accident, disease, death, was caused by some invisible, arbitrary, or supernatural power. He believed too that all animals, plants, trees and even inanimate things had a life and a soul like his own, and that a man's spirit at death might take up its abode in any one of these. He believed that animals could talk and change their state, and that their wisdom was greater than human. And he believed that if he slew his enemy and ate his flesh he gained thereby the strength and courage of the latter added to his own. It is easy to see these beliefs and their relics in the stories as they have come down to us (this volume is full of examples of them), and fascinating to trace the differences that arise in various versions of the same story according as it belongs to a more or a less cultured stage in a civilisation. Thus, to take *Cinderella* again for simplicity's sake. Most of us know two very different versions of it: that made familiar to us by Perrault, in which *Cinderella* is transformed for the ball by the aid of a Fairy Godmother; and that of the Grimm brothers, *Ashputtel*, in which it is the pigeons and turtle doves that help her, and the hazel-tree she planted on her mother's grave that causes the glittering dress to be thrown down for her, and the slippers of pure gold. The Fairy Godmother in Perrault's version is a later and more civilised idea than the helpful birds and tree in *Ashputtel*, and shows the obvious influence of the Church. *Ashputtel* is the genuine folk-tale; besides its helpful birds and tree it has some cruel little details that are softened down in various versions, such as that the wicked sisters had to cut off their toes or their heels to make the slipper seem to fit, and in addition to this suffering, had their eyes pecked out by the birds in punishment for their wickedness—the kind of primitive, rough justice that is meted out to evil in so many of the tales. The subject is

endlessly fascinating and of endless ramifications, but enough has perhaps been said to show the value of such scientific collections of the folk-tales as those of the 'Grimm's' for adding to our knowledge of the development of civilisation and culture.

There remains besides the old sweet surrender to the tales themselves. It is remarkable that either the moralist or the educationist should ever have banned them for children; for, shining through their garb of fantasy are all the fine spiritual qualities of man. Thumbling may have been diminutive, but "the little fellow had a great deal of courage in his soul," and he is minded to go adventuring with the best of them. This courage in the face of the unknown, the aspiring and the exploring spirit are the commonplace of the Fairy Tale. The Prince Who Was Afraid Of Nothing (and he had need to be), "thought he would tavel about the world, where there was plenty of time and space for him to meet with wonderful things," and he does meet with incredible marvels; but in the end it is by his own fortitude that he conquers and survives all evil. In the world of the Fairy Tale the good, indeed, usually triumph in a richly satisfying measure denied to real life, while the wicked are thrust into terrible towers and dungeons, or driven into the forest to be devoured by wild animals, if nothing worse can be arranged for them. In the range of simpler virtues also, the same poetic justice is administered. It is those who show good temper and courtesy or kindness to the animals and the fairies who have their help. Curiosity in forbidden matters is inevitably punished, as in *The White Snake* and *The Woodcutter's Child*. Thoughtless and hasty words can cause one to lose all the benefits of a magic gift, as in *The Poor Man And The Rich Man* with all its wasted wishes. Greed brings immediate retribution as in *The Presents Of The Little Folk*. A whole group also in this volume are not far removed from the fable with its homely wisdom and obvious moral, such as the humorous *Cat And The Mouse In Partnership* and *The Mouse, The Bird And The Sausage*. Men have always needed an outlet for their emotions, their joys and their sorrows, their desires and their fears, and they have found

it in their art. Havelock Ellis indeed has said that art is from one point of view the athletics of the emotions, and that the adventures of fairyland constitute an important part of this athletics. Fairy Tales are the art of the people at a stage in their psychological development closely akin to the child's, and as such they are his natural heritage. They are indeed the natural heritage of us all, sunk deep in our consciousness; for, if we are to believe the psychologists, long after we have ceased to weep and to rejoice and to travel in simple faith with that wonderful company, the ideas which the tales enshrine remain the stuff of which our dreams are made.

MARGARET W. J. JEFFREY

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was named Dummling, and on that account was despised and slighted, and put back on every occasion.

It happened that the eldest wished to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a fine large pancake and a bottle of wine to take with him. Just as he got into the forest he met a grey old man, who bade him good-day, and said, "Give me a piece of your pancake and a sip of your wine, for I am very hungry and thirsty." The prudent youth, however, would not, saying, "If I should give you my cake and wine, I shall have nothing left for myself. No; pack off!" and he left the man there and went onwards.

He now began to hew down a tree, but he had not made many strokes before he missed his aim, and the axe cut into his arm so deeply that he was forced to go home and have it bound up. But this wound came from the little old man.

Afterwards the second son went into the forest, and the mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a pancake and a bottle of wine. The same little old man met him also, and requested a piece of his cake and a draught from his bottle. But he likewise refused, and said, "What I give to you I cannot have for myself; go, take yourself off!" and, so speaking, he left the old man there, and went onwards. His reward, however, soon came, for when he had made two strokes at the tree he cut his own leg, so that he was obliged to return home.

Then Dummling asked his father to let him go and hew wood, but his father said, "No; your brothers have harmed themselves in so doing, and so will you, for you do not understand anything about it." But Dummling begged and prayed so long, that his father at length said, "Well, then, go, and you will become prudent through experience."

His mother gave him only a cake, which had been baked

in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. As he entered the forest the same grey old man greeted him, and asked, "Give me a piece of your cake and a draught out of your bottle, for I am hungry and thirsty."

Dummling answered, "I have only a cake baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer ; but, if they will suit you, let us sit down and eat."

They sat down, and as soon as Dummling took out his cake, lo ! it was changed into a nice pancake, and the sour beer had become wine. They ate and drank, and when they had done, the little man said, "Because you have a good heart, and have willingly shared what you had, I will make you lucky. There stands an old tree ; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Thereupon the little man took leave.

Dummling went directly and cut down the tree, and when it fell there sat amongst the roots a Goose, which had feathers of pure gold. He took it up and carried it with him to an inn, where he intended to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who, as soon as they saw the Goose, were very covetous of such a wonderful bird, even to have but one of its feathers.

The eldest girl thought she would watch an opportunity to pluck out one, and, just as Dummling was going out, she caught hold of one of the wings, but her finger and thumb stuck there, and she could not move. Soon after came the second, desiring also to pluck out a feather ; but scarcely had she touched her sister, when she was bound fast to her. At last the third came also, with like intention, and the others exclaimed, "Keep away ! for any sake keep away !" But she did not see why she should, and thought, "The others are there—why should I not be too ?" and springing up to them, she touched her sister, and at once was made fast. So they had to pass the night with the Goose.

The next morning Dummling took the Goose under his arm and went out, without troubling himself about the three girls, who were still hanging on, and who were obliged to keep on the run behind him, now to the left, and now to the right, just as he thought proper.

In the middle of a field the Parson met them, and when

he saw the procession he cried out, "For shame, you good-for-nothing wenches! What are you running after that young man across the fields for? Come, pray leave off that sport!"

So saying, he took the youngest by the hand and tried to pull her away; but as soon as he touched her he also stuck fast, and was forced to follow in the train.

Soon after came the Clerk, and saw his master the Parson following in the footsteps of the three maidens. The sight astonished him much, and he called, "Hollo, master! where are you going so quickly! Have you forgotten that there is a christening to-day?" and he ran up to him and caught him by the gown. The Clerk also could not release himself, and so there tramped the five, one behind another, till they met two countrymen returning with their hatchets in their hands.

The Parson called out to them, and begged them to come and release him and the Clerk; but no sooner had they touched the Clerk than they stuck fast to him, and so now there were seven all in a line following behind Dummling and the Golden Goose. By and by he came into a city, where a King ruled, who had a daughter so seriously inclined that no one could make her laugh; so he had made a law that whoever should cause her to laugh, should have her to wife.

Now, when Dummling heard this, he went with his Goose and all his train before the Princess, and as soon as she saw these seven poor creatures continually on the trot behind one another, she began to laugh so heartily as if she were never going to cease. Dummling thereupon demanded his bride; but his intended son-in-law did not please the King, who, after a variety of excuses, at last said he must bring him a man who could drink a cellarful of wine. Dummling bethought himself of the little old man, who would, no doubt, be able to help him; and, going into the forest, on the same spot where he had felled the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very melancholy countenance. Dummling asked him what he was taking to heart so sorely, and he answered, "I have such a great thirst and cannot quench it; for cold water I cannot bear, and a cask of

wine I soon empty ; for what good is such a drop as that to a hot stone ? ”

“ There, I can help you,” said Dummling ; “ come with me, and you shall be satisfied.”

He led him into the King's cellar, and the man drank and drank away at the cask till his veins swelled ; but before the day was out he had emptied all the wine-barrels. Dummling now demanded his bride again, but the King was vexed that such an ugly fellow, whom every one called Dummling, should take away his daughter, and he made a new condition that he must first find a man who could eat a whole mountain of bread.

Dummling did not consider long, but set off into the forest, where, on the same spot as before, there sat a man who was strapping his body round with a leather strap, and all the while making a fearful face, and saying, “ I have eaten a whole ovenful of rolls ; but what use is that, when one has such a hunger as I ? My stomach remains empty still, and I must strap myself to prevent my dying of hunger . ”

At these words Dummling was glad, and said, “ Get up and come with me, and you shall eat enough to satisfy you.”

He led him to the Royal Palace, where the King had collected all the meal in his whole kingdom, and had caused a huge mountain of bread to be baked with it. The man out of the wood, standing before it, began to eat, and in the course of the day the whole mountain had vanished.

Dummling then, for the third time, demanded his bride, but the King began again to make fresh excuses, and desired a ship which could travel both on land and water.

“ So soon as you return blessed with that,” said the King, “ you shall have my daughter for your bride.”

Dummling went, as before, straight into the forest and there he found the little old grey man to whom he had given his cake. When Dummling had said what he wanted, the old man gave him the vessel which could travel both on land and water, with these words, “ Since I have eaten and drunk with you, I give you the ship, and all this I do because you were good-natured.”

As soon now as the King saw the ship, he could not any

longer keep back his daughter, and the wedding was celebrated ; and, after the King's death, Dummeling inherited the kingdom and lived for a long time contentedly with his bride.

THE FROG PRINCE

IN olden times, when to wish was to have, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful. But the youngest was so fair that the Sun himself, although he saw her often, was enchanted every time she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst grew an old linden-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain. So when the days were very warm, the King's youngest daughter ran off to the wood, and sat down by the side of the fountain. When she felt dull, she would often amuse herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. This was her favourite form of play.

Now, one day it happened that this golden ball did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass ; and then it rolled past her into the fountain. The child followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water, which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder ; and as she wailed, a voice called out, " Why do you weep, O Princess ? Your tears would move even a stone to pity." She looked around to the spot from which the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his fat ugly head out of the water.

" Ah ! you old water-paddler," said she, " was it you that spoke ? I am crying for my golden ball, which has slipped away into the water."

" Well, now, do not cry," answered the Frog ; " I can tell you what to do. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything up again ? "

" What will you have, dear Frog ? " said she. " My dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown that I wear ? "

The Frog answered :

"Dresses, jewels, or golden crowns are not for me; but if you will love me, and let me be your companion and playmate, and sit at your table, and eat from your little gold plate, and drink out of your cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up your golden ball."

"Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball."

But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog croaking about? Let him stay in the water with his frogs; he cannot be company for any human being." The Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water, and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The Princess was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Frog; "take me with you. I cannot run as you can."

But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, she did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the Princess was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her little gold plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, *splish-splash, splish-splash*; and, when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Open the door, youngest daughter of the King, and let me in!"

So she rose and went to see who it was that called her; but, when she opened the door and caught sight of the Frog, she shut it again with great vehemence, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. The King saw that her heart was beating violently, and asked her if it was a giant come to fetch her away who stood at the door.

"Oh, no!" answered she; "it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?" said the King.

"Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the fountain, my golden ball fell into the water, and



this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much; but first, I must tell you, he pressed me so much that I promised him that he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water; but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said :

"Youngest Princess,
Open the door.
Have you forgotten
Your promises made,
At the fountain so clear
'Neath the lime-tree's shade?
Youngest Princess,
Open the door."

Then the King said, "What you have promised, that you must do; go and let him in."

So she went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her right up to her chair : and, as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, "Take me up." She hesitated so long that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair, he jumped on to the table and said, "Now push your plate near me, that we may eat together." She did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly.

The Frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her. At last the Frog said, "I am satisfied, but feel very tired; will you carry me upstairs now to our room, and make our bed ready that we may sleep?"

At this speech the Princess began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him; and besides, he actually wanted to sleep in her beautiful, clean bed!

Her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, "He who helped you in the time of your trouble must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers, and put him in a corner of her room. But, as she lay in her

bed, he crept up to it, and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well; do take me up, or I will tell your father." This speech put her in a passion, and catching up the Frog, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog?"

But, as he fell, he was changed from a frog into a handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, and after a little while he became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and playmate. Then he told her how he had been changed by a wicked witch, and that no one but herself could have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together to his own kingdom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with white ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the trusty Henry, the servant of the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with sorrow.

Now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not gone far when the Prince heard a crack, as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was broken, and Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way. But it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was thenceforward free and happy.

THE POOR MILLER'S BOY AND THE CAT

ONCE upon a time there lived in a mill an old Miller who had neither wife nor children, but three apprentices instead; and after they had been with him several years, he said to them one day, "I am old, and shall retire from business soon. Do you all go out, and whichever of you brings me home the best horse, to him will I give the mill, and, moreover, he shall attend me in my last illness."

The third of the apprentices was a small lad despised by the others, and so much so that they did not intend that he should ever have the mill, even after them. But all three went out together, and as soon as they got away from the village the two eldest brothers said to the stupid Hans, "You may as well remain here; in all your lifetime you will never find a horse." Nevertheless Hans went with them, and when night came on they arrived at a hollow, where they lay down to sleep. The two clever brothers waited till Hans was fast asleep, and then they got up and walked off, leaving Hans snoring. Now they thought they had done a very clever thing, but we shall see how they fared. By and by the sun arose and awoke Hans, who, when he found himself lying in a deep hollow, peeped all around him and exclaimed, "Oh dear! where have I got to?" He soon got up and scrambled out of the hollow into the forest, thinking to himself, "Here am I all alone; what shall I do to get at a horse?" While he ruminated, a little tortoiseshell Cat came up and asked in a most friendly manner, "Where are you going, Hans?" "Ah! you can help me," said Hans. "Yes, I know very well what you wish," replied the Cat; "you want a fine horse: come with me, and for seven years be my faithful servant, and then I will give you a handsomer steed than you ever saw."

"Well," thought Hans to himself, "this is a wonderful Cat! but still I may as well see if this will be true."

So the Cat took him into its enchanted castle, where there were many other cats who waited upon it, jumping

quickly up and down the steps, and bustling about in first-rate style. In the evening, when they sat down to table, three cats had to play music; one played the violoncello, a second the violin, and a third blew a trumpet so loudly that its cheeks seemed as if they would burst. When they had finished dinner the table was drawn away, and the Cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." "No, no," replied he, "I cannot dance with a Cat! I never learned how!"

"Then take him to bed," cried the Cat to its attendants; and they lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes, another his stockings, while a third blew out the light. The following morning the servant-cats made their appearance again, and helped him out of bed: one drew on his stockings, another buckled on his garters, a third fetched his shoes, a fourth washed his face, and a fifth wiped it with her tail. "That was done well and gently," said Hans to the last. But all day long Hans had to cut wood for the Cat, and for that purpose he received an axe of silver and wedges and saws of the same metal, while the mallet was made of copper.

Here Hans remained, making himself useful. Every day he had good eating and drinking, but he saw nobody except the tortoiseshell Cat and her attendants. One day the Cat said to him, "Go and mow my meadow and dry the grass well;" and she gave him a scythe made of silver and a whetstone of gold, which she bade him bring back safe. Hans went off and did what he was told; and, when it was finished, he took home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked the Cat if she would not give him a reward. "No," said the Cat; "you must first do several things for me. Here are beams of silver, binding clamps, joists, and all that is necessary, all of silver, and of these you must first build me a small house." Hans built it, and when it was done he reminded the Cat he had still no horse, although his seven years had passed like half the time. The Cat asked him whether he wished to see her horses. "Yes," said Hans. So they went out of the house, and as they opened the door there stood twelve horses, very proud creatures, pawing the ground impatiently. Hans was glad

enough to see them, but as soon as he looked at them for a minute, the Cat gave him his dinner, and said, "Go home; I shall not give you your horse with you, but in three days I will come to you and bring it with me." So Hans walked off, and the cats showed him the way to the mill; but, as they had not furnished him with new clothes, he was forced to go in his old ragged ones, which he had taken with him, and which during the seven years had become much too short for him. When he arrived at home, he found the two other apprentices had preceded him, and each had brought a horse; but the one was blind and the other lame. "Where is your horse, Hans?" inquired they. "It will follow me in three days," he replied. At this they laughed, and cried, "Yes, Hans, and when it does come it will be something wonderful, no doubt." Hans then went into the parlour, but the old Miller said he should not sit at table because he was so ragged and dirty; they would be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him something to eat out of doors, and when bedtime came the two brothers refused Hans a share of the bed, and he was obliged to creep into the goose-house and stretch himself upon some hard straw. The next morning was the third day mentioned by the Cat, and as soon as Hans was up there came a carriage drawn by six horses, which shone from their sleek condition, and a servant besides, who led a seventh horse, which was for the poor Miller's boy. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful Princess, who went into the mill, and she was the tortoiseshell Cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She asked the Miller where the mill-boy, her little slave, was, and he answered, "We could not take him into the mill, he was so ragged and dirty; he lies now in the goose-house." The Princess bade him fetch Hans, but before he could come the poor fellow had to draw together his smock-frock in order to cover himself. Then the servant drew forth some elegant clothes, and, after washing, Hans put them on, so that no king could have looked more handsome. Thereupon the Princess desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home, and one was blind and the other lame. When she had seen them she ordered her servant to bring the horse

he had in his keeping, and as soon as the Miller saw it he declared that such an animal had never before been in his farmyard. "It belongs to the youngest apprentice," said the Princess. "And the mill too," rejoined the Miller; but the Princess said he might keep that and the horse as well for himself. With these words she placed her faithful Hans in the carriage with her, and drove away. They went first to the little house which Hans had built with the silver tools, and which had become a noble castle, wherein everything was of gold and silver. There the Princess married him, and he was so very rich that he had enough for all his life.

THE THREE SPINSTERS

THERE was once a lazy girl who would not spin, and her mother might say what she would, she could not get her to work. At last the mother, getting angry and impatient, gave her a blow, which made the girl cry loud. Just then the Queen, passing by, heard the noise, and, stopping the carriage, she stepped into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks. The mother, however, was ashamed that her daughter's laziness should be known, and said, "I cannot make her leave off spinning; she will spin for ever and ever, and I am so poor that I cannot provide the flax."

The Queen replied, "I never heard of anything I like better than spinning, and I am never more pleased than when the wheels are whirring. Let your daughter go with me to the castle; I have flax enough, and she may spin as much as she pleases." The mother was very glad at heart, and the Queen took the girl home with her. As soon as they entered the castle she led her up into three rooms, which were all full of the finest flax from top to bottom.

"Now spin this flax for me," said the Queen; "and, when you have prepared it all, you shall have my eldest

son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account; your unwearied industry is dowry enough."

The girl, however, was inwardly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning to night until she was three hundred years old. When she was left alone she began to cry, and thus she sat three days, without stirring a hand. On the third day the Queen came, and when she saw that nothing was yet spun, she wondered; and the maiden excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin yet, on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house.

So the Queen was satisfied; but on leaving, she said, "You must begin to work for me to-morrow."

As soon as the girl was again alone, she did not know how to act, or how to help herself, and she went and looked out of the window. She saw three women passing by, the first of whom had a broad, flat foot; the second, such a large under-lip that it reached nearly to her chin; and the third, a very big thumb. They stopped before the window, and, looking up, asked the girl what she wanted. She told them her trouble, and they offered her their help, saying, "Will you invite us to the wedding, and not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts, and let us sit at your table? If you do all these, we will spin the flax in a very short time for you."

"With all my heart," replied the girl; "come in, and begin at once." Then she let in these three women, and, making a clear place in the first room, they sat down and began spinning. One drew the thread and turned the wheel, the other moistened the thread, and the third pressed it and beat with her fingers on the table; and as often as she beat, a pile of thread, spun in the finest style, fell on the ground.

The girl hid the three spinsters, however, from the Queen, and showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn; so that she received no end of praise. When the first room was empty, the three women went to the second, and at length to the third, so that soon all was cleared out. Now the three spinsters took leave, saying to the girl, "Do

not forget what you promised us; it will make your fortune."

When the girl showed the Queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding was arranged, and the bridegroom was glad that he was to have such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her exceedingly.

"I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, and to sit with me at table." The Queen and the bridegroom asked, "Why should we not allow it?"

When the marriage day came, the three old maids entered in great splendour, and the bride said, "You are welcome, dear aunts."

"Ah," said the bridegroom, "how are your friends so ugly?" Then, going up to the one with the big foot, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot?"

"From treading the wheel," she replied; "from treading the wheel."

Then he went to the second, and asked, "Why have you such a hanging lip?" "From licking," she answered; "from moistening the thread."

Then he asked the third, "Why have you such a broad thumb?" "From pressing the thread," she replied; "from pressing the thread."

At this the Prince was frightened, and said, "Therefore my beautiful bride shall never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was set free from the flax-spinning she did not like.

THE TWELVE BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there lived happily together a Queen and a King, who had twelve children—all boys. One day the King said to his consort, "If the thirteenth child should be a girl, then shall the twelve boys die, that her riches may be great, and that the kingdom may fall to her alone." He then ordered twelve coffins to be made, which were filled with shavings, and in each a pillow was placed,

and, all of them having been locked up in a room, he gave the key thereof to the Queen, and bade her tell nobody about the matter.

But the mother sat crying the whole day long, so that her youngest child, who was always with her, and whom she had named Benjamin, said to her, "Mother dear, why are you so sorrowful?" "My dearest child," she replied, "I dare not tell you." But he let her have no peace until she went and unlocked the room, and showed him the twelve coffins filled with shavings. Then she said, "My dearest Benjamin, these coffins your father has had prepared for yourself and your eleven brothers; for, if a little girl is born, you will all be killed together and buried in them."

She wept while she spoke these words; but the son comforted her, saying, "Do not cry, dear mother; we will help ourselves and go away." But she said, "Go with your eleven brothers into the wood, and let one of you climb into the highest tree which is to be found, and keep watch, looking towards the tower of the castle here. If I have a little son, I will hang out a white flag, and you may venture home again; but if a little daughter is born, I will hang out a red flag; and then flee away as quickly as you can, and God preserve you! Every night I will arise and pray for you;—in winter, that you may have a fire to warm yourselves; and in summer, that you may not be melted with the heat."

Soon after, she gave her blessing to all her sons, and they went away into the forest. Each kept watch in turn, sitting upon the highest oak-tree, and looking towards the tower. When eleven days had passed by, and it came to Benjamin's turn, he perceived a flag hung out; but it was not the white but the red flag, which announced that they must all die. As the brothers heard this they became very angry, and said, "Shall we suffer death on account of a maiden? Let us swear that we will avenge ourselves; wherever we find a maiden, her blood shall flow."

Thereupon they went deeper into the forest, and in the middle, where it was most gloomy, they found a little charmed cottage standing empty, and they said, "Here we will dwell, and you, Benjamin, as you are the youngest

and the weakest, shall stop here and keep house while we go out to fetch meat." So they set forth into the forest and shot hares, wild fawns, birds, and pigeons, and what else they could find. These they brought home to Benjamin, who cooked and dressed them for their different meals. In this little cottage they lived ten years together, and the time passed very quickly.

The little daughter was now grown up; she had a kind heart; was very beautiful; and always wore a golden star upon her brow.

Once, when there was a great wash, she saw twelve boys' shirts hanging up, and she asked her mother, "To whom do these twelve shirts belong, for they are much too small for my father?"

Then the Queen answered with a heavy heart, "My dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers!"

The maiden replied, "Where are my twelve brothers? I have never yet heard of them."

The Queen answered, "God only knows where they are: they have wandered into the wide world." Then she took the maiden, and, unlocking the room, showed her twelve coffins with the shavings and pillows. "These coffins," said she, "were ordered for your brothers, but they went away secretly before you were born;" and she told her how everything had happened.

Then the maiden said, "Do not cry, dear mother; I will go forth and seek my brothers;" and, taking the twelve shirts, she set out at once, straight into the great forest. All day long she walked on and on, and in the evening she came to the charmed house, into which she stepped. There she found a young lad, who asked her, "Whence dost thou come, and whither goest thou?" and he stood astonished to see how beautiful she was, and at the queenly robes she wore, and the star upon her brow. Then she answered, "I am a King's daughter, and am seeking my twelve brothers, and will go as far as heaven is blue until I find them;" and she showed him the twelve shirts that belonged to them.

Benjamin perceived at once that it was his sister, and he said, "I am Benjamin, thy youngest brother."

At his words she began to weep for joy, and Benjamin wept also, and they kissed and embraced one another with the greatest affection. Presently he said, "Dear sister, there is one terrible condition: we have agreed together that every maiden whom we meet shall die, because we were obliged to leave our kingdom on account of a maiden."

Then the maiden replied, "I will willingly die, if I can by that means release my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "thou shalt not die; hide thyself under this tub until our eleven brothers come home—with whom I shall then be united." She did so; and, when night came, the others returned from hunting, and their dinner was made ready, and as they sat at the table eating, they asked, "What is the news?" Benjamin said, "Do you not know?"

"No," they answered. Then he spoke again: "You have been in the forest and I have stopped at home, yet I know more than you."

"Tell us directly!" they exclaimed. He answered, "First promise me that you will not kill the first maiden who shall meet us." "Yes, we promise!" they exclaimed; "she shall have pardon. Now tell us at once."

Then he said, "Our sister is here;" and, lifting up the tub, the King's daughter came from beneath, looking most beautiful, delicate, and gentle in her royal robes, and with the golden star upon her brow. The sight gladdened them all; and, falling upon her neck, they kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

Now she stopped at home with Benjamin, and helped him in his work, while the eleven others went into the wood and caught wild animals, deer, birds, and pigeons, for their eating, which their sister and brother took care to make ready. The sister sought for wood for the fire, and for the vegetables, which she dressed; and put the pots on the fire, so that their dinner was always ready when the eleven came home. She also kept order in the cottage, and covered the beds with beautiful white and clean sheets, and the brothers were always contented, and they all lived in great unity.

One day, when the brother and sister had made ready a most excellent meal, and the others had come in, they sat

down and ate and drank, and were full of happiness. But there was a little garden belonging to the charmed house, in which stood twelve lilies (which one calls also African marigolds), and the sister, thinking to give her twelve brothers a pleasure, broke off the twelve flowers, intending to give each of them one. But as she broke off each flower the twelve brothers were changed, into twelve crows, and flew off into the forest, and at the same moment the house and garden both disappeared.

Thus the poor maiden was left alone in the wild forest, and as she looked round, an old woman stood near, who said, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave the twelve white flowers? They were thy brothers, who are now changed into crows!" Then the maiden asked with tears, "Is there no means of saving them?" "There is but one way in the whole world," said the old woman, "but that is so difficult that thou canst not free them. Thou must be dumb for seven years—thou mayest not speak, nor laugh; and if thou speakest but a single word, even if it wants but one hour of the seven years, all will be in vain, and thy brothers will die at that single word."

Then the maiden said in her heart, "I know for certain that I shall free my brothers;" and she went and found a tall tree, into the branches of which she climbed, and passed her time spinning, without ever speaking or laughing.

Now it happened once that a King was hunting in the forest, who had a large greyhound, which ran to the tree on which the maiden sat, and, springing round, barked furiously. So the King came up, and saw the beautiful girl with the golden star upon her brow, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he asked her if she would become his bride. To this she gave no answer, but slightly nodded with her head; so the King, mounting the tree himself, brought her down, and placing her upon his horse, carried her home.

Then the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and joy, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

After they had lived contentedly together two years, the

King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to her son, "This is a common beggar girl whom you have brought home with you : who knows what impish tricks she practised at home? If she be dumb and not able to speak, she might still laugh once; but they who do not laugh have a bad conscience."

The King would not at first believe it, but the old woman persisted in it so long, and accused the Queen of so many wicked things, that the King at last let himself be persuaded, and she was condemned to die.

Now a great fire was kindled in the courtyard in which she was to be burned; and the King, standing above at a window, looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so much. And just as she was bound to the stake, and the fire began to lick her clothing with its red tongues, the last moment of the seven years expired.

Then a whirring was heard in the air, and twelve crows came flying by, and sank down to the earth, and as they alighted on the ground they became her twelve brothers whom she had freed. They tore away the fire from around her, and, extinguishing the flames, set their sister free, and kissed and embraced her. And now, as she could open her mouth and speak, she told the King why she was dumb, and why she never laughed.

And the King was highly pleased when he heard she was innocent, and they all lived together in great happiness to the end of their lives.

THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

A CERTAIN man had a Donkey, which had served him faithfully for many long years, but whose strength was so far gone that at last it was quite unfit for work. So his master was thinking how much he could make of the skin; but the Donkey, perceiving that no good wind was blowing, ran away along the road to Bremen.

"There," thought he, "I can be town-musician." When he had run some way, he found a Hound lying by

the road-side, yawning like one who was very tired. "What are you yawning for now, you big fellow?" asked the Ass.

"Ah," replied the Hound, "because every day I grow older and weaker; I cannot go any more to the hunt, and my master has well-nigh beaten me to death, so that I took to flight; and now I do not know how to earn my bread."

"Well, do you know," said the Ass, "I am going to Bremen, to be town-musician there. Suppose you go with me and take a share in the music. I will play on the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrums."

The Dog was satisfied, and off they set.

Presently they came to a Cat, sitting in the middle of the path, with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has crossed you?" asked the Ass.

"How can one be merry when one's neck has been pinched like mine?" answered the Cat. "Because I am growing old and my teeth are all worn to stumps, and because I would rather sit by the fire and spin than run after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. But now, good advice is dear, and I do not know what to do."

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand nocturnal music, so you can be a town-musician." The Cat consented, and went with them. The three vagabonds soon came near a farmyard, where, upon the barn-door, the Cock was sitting crowing with all his might. "You crow through marrow and bone," said the Ass. "What do you do that for?"

"That is the way I prophesy fine weather," said the Cock; "but, because grand guests are coming for the Sunday, the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook-maid to make me into soup for the morrow; and this evening my head will be cut off. Now I am crowing with a full throat as long as I can."

"Ah, but you, Red-comb," replied the Ass, "rather come away with us. We are going to Bremen, to find there something better than death; you have a good voice, and if we make music together, it will have full play."

The Cock consented to this plan, and so all four travelled on together. They could not, however, reach Bremen in

one day, and at evening they came into a forest, where they meant to pass the night. The Ass and the Dog laid themselves down under a large tree; the Cat and the Cock climbed up into the branches, but the latter flew right to the top, where he was most safe.

Before he went to sleep, he looked all round the four quarters, and soon thought he saw a little spark in the distance; so, calling his companions, he said they were not far from a house, for he saw a light. The Ass said, "If it is so, we had better get up and go farther, for the pasturage here is very bad;" and the Dog continued, "Yes, indeed! a couple of bones with some meat on would also be very acceptable!"

So they made haste towards the spot where the light was, and which shone now brighter and brighter, until they came to a well-lighted robbers' cottage.

The Ass, as the biggest, went to the window and peeped in. "What do you see, Gray-horse?" asked the Cock. "What do I see?" replied the Ass; "a table laid out with savoury meats and drinks, with robbers sitting around enjoying themselves."

"That were the right sort of thing for us," said the Cock.

"Yes, yes, I wish we were there," replied the Ass. Then these animals took counsel together how they should contrive to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a way. The Ass placed his forefeet upon the window-ledge; the Hound got on his back; the Cat climbed up upon the Dog; and, lastly, the Cock flew up and perched upon the head of the Cat.

When this was accomplished, at a given signal they commenced together to perform their music: the Ass brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crew; and they made such a tremendous noise, and so loud, that the panes of the window were shivered. Terrified at these unearthly sounds, the robbers got up with great precipitation, thinking nothing less than that some spirits had come, and fled off into the forest. The four companions immediately sat down at the table, and quickly ate up all that was left, as if they had been fasting for six weeks.

As soon as the four players had finished, they extinguished

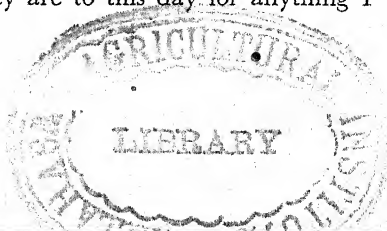
the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping-place, according to his nature and custom. The Ass laid himself down upon some straw, the Hound behind the door, the Cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the Cock flew up upon a beam which ran across the room. Weary with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

At midnight, the robbers perceived from their retreat that no light was burning in their house, and all appeared quiet; so the captain said, "We need not to have been frightened into fits;" and, calling one of the band, he sent him forward to reconnoitre. The messenger, finding all still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the Cat for live coals, he held a lucifer-match to them, expecting it to take fire.

But the Cat, not understanding the joke, flew in his face, spitting and scratching, which dreadfully frightened him, so that he made for the back door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg; and as he limped upon the straw where the Ass was stretched out, it gave him a powerful kick with its hind foot. This was not all, for the Cock, awaking at the noise, clapped his wings and cried from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as well as he could to his captain, and said, "Ah, my master, there dwells a horrible witch in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long nails; and then before the door stands a man with a knife, who chopped at my leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a great wooden club; and besides all, upon the roof sits a judge, who called out, 'Bring the knave up, do!' so I ran away as fast as I could."

After this the robbers dared not again go near their house; but everything prospered so well with the four town-musicians of Bremen, that they did not forsake their situation. And there they are to this day for anything I know.



LITTLE RED-CAP

ONCE upon a time there lived a sweet little girl, who was beloved by every one who saw her; but her grandmother was so excessively fond of her that she never knew when she had thought and done enough for her.

One day the grandmother presented the little girl with a red velvet cap; and as it fitted her very well, she would never wear anything else; and so she was called Little Red-Cap.

One day her mother said to her, "Come, Red-Cap, here is a piece of nice meat, and a bottle of wine: take these to your grandmother; she is ill and weak, and will relish them. Make haste before she gets up; go quietly and carefully; and do not run, lest you should fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing. When you go into her room, do not forget to say 'Good-morning;' and do not look about in all the corners."

"I will do everything as you wish," replied Red-Cap, taking her mother's hand.

The grandmother dwelt far away in the wood, half an hour's walk from the village, and as Little Red-Cap entered among the trees, she met a wolf; but she did not know what a malicious beast it was, and was not at all afraid. "Good-day, Little Red-Cap," he said.

"Many thanks, Wolf," said she.

"Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?"

"To my grandmother's," she replied.

"What are you carrying under your apron?"

"Meat and wine," she answered. "Yesterday we baked the meat, that grandmother, who is ill and weak, might have something nice and strengthening."

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the Wolf.

"A good quarter of an hour's walk farther in the forest. The cottage stands under three great oak trees; near it are some nut-bushes, by which you will easily know it."

But the Wolf thought to himself, "She is a nice tender

thing, and will taste better than the old woman : I must act craftily, that I may snap them both up."

Presently he came up again to Little Red-Cap, and said, "Just look at the beautiful flowers which grow around you; why do you not look about you? I believe you don't hear how beautifully the birds sing. You walk on as if you were going to school; see how merry everything is around you in the forest."

So Little Red-Cap opened her eyes; and when she saw how the sunbeams glanced and danced through the trees, and what splendid flowers were blooming in her path, she thought, "If I take my grandmother a fresh nosegay she will be very pleased; and it is so very early that I can, even then, get there in good time;" and running into the forest she looked about for flowers. But when she had once begun she did not know how to leave off, and kept going deeper and deeper among the trees in search of some more beautiful flowers. The Wolf, however, ran straight to the house of the old grandmother, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old lady.

"Only Little Red-Cap, bringing you some meat and wine: please open the door," replied the Wolf.

"Lift up the latch," cried the grandmother; "I am too weak to get up."

So the Wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open; and, jumping without a word on the bed, he gobbled up the poor old lady. Then he put on her clothes, and tied her cap over his head: got into the bed, and drew the blankets over him.

All this time Red-Cap was still gathering flowers; and when she had plucked as many as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother, and made haste to the cottage. She wondered very much to see the door wide open; and when she got into the room, she began to feel very ill, and exclaimed, "How sad I feel! I wish I had not come to-day." Then she said, "Good-morning!" but received no answer; so she went up to the bed, and drew back the curtains, and there lay her grandmother, as she thought, with the cap drawn half-over her eyes, looking very fierce.

"Oh, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear with," was the reply.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see with."

"And what great hands you have!"

"The better to touch you with."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with;" and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Wolf made a spring out of bed, and swallowed up poor Little Red-Cap.

As soon as the Wolf had thus satisfied his appetite, he laid himself down again in the bed, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman passing by overheard him, and thought, "How loudly the old woman snores! I must see if she wants anything."

So he stepped into the cottage; and when he came to the bed, he saw the Wolf lying in it. "What! do I find you here, you old sinner! I have long sought you," exclaimed he; and taking aim with his gun, he shot the old Wolf dead.

Some folks say that the last story is not the true one, but that one day, when Red-Cap was taking some baked meats to her grandmother's, a Wolf met her, and wanted to mislead her; but she went straight on, and told her grandmother that she had met a Wolf, who wished her good-day; but he looked so wickedly out of his great eyes, as if he would have eaten her had she not been on the highroad.

So the grandmother said, "Let us shut the door, that he may not enter."

Soon afterwards came the Wolf, who knocked, and exclaimed, "I am Red-Cap, grandmother; I bring you some roast meat." But they kept quite still, and did not open the door; so the Wolf, creeping several times round the house, at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait till Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to sneak after her and devour her in the darkness.

The old woman, however, saw all that the rascal intended; and as there stood before the door a great stone-trough, she said to Little Red-Cap, "Take this pail, child: yesterday I boiled some sausages in this water; so pour it

into that stone trough." Red-Cap poured many times, until the huge trough was quite full. Then the Wolf sniffed the smell of the sausages, and smacked his lips, and wished very much to taste; and at last he stretched his neck too far over, so that he lost his balance, and slipped quite off the roof, right into the great trough beneath, wherein he was drowned; and Little Red-Cap ran home in high glée, but no one sorrowed for Mr. Wolf!

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

A CAT, having made the acquaintance of a Mouse, told her so much of the great love he had for her, that the Mouse at last consented to live in the same house with the Cat, and to have their domestic affairs in common.

"But we must provide for the winter," said the Cat, "or we shall be starved: you, little Mouse, cannot wander where you like, or you will come to grief."

This advice was followed, and a pot was bought with some dripping in it. However, when they had got it, they could not imagine where it should be put. At last, after long consideration, the Cat said, "I know no better place to put it than in the church, for there no one dares to steal anything; we will set it beneath the organ, and not touch it till we really want it." So the pot was put away in safety; but not a long while afterwards the Cat began to wish for it again, so he spoke to the Mouse and said, "I have to tell you that I am asked by my aunt to stand godfather to a little son, white with brown marks, and so I must go to the christening. Let me go out to-day, and do you stop at home and keep house." "Certainly," answered the Mouse; "pray, go; and if you eat anything nice, think of me: I would also willingly drink a little of the sweet red christening wine."

But it was all a story; for the Cat had no aunt, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went straight to the church, crept up to the grease-pot, and licked it till he had eaten off the top; then he took a walk on the roofs of the

houses in the town, thinking over the situation, and now and then stretching himself in the sun, and stroking his whiskers as often as he thought of the pot of fat. When it was evening he went home again, and the Mouse said, "So you have come at last : what a charming day you must have had !"

"Yes," answered the Cat; "it went off very well !"

"What have you named the kitten ?" asked the Mouse.

"*Top-off*," said the Cat very quickly.

"*Top-off* !" replied the Mouse; "what a curious and remarkable name : is it common in your family ?"

"What does that matter ?" said the Cat; "it is not worse than Crumb-stealer, as your children are called."

Not long afterwards the Cat felt the same longing as before, and said to the Mouse, "You must oblige me by taking care of the house once more by yourself; I am again asked to stand godfather, and, since the youngster has a white ring round his neck, I cannot refuse the invitation." So the good little Mouse consented, and the Cat crept away behind the wall to the church again, and ate half of the dripping. "Nothing tastes better than what one eats by oneself," said he, quite contented with his day's work; and when he came home the Mouse asked how this child was named.

"*Half-out*," answered the Cat.

"*Half-out* ! What do you mean ? I never heard such a name before in my life : I will wager anything it is not in the calendar."

The Cat's mouth soon again began to water at the thought of the feasting. "All good things come in threes," said he to the Mouse. "I am again required to be godfather; this child is quite black, and has little white claws, but not a single white hair on his body; such a thing only happens once in two years, so pray excuse me this time."

"*Top-off* ! *Half-out* !" answered the Mouse; "these are such curious names, they make me a bit suspicious."

"Ah !" replied the Cat, "there you sit in your grey coat and long tail, thinking nonsense. That comes of never going out."

The Mouse busied herself during the Cat's absence in

putting the house in order, while greedy Puss licked the pot clean out. "When it is all done one will rest in peace," thought he to himself, and as soon as night came he went home fat and tired. The Mouse, however, again asked what name the third child had received. "It will not please you any better," answered the Cat, "for he is called *All-out*."

"*All-out*!" exclaimed the Mouse; "well, that is certainly the most curious name by far. I have never yet seen it in print *All-out*! What can that mean?" and, shaking her head, she rolled herself up and went to sleep.

After that, nobody else asked the Cat to stand godfather, but the winter had arrived, and nothing more was to be picked up out-of-doors; so the Mouse bethought herself of their store of provision, and said, "Come, friend Cat, we will go to our dripping-pot which we laid by; it will taste well now."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Cat; "It will taste as well as if you stroked your tongue against the window."

So they set out on their journey, and when they arrived at the church the pot stood in its old place—but it was empty! "Ah," said the Mouse, "I see what has happened; now I know you are indeed a faithful friend. You have eaten the whole as you stood godfather; first *Top-off*, then *Half-out*, then——"

"Will you be quiet?" cried the Cat. "Not a word, or I'll eat you." But the poor Mouse had "*All-out*" at her tongue's end, and had scarcely uttered it when the Cat made a spring, seized her in his mouth, and swallowed her up.

This happens every day: such is the way of the world.

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

ONCE upon a time there dwelt, near a large forest, a woodcutter and his wife, who had only one child, a little girl three years old. But they were so poor that they had scarcely food enough for every day in the week, and

after they were puzzled to know what they should get to eat. One morning the woodcutter, his heart full of care, went into the wood to work; and, as he chopped the trees, there stood before him a tall, beautiful woman, having a crown of shining stars upon her head. She thus addressed him: "I am the Guardian Angel of every Christian child; thou art poor and needy; bring me thy child, and I will take her with me. I will be her mother, and henceforth she shall be under my care."

The woodcutter consented, and, calling his child, gave her to the Angel, who carried her to the land of Happiness. There everything went happily; she ate sweet bread and drank pure milk; her clothes were gold, and her play-fellows were beautiful children. When she attained her fourteenth year, the Guardian Angel called her to her side, and said, "My dear child, I have a long journey for thee. Take these keys of the thirteen doors of the land of Happiness: twelve of them thou mayest open, and behold the glories therein; but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, thou art forbidden to open. Beware! if thou dost disobey, harm will befall thee."

The maiden promised to be obedient, and, when the Guardian Angel was gone, began her visits to the mansions of Happiness. Every day one door was unclosed, until she had seen all the twelve. In each mansion there sat an angel, surrounded by a bright light. The maiden rejoiced at the glory, and the child who accompanied her rejoiced with her.

Now the forbidden door alone remained. A great desire possessed the maiden to know what was hidden there; and she said to the child, "I will not quite open it, nor will I go in, but I will only unlock the door, so that we may peep through the chink." "No, no," said the child; "that will be a sin. The Guardian Angel has forbidden it, and misfortune would soon fall upon us."

At this the maiden was silent; but the desire still remained in her heart, and tormented her continually, so that she had no peace. One day, however, all the children were away, and she thought, "Now I am alone I can peep in, and no one will know what I do;" so she found the keys,

and, taking them in her hand, placed the little one in the lock and turned it around. Then the door sprang open, and she saw three angels sitting on a throne, surrounded by a great light.

The maiden remained a little while standing in astonishment; and then, putting her finger in the light, she drew it back, and found it covered with gold. Then great alarm seized her, and shutting the door hastily, she ran away. But her fear only increased more and more, and her heart beat so violently that she thought it would burst; the gold also on her finger would not come off, although she washed it and rubbed it with all her strength.

Not long afterwards the Guardian Angel came back from her journey, and, calling the maiden to her, demanded the keys of the mansion. As she delivered them up, the Angel looked in her face, and asked, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?" "No," answered the maiden.

Then the Angel laid her hand upon the maiden's heart, and felt how violently it was beating; and she knew that her command had been disregarded, and that the child had opened the door. Then she asked again, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?" "No," said the maiden, for the second time.

Then the Angel perceived that the child's finger had become golden from touching the light, and she knew that the child was guilty; and she asked her for the third time, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?" "No," said the maiden again.

Then the Guardian Angel replied, "Thou hast not obeyed me, nor done my bidding; therefore thou art no longer worthy to remain among good children."

And the maiden sank down in a deep sleep, and when she awoke she found herself in the midst of a wilderness. She wished to call out, but she had lost her voice. Then she sprang up, and tried to run away; but, wherever she turned, thick bushes held her back, so that she could not escape. In the deserted spot in which she was now enclosed, there stood an old hollow tree; this was her dwelling-place. In this place she slept by night; and, when it rained and blew, she found shelter within it. Roots and

wild berries were her food, and she sought for them as far as she could reach. In the autumn she collected the leaves of the trees, and laid them in the hollow; and, when the frost and snow of the winter came, she clothed herself with them, for her clothes had dropped into rags. But during the sunshine she sat outside the tree, and her long hair fell down on all sides and covered her like a mantle. Thus she remained a long time, experiencing the misery and poverty of the world.

But, once, when the trees had become green again, the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and, as a bird flew into the bushes which surrounded the wood, he dismounted, and, tearing the brushwood aside, cut a path for himself with his sword. When he had at last made his way through, he saw a beautiful maiden, who was clothed from head to foot with her own golden locks, sitting under the tree. He stood in silence, and looked at her for some time in astonishment. At last he said, "Child, how came you into this wilderness?" But the maiden answered not, for she had become dumb. Then the King asked, "Will you go with me to my castle?" At that she nodded her head, and the King, taking her in his arms, put her on his horse and rode away home. Then he gave her beautiful clothing, and everything in abundance. Still she could not speak; but her beauty was so great, and so won upon the King's heart, that after a little while he married her.

When about a year had passed away, a son was born; and the same night the Guardian Angel appeared to the Queen, and said:

"Wilt thou tell the truth, and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door? For then will I open thy mouth and give thee again the power of speech; but, if thou remainest obstinate in thy sin, then will I take from thee thy babe."

And the power to answer was given to her, but her heart was hardened, and she said, "No, I did not open the door;" and at these words the Guardian Angel took the child out of her arms and disappeared with him.

The next morning, when the child was not to be seen,

a murmur arose among the people that their Queen was a murderess, who had destroyed her only son; but, although she heard everything, she could say nothing.

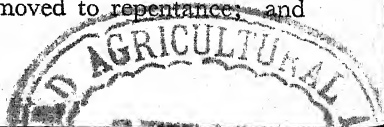
But the King did not believe the ill report, because of his great love for her.

About a year afterwards another son was born, and on the night of his birth the Guardian Angel again appeared, and asked, "Wilt thou confess that thou didst open the forbidden door? Then will I restore to thee thy son, and give thee the power of speech; but if thou hardenest thyself in thy sin, then will I take this babe also with me."

Then the Queen answered again, "No, I did not open the door;" so the Angel took the second child out of her arms and bore him away. On the morrow, when the infant could not be found, the people said openly that the Queen had slain him, and the King's councillors advised that she should be brought to trial. But the King's affection was still so great that he would not believe it, and he commanded his councillors never again to mention the report on pain of death.

The next year a beautiful little girl was born, and for the third time the Guardian Angel appeared, and said to the Queen, "Follow me;" and taking her by the hand, she led her to the kingdom of Happiness, and showed to her the two other children, who were playing merrily. The Queen rejoiced at the sight, and the Angel said, "Is thy heart not yet softened? If thou wilt confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, then will I restore to thee both thy sons." But the Queen again answered, "No, I did not open it;" and at these words she sank upon the earth, and her third child was taken from her.

When this was rumoured abroad the next day, all the people exclaimed, "The Queen is a murderess! she must be condemned!" and the King could not this time repulse his councillors. Thereupon a trial was held, and since the Queen could make no good answer or defence, she was condemned to die upon a funeral pile. The wood was collected, she was bound to the stake, and the fire was lighted all around her. Then the iron pride of her heart began to soften, and she was moved to repentance; and



she thought, "Could I but now, before my death, confess that I opened the door!"

And her tongue was loosened, and she cried aloud, "Thou good Angel, I confess."

At these words the rain descended from heaven and extinguished the fire; then a great light shone above, and the Angel appeared and descended upon the earth, and by her side were the Queen's two sons, one on her right hand and the other on her left, and in her arms she bore the new-born babe. Then the Angel restored to the Queen her three children, and loosening her tongue, promised her a happy future, and said, "Whoever will repent and confess their sins, they shall be forgiven."

FAITHFUL JOHN

ONCE upon a time there lived an old King, who fell very sick, and thought he was lying upon his deathbed; so he said, "Let Faithful John come to me." This Faithful John was his affectionate servant, and was so called because he had been true to him all his lifetime. As soon as John came to the bedside, the King said, "My faithful John, I feel that my end approaches, and I have no other care than about my son, who is still so young that he cannot always guide himself aright. If you do not promise to instruct him in everything he ought to know, and to be his guardian, I cannot close mine eyes in peace."

Then John answered, "I will never leave him; I will always serve him truly, even if it cost me my life."

So the old King was comforted, and said, "Now I can die in peace. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them; but the last room in the long corridor you must not show him, for in it hangs the portrait of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace. If he sees her picture, he will conceive a great love for her, and will fall down in a swoon, and on her account undergo great perils; therefore you must keep him away." The faithful John pressed his master's hand again in token of

assent, and soon after the King laid his head upon the pillow and died.

After the old King had been borne to his grave, the faithful John related to the young King all that his father had said upon his death-bed, and declared, "All this I will certainly fulfil; I will be as true to you as I was to him, if it cost me my life." When the time of mourning was passed, John said to the young King, "It is now time for you to see your inheritance; I will show you your paternal castle."

So he led the King all over it, upstairs and downstairs, and showed him all the riches, and all the splendid chambers; only one room he did not open, containing the perilous portrait, which was so placed that one saw it directly the door was opened, and, moreover, it was so beautifully painted that one thought it breathed and moved; nothing in all the world could be more lifelike or more beautiful. The young King remarked, however, that the faithful John always passed by one door; so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?" "There is something in it," he replied, "which will frighten you."

But the King said, "I have seen all the rest of the castle, and I will know what is in there," and he went and tried to open the door by force. The faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room; it would bring great misfortunes both upon you and me."

"Oh, no," replied the young King; "If I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin; I should have no peace night or day until I have seen it with my own eyes. Now I will not stir from the place till you unlock the door."

Then the faithful John saw that it was of no use talking; so, with a heavy heart and many sighs, he picked the key out of the great bunch. When he had opened the door he went in first, and thought he would cover up the picture that the King should not see it; but it was of no use, for the King stepped upon tiptoe and looked over his shoulder; and as soon as he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so beautiful, and glittered with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible.

The faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his bed, and thought with great concern, "Mercy on us! the misfortune has happened: what will come of it?" and he gave the young King wine until he came to himself. The first words he spoke were, "Who does that beautiful picture represent?" "That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

"Then," said the King, "my love for her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees had tongues, they should not gainsay it; my life is set upon the search for her. You are my faithful John; you must accompany me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult to get into the presence of the King's daughter. At last he bethought himself of a way, and said to the King, "Everything which she has around her is of gold—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds, and wild and wonderful beasts, that will please her; then we will travel with these and try our luck."

Then the King summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship, the faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the King likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed over the wide sea, and sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

The faithful John told the King to remain in the ship, and wait for him. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the King's daughter with me; therefore take care that all is in order, and set out the golden vessels and adorn the whole ship."

Thereupon John placed in a napkin some of the golden cups, stepped upon land, and went straight to the King's palace. When he came into the castle-yard, a beautiful maid stood by the brook, who had two golden pails in her hand, drawing water; and when she had filled them and turned round she saw a strange man, and asked who he was.

Then John answered, "I am a merchant," and, opening his napkin, he showed her its contents. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful golden things!" and, setting the pails down, she looked at the cups one after another, and said, "The King's daughter must see these; she is so pleased with anything made of gold that she will buy all these." And, taking him by the hand, she led him in; for she was the lady's maid. When the King's daughter saw the golden cups she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked that I will purchase them all."

But the faithful John replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing in comparison to those which my master has in his ship, than which nothing more delicate or costly has ever been worked in gold." Then the King's daughter wished to have them all brought; but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around." Then her curiosity and desire were still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."

The faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the King, when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was still greater than the picture had represented, and thought nothing else but that his heart would jump out of his mouth. Presently she stepped on board, and the King conducted her below; but the faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship, and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird through the air.

Meanwhile the King showed the Princess all the golden treasures—the dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at everything, and in her joy she did not observe that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had looked at the last, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart.

But when she came on deck she perceived that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail. "Ah," she exclaimed in affright, "I am

betrayed; I am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die ! ”

But the King, taking her by the hand, said, “ I am not a merchant, but a King, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off, but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first saw the portrait of thy beauteous face that I fell down in a swoon before it ? ”

When the King's daughter heard these words she was reassured, and her heart was inclined towards him, so that she willingly became his bride. While they thus went on their voyage on the high sea, it happened that the faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship playing music, saw three Crows in the air, who came flying towards them. He stopped playing, and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly.

The first one exclaimed, “ There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.” “ But he is not home yet,” replied the second. “ But he has her,” said the third; “ she is sitting by him in the ship.” Then the first began again, and exclaimed, “ What matters that ? When they go on shore, a fox-coloured horse will spring towards him, on which he will mount; and, as soon as he is on, it will jump up with him into the air, so that he will never again see his bride.” The second one asked, “ Is there no escape ? ” “ Oh, yes, if another mounts behind quickly and takes out the firearms which are in the holster, and with them shoots the horse dead, then the young King will be saved. But who knows that ? And if any one does know it and tells him, such a one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee.”

Then the second spoke again, “ I know still more : if the horse should be killed, the young King will not then retain his bride; for when they come into the castle, a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there upon a dish, and seem to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch, and, if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones.” Then the third Crow asked, “ Is there no escape ? ” “ Oh, yes,” answered the second; “ if someone takes up the shirt with his gloves on, and throws it into the

fire so that it is burned, the young King will be saved. But what does that signify? Whoever knows it and tells him, will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart."

Then the third Crow spoke: "I know still more: even if the bridal shirt be consumed, still the young King will not retain his bride; for if, after the wedding, a dance is held, while the young Queen dances she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if someone does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and throw them away, she will die. But whoever knows that and tells it, will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet."

After the Crows had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and the trusty John, who had perfectly understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and sad: for if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him; and if he told him all, he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore, it happened just as the Crow had foretold, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up. "Capital!" said the King; "this shall carry me to my castle," and he tried to mount; but the faithful John came straight up, and swinging himself quickly on, drew the firearms out of the holster and shot the horse dead.

Then the other servants of the King, who were not on good terms with the faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful creature, which might have borne the King to the castle!" But the King replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very faithful John. Who knows the good he may have done?"

Now they went into the castle, and there stood a dish in the hall, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young King went up to it and wished to take it up, but the faithful John pushed him away, and taking it up with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire, and let it burn. The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See, now

he is burning the King's bridal shirt!" But the young King replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my faithful John."

Soon after, the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. So the faithful John paid great attention, and watched her countenance; all at once she grew pale, and fell as if dead to the ground. Then he sprang up hastily, raised her and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, kneeled beside her, and, drawing the three drops of blood out of her right breast, threw them away. As soon as she breathed again, she raised herself up; but the young King had witnessed everything, and, not knowing why the faithful John had done this, was very angry, and called out, "Throw him into prison!"

The next morning the trusty John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he stood there, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may once before his death speak. Shall I also have that privilege?"

"Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted you."

Then the faithful John replied, "I have been unrighteously judged, and have always been true to you;" and he told the story of the Crows which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done. Then the King cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon; lead him away!" But the trusty John had fallen down at the last word, and was turned into stone.

At this event both the King and the Queen were in great grief, and the King thought, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" and he had the stone statue raised up and placed in his sleeping-chamber, near his bed; and, as often as he looked at it, he wept, and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my faithful John!"

After some time had passed, the Queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once, when the Queen was in church, and the two children were at home playing by their father's side; he looked up at the stone statue full

of sorrow, and exclaimed with a sigh, " Ah, could I restore you to life, my faithful John ! "

At these words the statue began to speak, saying, " Yes, you can make me alive again, if you will bestow on me that which is dearest to you."

The King replied, " All that I have in the world I will give up for you."

The statue spake again : " If you, with your own hand, cut off the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again."

The King was terrified when he heard that he must himself kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how the faithful John had died for him, and, drawing his sword, he cut off the heads of both his children with his own hand. And as soon as he had sprinkled the statue with blood, life came back to it, and the trusty John stood again alive and well before him, and said, " Your faith shall not go unrewarded;" and taking the heads of the two children, he set them on again, and anointed their wounds with their blood, and thereupon they healed again in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the King was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the Queen coming, he hid the faithful John and both the children in a great closet. As soon as she came in he said to her, " Have you prayed in the church ? " " Yes," she answered; " but I thought continually of the faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us."

Then he replied, " My dear wife, we can restore his life again to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice."

The Queen became pale, and was terrified at heart, but she said, " We are guilty of his life on account of his great fidelity."

Then he was very glad that she thought as he did, and, going up to the closet, he unlocked it and brought out the children and the faithful John, saying, " God be praised ! he is saved, and we have still our little sons." And then he told her all that had happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.

THE WHITE SNAKE

A LONG while ago there lived a King whose wisdom was world-renowned. Nothing remained unknown to him, and it seemed as if the tidings of the most hidden things were borne to him through the air. But he had one strange custom: every day at noon, when the table was quite cleared, and no one was present, his trusty Servant had to bring him a dish, which was covered up, and the Servant himself did not know what lay in it, and no man knew, for the King never uncovered it nor ate thereof until he was quite alone.

This went on for a long time, until one day such a violent curiosity seized the Servant, who as usual carried the dish, that he could not resist the temptation, and took the dish into his chamber. As soon as he had carefully locked the door, he raised the cover, and there lay before him a White Snake.

At the sight he could not restrain the desire to taste it; so he cut a piece off and put it in his mouth. But scarcely had his tongue touched it, when he heard before his window a curious whispering of low voices. He went and listened, and found out that it was the Sparrows who were conversing with one another, and relating what each had seen in field or wood. The morsel of the Snake had given him the power to understand the speech of animals.

Now it happened just on this day that the Queen lost her most valuable ring, and suspicion fell on this faithful Servant, who had the care of all her jewels. The King ordered him to appear before him, and threatened in angry words that he should be taken up and tried if he did not know before the morrow whom to name as the guilty person.

He protested his innocence in vain, and was sent away without any mitigation of the sentence. In his anxiety and trouble he went into the courtyard, thinking how he might help himself. There, on a running stream of water, the Ducks were congregated familiarly together, and smoothing

themselves down with their beaks while they held a confidential conversation. The Servant stood still and listened to them as they told to each other where they had waddled, and what nice food they had found; and one said in a vexed tone, "Something very hard is in my stomach, for in my haste I swallowed a ring which lay under the Queen's window."

Then the Servant caught the speaker up by her neck, and carried her to the cook, saying, "Just kill this fowl; it is finely fat." "Yes," said the cook, weighing it in her hand, "it spared no trouble in cramming itself; it ought to have been roasted long ago."

So saying, she chopped off its head, and, when she cut it open, in its stomach was found the Queen's ring. Now, the Servant was able to prove easily his innocence to the Queen, and, as she wished to repair her injustice, she granted him her pardon, and promised him the greatest place of honour which he wished for at Court.

The Servant refused everything, and only requested a horse and money, for he had a desire to see the world, and to travel about it for a while. As soon as his request was granted, he set off on his tour, and came one day by a pond, in which he noticed three Fishes which were caught in the reeds, and lay gasping for water. Although men say fish are dumb, yet he understood their complaint, that they must die so miserably. Having a compassionate heart, he dismounted and put the three prisoners again into the water. They splashed about for joy, and putting their heads above water, said to him, "We will be grateful, and repay you for saving us."

He rode onwards, and after a while it happened that he heard, as it were, a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and perceived that an Ant King was complaining thus: "If these men could but keep away with their great fat beasts! Here comes an awkward horse treading my people under foot unmercifully." So he rode on to a side path, and the Ant King called to him, "We will be grateful, and reward you."

His way led him into a forest, and there he saw a pair of Crows, standing by their nest and dragging their young

out. "Off with you, you gallows birds!" they exclaimed. "We can feed you no longer; you are big enough now to help yourselves." The poor young ones lay on the ground fluttering and beating their wings, and crying, "We, helpless children, we must feed ourselves, we who cannot fly yet! what is left to us but to die here of hunger?" Then the Servant dismounted, and, killing his horse with his sword, left it for the young Crows to feed upon. They soon hopped upon it, and when they were satisfied, they exclaimed, "We will be grateful, and reward you in time of need!"

He was obliged now to use his own legs, and after he had gone a long way he came to a large town, where in the streets, there was a great crowd and shouting, and a man upon horseback riding along, who proclaimed: "The Princess seeks a husband; but he who would win her must perform a difficult task, and, if he should not luckily complete it, his life will be forfeited."

Many had tried already, but in vain; their life had been forfeited. But the youth, when he had seen the Princess, was so blinded by her beauty, that he forgot all danger, and, stepping before the King, offered himself as a suitor. Immediately he was conducted to the sea, and a golden ring thrown in before his eyes. They the King bade him fetch this ring up again from the bottom of the sea, adding, "if you rise without the ring, you shall be thrown in again and again, until you perish in the waves."

Every one pitied the handsome Youth, and then left him alone on the seashore. There he stood considering what he should do, and presently he saw three Fishes at once swimming towards him, and they were no others than the three whose lives he had saved. The middle one bore a mussel-shell in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the feet of the Youth, who, taking it up and opening it, found the gold ring within. Full of joy, he brought it to the King, expecting that he should receive his promised reward.

But the proud Princess, when she saw that he was not her equal in birth, was ashamed of him, and desired that he should undertake a second task. She went into the garden, and strewed there ten bags of millet-seed in the

grass. "These he must pick up by the morning, before the sun rise, and let him not venture to miss one grain."

The Youth sat himself down in the garden, thinking how it was possible to perform this task; but he could imagine no way, so he sat there sorrowfully awaiting, at the dawn of day, to be conducted to death. But, as soon as the first rays of the sun fell on the garden, he saw that the ten sacks were all filled, and standing by him, while not a single grain remained in the grass. The Ant King had come in the night with his thousands and thousands of men, and the grateful insects had collected the millet with great industry, and put it into the sacks.

The Princess herself came into the garden, and saw with wonder that the Youth had performed what was required of him. But still she could not bend her proud heart, and she said, "Although he may have done these two tasks, yet he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the tree of life."

The youth did not know where the tree of life stood; he got up, indeed, and was willing to go so long as his legs bore him, but he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three kingdoms, he came by evening into a forest, and sitting down under a tree, he wished to sleep, when he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three Crows flew down, and settled on his knee, saying, "We are the three young Crows whom you saved from dying of hunger; when we were grown up, and heard that you sought the golden apple, then we flew over the sea, even to the end of the world where stands the tree of life, and we have fetched the apple for you."

Full of joy, the Youth set out homewards, and presented the golden apple to the beautiful Princess, who now had no more excuses. So they divided the apple of life, and ate it between them; then her heart was filled with love towards him, and they lived to a great age in undisturbed tranquillity.

THE RIDDLE

ONCE upon a time there was a King's son, who had a mind to see the world; so he set forth, and took no one with him but a faithful servant.

One day he came into a great forest, and when evening drew on he could find no shelter, and did not know where to pass the night. Just then he perceived a maiden who was going towards a little cottage, and as he approached he saw that she was young and beautiful; so he asked her whether he and his servant could find a welcome in the cottage for the night. "Yes, certainly," replied the maiden in a sorrowful voice, "you can; but I advise you not to enter." "Why not?" asked the Prince. The maiden sighed, and answered, "My stepmother practises wicked arts; she does not act hospitably to strangers."

He perceived now that he was come to a Witch's cottage; but because it was very dark, and he could go no farther, he went in, for he was not at all afraid. The old woman was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and looked at the strangers out of her red eyes. "Good-evening," she muttered, appearing very friendly. "Sit yourselves down and rest." Then she poked up the fire, on which a little pot was boiling. The daughter warned them both to be cautious, and neither to eat nor drink anything, for the old woman brewed bad drinks; so they slept quietly till morning.

As they made ready for their departure, and the Prince was already mounted on horseback, the old Witch said, "Wait a bit, I will bring you a parting draught," While she went for it the Prince rode away; but the servant, who had to buckle his saddle, was left alone when she came with the draught. "Take that to thy master," she said, but at the same moment the glass cracked, and the poison spurted on the horse, and so strong was it that the poor animal fell backwards dead. The servant ran after his master, and told him what had occurred; but as he would not leave the saddle behind, he went back to fetch it.

As he came to the dead horse he saw a crow perched upon it feeding himself. "Who knows whether we shall meet with anything better to-day?" said the servant, and picking up the crow, he took it with him. The whole day long they journeyed on in the forest, but could not get out of it; and at the approach of night, finding an inn, they entered it.

The servant gave the crow to the host, that he might cook it for their supper; but they had fallen into a den of thieves, and in the gloom of night twelve ruffians came, intending to rob and murder the strangers. Before they began, however, they sat down to table, and the host and the Witch joined them, and then they all partook of a dish of pottage, in which the flesh of the crow was boiled. Scarcely had they eaten two morsels apiece when they all fell down dead; for the poison which had killed the horse had poisoned the flesh of the crow.

There was now no one left in the house but the daughter of the host, who seemed to be honest, and had had no share in the wicked deeds. She opened all the doors to the Prince, and showed him the heaped-up-treasure; but the Prince said she might keep it all, for he would have none of it, and so rode on farther with his servant.

After they had wandered a long way in the world, they came to a city where dwelt a beautiful but haughty Princess, who had declared that whoever propounded to her a riddle which she could not solve should be her husband; but if she solved it, he must have his head cut off. Three days was the time given to consider, but she was always so sharp that she discovered the proposed riddle before the appointed time. Nine suitors had been sacrificed in this way, when the Prince arrived, and being blinded with her great beauty, resolved to stake his life upon her.

So he went before her and proposed his riddle—namely, "What is this? One killed no one, and yet killed twelve."

She knew not what it was, and thought and thought, but she could not make it out; and, although she searched through all her riddle-books she could find nothing to help her; in short, her wisdom was quite at fault. At last, at her wits' end how to help herself, she bade her maid slip



into the sleeping-room of the Prince, and there listen to his dreams, thinking perhaps he might talk in his sleep and unfold the riddle. The bold servant, however, had put himself instead of his master into the bed; and when the maid came into the room he tore off the cloak in which she had wrapped herself, and hunted her out with a rod.

The second night, the Princess sent her chambermaid to see if she could be more fortunate in listening; but the servant snatched her mantle away, and hunted her also away with a rod.

The third night, the Prince himself thought he should be safe, and so he lay in his own bed; and the Princess herself came, having on a dark gray cloak, and sat herself down by him. When she thought he was asleep and dreaming she spoke to him, hoping he would answer, as many do; but he was awake, and heard and understood everything very well. First she asked, "One kills none; what is that?" He answered, "A crow which ate of a dead and poisoned horse, and died of it." Further, she asked, "And yet killed twelve; what is that?" "Twelve robbers who partook of the crow, and died from eating it."

As soon as she knew the riddle she tried to slip away, but he held her mantle so fast that she left it behind. The following morning the Princess announced that she had discovered the riddle, and bade the twelve judges come, and she would solve it before them. The Prince, however, requested a hearing for himself, and said, "She has stolen in upon me by night, and asked me, or she would never have found it out."

The judges said, "Bring us a witness." Then the servant brought up the three mantles; and when the judges saw the dark grey cloak which the Princess used to wear, they said, "Let the cloak be adorned with gold and silver, that it may be a wedding garment."

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE

ONCE upon a time a Mouse, a Bird, and a Sausage set up housekeeping together, and agreed so well that they accumulated wealth fast. It was the duty of the Bird to fetch wood, of the Mouse to draw water and make the fire, and of the Sausage to cook.

They who are prosperous are for ever hankering after something new, and thus one day the Bird, meeting another bird on her way home, told him of her condition in a very boastful way. The other bird, however, blamed her for great labours for the two who lived at ease at home : for when the Mouse had made the fire and drawn the water she could retire to her chamber, and rest till she was called to lay the table; while the Sausage remained by the fire and saw that the food was well cooked, and when dinner-time approached, dressed it with gravy and vegetables, and made it ready with butter and salt.

As soon, then, as the Bird returned and laid down her burden, they sat down to table, and after their meal was finished they slept till the next morning—and this life was a very happy one. The next day the Bird would not go for the wood, saying she had been slave long enough; for once they must change about and try another plan. And although the Mouse and the Sausage protested earnestly against it, the Bird was unconvinced; it must be tried. And so they tossed up, and it fell to the lot of the Sausage to fetch wood, while the Mouse had to cook, and the Bird to procure water.

What happened? The Sausage went forth into the forest, the Bird made the fire, the Mouse put on the pot and waited alone until the Sausage should come home, bringing wood for the next day. But it remained away such a long time that they suspected some misfortune, and the Bird flew round a little way to see, and met near the house a Dog, which, having met the Sausage, had seized upon it and

devoured it. The Bird complained bitterly against the Dog as a public robber, but it availed nothing; for the Dog declared he had found forged letters upon the Sausage, for which its life was forfeited.

The Bird, full of grief, took the wood upon her back, and flew home to relate what she had seen and heard. Both she and the Mouse were very sad, but agreed to do their best, and remain with one another. Now the Bird laid the table, and the Mouse prepared their meal; and in order to make it quite fit she got into the pot to stir the vegetables up, and flavour them, as the Sausage had been used to do; but, alas! before she had scarcely got in, her skin and hair came off, and her life was sacrificed.

When the Bird came, and wished to sit down to dinner, no cook was to be found! so, throwing away in a pet the sticks she had gathered, she called and searched high and low; but no cook could she discover. From her carelessness the fire reached the wood, and a grand conflagration commenced; so that the poor Bird hastened to the brook for water, but, her pail falling in, she was carried with it, and not being able to extricate herself in time, she sank to the bottom.

THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES

ONCE there was a poor man who was unable to feed his only son any longer; so the son said, "My dear father, everything goes badly with you, and I am a burden to you; I would rather go away and try to earn my own bread."

So the father gave him his blessing, and took leave of him with great grief. At that time the King of a powerful empire was at war, and the youth, taking service under him, went with him to the field. When he came in sight of the enemy, battle was given, and he was in great peril, and the arrows flew so fast that his comrades fell around him on all sides. And when the captain was killed the rest would have taken to flight; but the youth, stepping forward, spoke to them courageously, exclaiming, "We will not let our fatherland be ruined!" Then the others

followed him, and pressed on so furiously that they routed the enemy.

As soon as the King heard that he had to thank the youth for the victory, he raised him above all the others, gave him great treasures, and made him first in his kingdom.

Now the King had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very whimsical. She had made a vow never to take a lord and husband who would not promise, if she should die first, to let himself be buried alive with her. "Does he love me with all his heart?" said she: "what use to him, then, can his life be afterwards?" At the same time she was prepared to do the same thing, and if her husband should die first, to descend with him to the grave.

This vow had hitherto frightened away all suitors; but the youth was so taken with her beauty that he waited for nothing, but immediately asked the King to give him his daughter in marriage.

"Do you know," said the King, "what you must promise?"

"I must go with her into the grave," he replied, "if I survive her; but my love is so great that I mind not the danger." Then the King consented, and the wedding was celebrated with great splendour.

For a long time they lived happily and contented with one another, until it happened that the young Princess fell grievously sick, so that no physician could cure her. When she died, the young Prince remembered his forced promise, and shuddered at the thought of laying himself alive in the grave; but there was no escape, for the King had set watchers at all the doors, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. When the day came that the body should be laid in the royal vault, he was led away with it, and the door closed and locked behind him.

Near the coffin stood a table, having upon it four lights, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine; as soon as this supply came to an end he must die of hunger. Full of bitterness and sorrow, he sat down, eating each day but a little morsel of bread, and taking but one draught of wine: every day he saw death approaching nearer and nearer.

Whilst he thus sat gazing before him he saw, creeping out of the corner of the vault, a snake, which approached the dead body. Thinking that it came to feed on the body, he drew his sword, and exclaiming, "So long as I live you shall not touch her," he cut it in three pieces.

After a while a second snake crawled out of the corner; but when it saw the other lying dead, it went back, and returned soon with three green leaves in its mouth. Then it took the three pieces of the snake, and, laying them together so as to join, it put one leaf on each wound. As soon as the divided parts were joined the snake moved and was alive again, and both snakes hastened away together.

The leaves remained lying on the ground, and the unfortunate man, who had seen all, bethought himself whether the miraculous power of the leaves, which had restored a snake to life, might not help him. So he picked up the leaves, and laid one on the mouth of the corpse of his wife, and the other two on her eyes; and he had scarcely done so, when the blood circulated again in the veins, and, mounting into the pale countenance, flushed it with colour. Then she drew her breath, opened her eyes, and said, "Ah, where am I?"

"You are with me, dear wife," he replied, and told her how everything had happened, and how he had brought her to life. Then he helped her to some wine and bread; and, when her strength had returned, she raised herself up and they went to the door, and knocked and shouted so loudly that the watchers heard them and told the King.

The King came down himself and opened the door, and there found them both alive and well, and he rejoiced with them that their trouble had passed away. But the young Prince took away the three snake-leaves, and gave them to his servant, saying, "Preserve them carefully for me, and carry them with you at all times. Who knows in what necessity they may not help us?"

A change, however, had come over the wife after she was restored to life, and it was as if all love for her husband had passed out of her heart. And when, some little time after, he wished to make a voyage over the sea to his old father, and they had gone on board the ship, she forgot the

great love and fidelity which he had shown, and through which he had saved her life, and disclosed a wicked plan to the Captain.

When the young Prince lay asleep she called up the Captain, and, taking the sleeper by the head, while he carried the feet, they threw the Prince into the sea.

As soon as the evil deed was done, she said to the Captain, "Now let us return home, and say he died on the voyage. I will so praise and commend you to my father that he shall give you to me in marriage, and you shall sit as his heir."

But the faithful servant, who had seen all unnoticed, let loose a little boat from the ship, and, getting in it himself, rowed after his master, and let the betrayers sail away. He fished the dead body up again, and, by the help of the three snake-leaves, which he carried with him, he brought it happily to life again.

Then they both rowed away with all their strength, day and night, and their little boat glided on so fast that they arrived before the others at the old King's palace. He marvelled to see them return alone, and asked what had happened. When he heard of the wickedness of his daughter, he said, "I can scarcely believe that she has done such evil; but the truth will soon come to light."

Then he bade them both go into a secret chamber, and keep themselves private from everybody. Soon afterwards the great vessel came sailing up, and the wicked wife appeared before her father with a sorrowful countenance. "Why are you returned alone?" he asked. "Where is your husband?"

"Alas! dear father," she replied, "I return home with great grief, for my husband was suddenly taken ill during the voyage, and died; and, if the good Captain had not given me his assistance, it would have gone terribly with me; he was present at my husband's death, and can tell you all about it."

The King said, "I will bring the dead to life," and, opening the chamber, he bade the Prince and his servant both to come forth.

As soon as the wife perceived her husband, she was

struck as if by lightning, and, falling on her knees, she begged his pardon. But the King answered, "For you there is no pardon. He was ready to die with you, and gave you life again; but you have conspired against him in his sleep, and shall receive your due reward."

Then she was put, with her companion in crime, on board a ship which was pierced with holes, and drawn out into the sea; and they soon sank beneath the waves.

CLEVER ALICE

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had a daughter who was called "Clever Alice"; and when she was grown up, her father said, "We must see about her marrying." "Yes," replied her mother, "when one comes who shall be worthy of her."

At last a certain youth, by name Hans, came from a distance to make a proposal for her, but he put in one condition, that the Clever Alice should also be very prudent. "Oh," said her father, "she has got a head full of brains;" and the mother added, "Ah, she can see the wind blow up the street, and hear the flies cough!"

"Very well," replied Hans; "but if she is not very prudent, I will not have her." Soon afterwards they sat down to dinner, and her mother said, "Alice, go down into the cellar and draw some beer."

So Clever Alice took the jug down from the wall, and went into the cellar, jerking the lid up and down on her way for amusement. As soon as she got downstairs, she drew a stool and placed it before the cask, in order that she might not have to stoop, whereby she might do some injury to her back, and give it an undesirable bend. Then she placed the can before her and turned the tap, and while the beer was running, as she did not wish her eyes to be idle, she looked about upon the wall above and below, and presently perceived, after much peeping into this corner and that, a hatchet, which the bricklayers had left behind, sticking out of the ceiling right above her.



At the sight of this the Clever Alice began to cry, saying, "Oh, if I marry Hans, and we have a son, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, the hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him;" and so saying, she sat there weeping with all her might over the impending misfortune.

Meanwhile the good folks upstairs were waiting for the beer, but as Clever Alice did not come, her mother told the maid to go and see what she was stopping for. The maid went down into the cellar, and found Alice sitting before the cask crying heartily, and she asked, "Alice, what are you weeping about?" "Ah," she replied, "have I not just cause? If I marry Hans, and we have a son, and he grows up, and we send him here to draw beer, that hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him."

"Oh," said the maid, "what a clever Alice we have!" And, sitting down, she began to weep too, for the misfortune that was to happen.

After a while, and the maid did not return, the good folks above began to feel very thirsty; so the husband told the boy to go down into the cellar, and see what had become of Alice and the maid. The boy went down, and there sat Clever Alice and the maid both crying; so he asked the reason, and Alice told him the same tale of the hatchet as she had told the maid. When she had finished, the boy exclaimed, "What a clever Alice we have!" and fell weeping and howling with the others.

Upstairs they were still waiting, and the husband said, when the boy did not return, "Do you go down, wife, into the cellar, and see why Alice stops." So she went down, and finding all three sitting there crying, asked the reason, and Alice told her about the hatchet which must inevitably fall upon the head of her son. Then the mother likewise exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and, sitting down, began to weep with the others.

Meanwhile, the husband waited for his wife's return; but at last he felt so very thirsty, that he said, "I must go myself down into the cellar, and see what Alice stops for." As soon as he entered the cellar, there he found the four sitting and crying together, and when he heard the reason,

he also exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and sat down to cry with the others.

All this time the bridegroom above sat waiting, but when nobody returned, he thought they must be waiting for him, and so he went down to see what was the matter. When he entered, there sat the five, crying and groaning, each one in a louder key than his neighbour. "What misfortune has happened?" he asked. "Ah, dear Hans!" cried Alice, "if we should marry one another, and have a son, and he grows up, and we, perhaps, send him down here to tap the beer, the hatchet which has been left sticking there may fall on his head and so kill him; and do you not think that enough to weep about?"

"Now," said Hans, "more prudence than this is not necessary for my housekeeping; because you are such a clever Alice I will have you for my wife." And, taking her hand, he led her home, and celebrated the wedding directly.

After they had been married a little while, Hans said one morning, "Wife, I will go out to work and earn some money; do you go into the field and gather some corn wherewith to make bread."

"Yes," she answered, "I will do so, dear Hans." And when he was gone, she cooked herself a nice mess of pottage to take with her. As she came to the field, she said to herself, "What shall I do? Shall I cut first, or eat first? Ay, I will eat first!" Then she ate up the contents of her pot, and when it was finished, she thought to herself, "Now, shall I reap first or sleep first? Well, I think I will have a nap!" and so she laid herself down amongst the corn, and went to sleep.

Meanwhile Hans returned home, but Alice did not come, and so he said, "Oh, what a prudent Alice I have! she is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat anything." By and by, however, evening came on, and still she did not return; so Hans went out to see how much she had reaped; but, behold, nothing at all, and there lay Alice fast asleep among the corn! So home he ran very fast, and brought a net with little bells hanging on it, which he threw over her head while she still slept on. When he

had done this, he went back again and shut to the house door, and, seating himself on his stool, began working very industriously.

At last when it was quite dark, the Clever Alice awoke, and as soon as she stood up, the net fell all over her hair, and the bells jingled at every step she took. This quite frightened her, and she began to doubt whether she were really Clever Alice, and said to herself, "Am I she, or am I not?" This question she could not answer, and she stood still a long while considering. At last she thought she would go home and ask whether she were really herself—supposing they would be able to tell.

When she came to the house door it was shut; so she tapped at the window, and asked, "Hans, is Alice within?" "Yes," he replied, "she is." Now she was really terrified, and exclaiming, "Ah, Heaven, then I am not Alice!" she ran up to another house; but as soon as the folks within heard the jingling of the bells they would not open their doors, and so nobody would receive her. Then she ran straight away from the village, and no one has ever seen her since.

THE THREE LANGUAGES

IN Switzerland there lived an old Count, who had an only son, who was very stupid and never learned anything. One day the father said, "My son, listen to what I have to say; do all I may, I can knock nothing into your head. Now you shall go away, and an eminent master shall try his hand with you."

So the youth was sent to a foreign city, and remained a whole year with his master, and at the end of that time he returned home. His father asked him at once what he had learned, and he replied, "My father, I have learned what the dogs bark."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the father, "is that all you have learned? I will send you to some other city, to another master." So the youth went away a second time,

and after he had remained a year with this master, came home again. His father asked him, as before, what he had learned, and he replied, "I have learned what the birds sing."

This answer put the father in a passion, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you prodigal! has all this precious time passed, and have you learned nothing? Are you not ashamed to come into my presence? Once more, I will send you to a third master; but if you learn nothing this time, I will no longer be a father to you."

With this third master the boy remained, as before, a twelvemonth; and when he came back to his father, he told him that he had learned the language that the frogs croak. At this the father flew into a great rage, and, calling his people together, said, "This youth is no longer my son; I cast him off, and command that you lead him into the forest and take away his life."

The servants led him away into the forest, but they had not the heart to kill him, and so they let him go. They cut out, however, the eyes and the tongue of a fawn, and took them for a token to the old Count.

The young man wandered along, and after some time came to a castle, where he asked for a night's lodging. The Lord of the castle said, "Yes, if you will sleep down below. There is the tower; you may go, but I warn you it is very perilous, for it is full of wild dogs, which bark and howl at every one, and, at certain hours, a man must be thrown to them, whom they devour."

Now, on account of these dogs the whole country round was in terror and sorrow, for no one could prevent their ravages; but the youth, being afraid of nothing, said, "Only let me in to these barking hounds, and give me something to throw to them; they will not harm me."

Since he himself wished it, they gave him some meat for the wild hounds, and let him into the tower. As soon as he entered, the dogs ran about him quite in a friendly way, wagging their tails, and never once barking: they ate, also, the meat he brought, and did not attempt to do him the least injury. They next morning, to the astonishment of every one, he came forth unharmed, and told the Lord of

the castle, "The hounds have informed me, in their language, why they thus waste and bring destruction upon the land. They have the guardianship of a large treasure beneath the tower, and till that is raised they have no rest. In what way and manner this is to be done I have also understood from them."

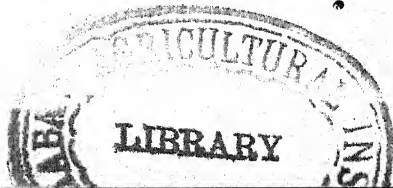
At these words every one began rejoicing, and the Lord promised him his daughter in marriage, if he could raise the treasure. This task he happily accomplished; and the wild hounds thereupon disappeared; and the country was freed from that plague. Then the beautiful maiden was married to him, and they lived happily together.

After some time, he one day got into a carriage with his wife, and set out on the road to Rome. On their way thither they passed a swamp where the frogs sat croaking. The young Count listened, and when he heard what they said, he became quite thoughtful and sad, but he did not tell his wife the reason.

At last they arrived at Rome, and found the Pope was just dead, and there was a great contention among the Cardinals as to who should be his successor. They at length resolved, that he on whom some miraculous sign should be shown, should be elected. Just as they had thus resolved, at the same moment the young Count stepped into the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves flew down, one on each of his shoulders, and remained perched there.

The clergy recognised in this circumstance the sign they required, and asked him on the spot whether he would be Pope. The young Count was undecided, and knew not whether he were worthy; but the Doves whispered to him that he might take the honour; and so he consented.

Then he was anointed and consecrated; and so was fulfilled what the Frogs had prophesied—and which had so disturbed him—that he should become the Pope. Upon his election he had to sing a mass, of which he knew nothing; but the two Doves sitting upon his shoulder told him all that he required.



THUMBLING

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant, who used to sit every evening by the hearth, poking the fire, while his wife spun. One night he said, "How sad it is that we have no children! Everything is so quiet here, while in other houses it is so noisy and merry."

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "if we had but only one, and were he no bigger than my thumb, I should still be content, and love him with all my heart." Soon afterwards, the peasant's wife became the mother of a child, who, although he was perfectly formed in all his limbs, was not actually bigger than one's thumb. So they said to one another that it had happened just as they wished; and they called the child "Thumbling."

Every day they gave him all the food he could eat; still he did not grow a bit, but remained exactly the height he was when first born; he looked about him, however, very knowingly, and showed himself to be a bold and clever fellow, who would prosper in everything he undertook.

One morning the peasant was making ready to go into the forest to fell wood, and said, "Now I wish I had someone who could follow me with the cart."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Thumbling, "I will bring the cart; don't you trouble yourself, it shall be there at the right time."

The father laughed at this speech, and said, "How shall that be? You are much too small to lead the horse by the bridle."

"That matters not, father. If mother will harness the horse, I can sit in his ear, and tell him which way to take."

"Well, we will try for once," said the father; and so, when the hour came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and told him how to guide it. Then he set out quite like a man, and the cart went on the right road to the forest; and just as it turned a corner, and Thumbling called out, "Steady, steady!" two strange men met it; and one said to the other, "My goodness! what

is this? Here comes a cart, and the driver keeps calling to the horse, but I can see no one." "That cannot be all right," said the other; "let us follow and see where the cart stops."

The cart went on safely, deep into the forest, and straight to the place where the wood was cut. As soon as Thumbling saw his father, he called to him, "Here, father; here I am, you see, with the cart: just take me down." The peasant caught the bridle of the horse with his left hand, and with his right took his little son out of its ear, and he sat himself down merrily on a straw.

When the two strangers saw the little fellow, they knew not what to say for astonishment; and one of them took his companion aside, and said, "This little fellow might make our fortune, if we could exhibit him in the towns. Let us buy him." They went up to the peasant, and asked, "Will you sell us your son? We will treat him well." "No," replied the man; "he is my heart's delight, and not to be bought for all the money in the world!"

But Thumbling, when he heard what was said, climbed up by his father's skirt, and set himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Let me go now, and I will soon come back again." So his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold, and they asked him where he would sit. "Oh," replied he, "put me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk round and survey the country. I will not fall off." They did as he wished; and when he had taken leave of his father, they set out. Just as it was getting dark he asked to be lifted down; and, after some demur, the man on whose hat he was took him off and placed him on the ground.

In an instant Thumbling ran off and crept into a mouse-hole, where they could not see him. "Good-evening, masters," said he, "you can go home without me;" and, with a quiet laugh, he crept into his hole still farther. The two men poked their sticks into the hole, but all in vain, for Thumbling only went down farther; and when it had grown quite dark, they were obliged to return home full of vexation and with empty pockets.

As soon as Thumbling perceived that they were off, he

crawled out of his hiding-place, and said, "How dangerous it is to walk in this field in the dark : one might soon break one's head or legs !" and so saying, he looked round, and by great good luck he saw an empty snail-shell. "God be praised !" he exclaimed, "here I can sleep securely;" and in he went. Just as he was about to fall asleep he heard two men pass by, one of whom said to the other, "How shall we manage to get at the parson's gold and silver?"

"That I can tell you," interrupted Thumbling.

"What was that?" exclaimed the thief, frightened. "I heard someone speak." They stood still and listened; and then Thumbling said, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the thieves.

"Search on the ground, and mark where my voice comes from," replied he. The thieves looked about, and at last found him, and lifted him up in the air. "What! will you help us, you little wight?" said they.

"Look here," he replied. "I can creep between the iron bars into the chamber of the parson, and reach out to you whatever you require."

"Very well," said they, "we will see what you can do."

When they came to the house, Thumbling crept into the chamber, and cried out with all his might, "Will you have all that is here?"

The thieves were terrified, and said, "Speak gently, or someone will awake."

But Thumbling feigned not to understand, and exclaimed, louder still, "Will you have all that is here?"

This awoke the cook, who slept in the room, and, sitting up in her bed, she listened. The thieves, however, had run back a little way, quite frightened; but, taking courage again, and thinking the little fellow wished to tease them, they came and whispered to him to make haste and hand them out something. At this, Thumbling cried out still more loudly, "I will give you it all, only put your hands in." The listening maid heard this clearly, and, springing out of bed, hurried out at the door.

The thieves ran off as if they were pursued by the wild huntsman, but the maid, as she could see nothing, went

to strike a light. When she returned, Thumbling escaped without being seen into the barn, and the maid, after she had looked round and searched in every corner without finding anything, went to bed again, believing she had been dreaming with her eyes open. Meanwhile, Thumbling had crept in amongst the hay, and found a beautiful place to sleep, where he intended to rest till daybreak, and then to go home to his parents.

Other things, however, was he to experience—for there is much tribulation and trouble going on in this world.

The maid got up at dawn of day to feed the cow. Her first walk was to the barn for fodder, and she took exactly the bit of hay in which poor Thumbling lay asleep. He slept so soundly, however, that he was not conscious, and only awoke when he was in the cow's mouth. "Ah, goodness!" exclaimed he, "however came I into this mill!" But soon he saw where he really was. Then he took care not to come between the teeth, but presently slipped quite down the cow's throat. "There are no windows in this room," said he to himself, "and no sunshine, and I brought no light with me." Overhead his quarters seemed still worse, and, more than all, he felt his room growing narrower as the cow swallowed more hay. So he began to call out in terror, as loudly as he could, "Bring me no more food! I do not want any more food!"

Just then the maid was milking the cow, and when she heard the voice without seeing anything, and knew it was the same she had listened to in the night, she was so frightened that she slipped off her stool and overturned the milk. In great haste she ran to her master, saying, "Oh, Mr. Parson, the cow has been speaking."

"You are crazy," he replied; but still he went himself into the stable to see what was the matter, and scarcely had he stepped in, when Thumbling began to shout out again, "Bring me no more food; bring me no more food." This terrified the parson himself, and he thought an evil spirit had entered into his cow, and so ordered her to be killed.

As soon as that was done, and they were dividing the carcass, a fresh accident befell Thumbling, for a wolf, who was passing at the time, made a snatch at the cow and tore

away the part where he was stuck fast. However, he did not lose courage, but as soon as the wolf had swallowed him he called out from inside, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, I know of a capital meal for you."

"Where is it to be found?" asked the Wolf—"In the house by the meadow; you must creep through the gutter, and there you will find cakes and bacon and sausages, as many as you can eat," replied Thumbling, describing exactly his father's house.

The wolf did not wait to be told twice, but in the night crept in, and ate away in the larder to his heart's content. When he had finished he tried to escape by the way he had entered, but the hole was not large enough.

Thereupon Thumbling, who had reckoned on this, began to make a tremendous noise inside the poor wolf, screaming and shouting as loud as he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the Wolf; "you will awake the people." "Eh, what!" cried the little man, "since you have satisfied yourself, it is my turn now to make merry," and he set up a louder howling than before.

At last his father and mother awoke, and came to the room and looked through the chinks of the door; and as soon as they perceived the ravages the wolf had committed, the man ran and brought the axe and his wife the scythe. "Stop you behind," said the man, as they entered the room; "if my blow does not kill him, you must give him a cut with your weapon and chop off his head if you can."

When Thumbling heard his father's voice, he called out, "Father, dear, I am here, in the wolf's body." "Heaven be praised!" said the man, full of joy, "our dear child is found again;" and he bade his wife take away the scythe lest it should do any harm to his son. Then he raised his axe, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut it open and released the little fellow his son. "Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have had about you!" "Yes, father," replied Thumbling, "I have been travelling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

"Where have you been, my son?" he inquired.

"Once I was in a mouse's hole, once inside a cow, and, lastly, inside that wolf; and now I will stop here with you," said Thumbling.

"Yes," said the old people; "we will not sell you again for all the riches of the world;" and they embraced and kissed him with great affection. Then they gave him plenty to eat and drink, and had new clothes made for him, for his old ones were worn out with travelling.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

A LONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure garden, in which stood a tree which bore golden apples; and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missing.

This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree. Having three sons, he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing.

The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning.

The turn came now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers, but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master; and just as twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and, looking up, he saw a bird flying by, whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it; this did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off.

The youth took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the

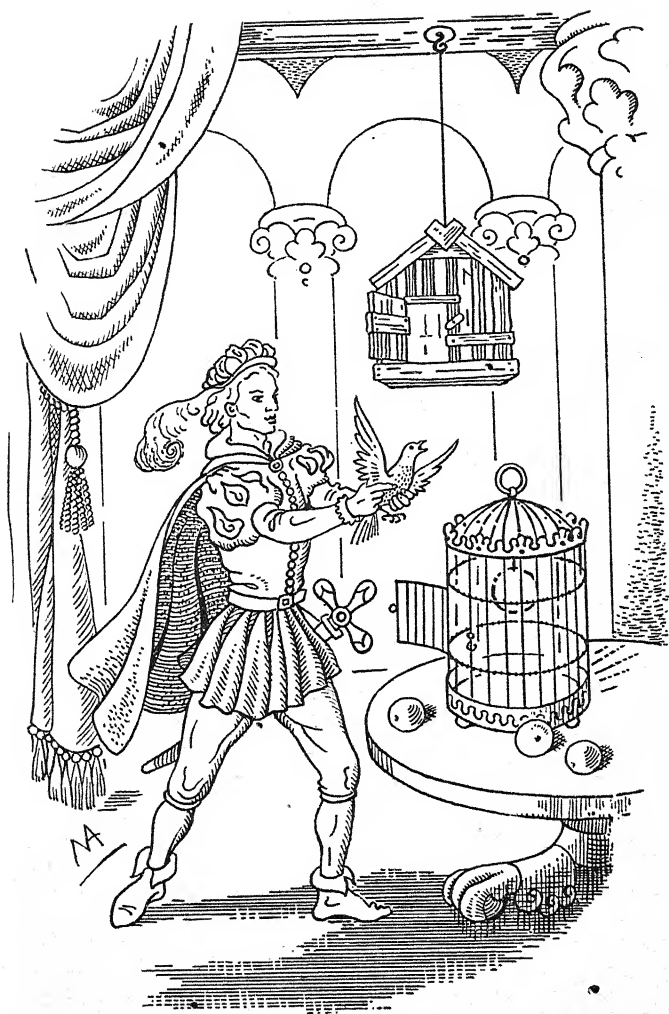
night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me."

The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the Golden Bird. When he had walked about a mile, he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he levelled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the Golden Bird, and this evening you will come into a village where two inns stand opposite to each other: one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there; enter rather into the other, though it seems a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and, going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he walked on, and towards evening came to the village where stood the two inns, in one of which singing and dancing were going on; while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the Golden Bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as it had his brother, and gave him good counsel, which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

A long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you still are less likely than your brothers to find the Golden Bird,



and if a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The king at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again it offered in return for its life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted, and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but, that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over hedges and ditches, uphill and downhill, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and, following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what further you must do. Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle, before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a Golden Bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage to place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly."

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son mounted as before, away they went over hill and valley, while their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they travelled at. When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the Golden Bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and, opening the door, he put it in the splendid one.

At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing

shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition—namely, if he brought to him the Golden Horse, which travelled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the Golden Bird.

The young Prince walked out, sighing and sorrowful—for where was he to find the Golden Horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what happened, because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you, and tell you where you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there this horse stands. Before the door a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will be very unlucky."

So saying, the Fox stretched out its tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the Golden Horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle, he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who put our hero into confinement.

The next morning he was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse, if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," it said; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. As soon as she enters the bath-

house, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever you will; only take care that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over hill and valley like the wind. When they arrived at the Golden Palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep, and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her.

The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more, and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside, when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected, and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief, and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared, and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again; but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled; and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away they went these two together, and no long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have

the best, certainly," said he, "but to the Maid of the Golden Castle belongs also the Golden Horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox. "First take to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle, the beautiful Princess; then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily show you the Golden Horse and give it you. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom you must keep tight hold of and pull up behind you. As soon as this is done, ride off; for no one can pursue you, as the horse goes as fast as the wind."

All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the Golden Horse. The Fox came once more and said, "Now I will help you to get the Golden Bird. When you draw near the castle where the bird lives, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my care. Then do you ride into the castle yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird; and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead and cut off my head and feet."

"That were a curious gratitude," said the Prince; "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies! Who would buy gallows-flesh?—and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring!" Onwards he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the

village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged.

When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, besides spending all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest a while here by this spring, and eat and drink."

The youngest consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father, "We bring you," said they to him, "not only the Golden Bird, but also the Golden Horse, and the Princess of the Golden Castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the Maiden would not speak, but wept bitterly from morning to night.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following its advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," it said; "but I will again help you to escape. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was done, the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not confident of your death, and have set spies all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the

King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat and the beautiful Maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the Maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned."

Then she told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. The King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a beggar, in his rags; but the Maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and tried; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood, and there met the Fox, who said, "You have now everything that you can desire; but to my misfortunes there is no end, although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, it begged the Prince to cut off its head and feet. At last he did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.

THE OWL

A COUPLE of hundred years ago, when people were not so wise and crafty as they are nowadays, a curious circumstance occurred in a certain small town. By chance, one of the large Owls, which folks call Screech Owls, came from a neighbouring forest and took up its dwelling in a shed belonging to a citizen of the town, from whence it dared not come out except at night, for fear the other birds should raise a great outcry against it for disturbing their peace. One morning when the Stable-boy went into the

shed to fetch some straw, he was frightened so dreadfully on perceiving the Owl, that he ran away, and told his Master that a horrible monster, such as he had never before seen in his lifetime, was sitting in one corner of the shed, and rolled its eyes round as if it would devour everything it could see. "I know you of old," replied his Master; "you have courage enough to chase a blackbird over the fields, but if you see a dead hen lying about, you want a stick laid on you before you will approach it. I must now go myself and see what sort of monster this is."

So saying, the Master set off and walked as bold as possible into the shed, and peeped round. But as soon as he saw the curious and hideous creature with his own eyes, he went into as great a panic as his servant. He made his escape with a couple of leaps and ran to his neighbours, whom he begged with tears in his eyes to come and assist him against an unknown and dangerous animal, or perhaps the whole town might be endangered if it should make its escape from the shed where it was concealed. Immediately there arose a great outcry and noise in the streets of the town, and the townsmen came armed with spikes, rakes, spades, and hatchets, as if they were going to attack an enemy. At last appeared the Mayor himself at the head of his councillors, and when they were all arranged in the market-place, they made their way to the shed and surrounded it on all sides. Then one of the bravest of the assemblage stepped before the others and entered the shed armed with a pole; but he came out again directly with a shriek, and, looking as pale as death, he ran off without saying a word. Two others next made the attempt, but they met with no better success; and at last a tall and very strong man, renowned for his deeds of valour, stepped forward and said, "With bare looking at the monster you will never drive him away; some determination must be used; but I see you are all playing the part of old women, and none of you will beard the enemy." So saying, he caused his body armour, his sword, and spear to be brought, and, equipping himself with these, prepared for the attack, while all the others praised his courage, although many of them feared for his life. The two doors

of the shed were thrown open, and the warrior perceived the Owl perched in the middle of a large beam which ran across. He caused a ladder to be brought, and when it was fixed ready for him to mount, all called out to him to behave bravely, and reminded him of St. George and the Dragon. He mounted the ladder, and as the Owl saw what his intentions were, and became frightened also by the cries of the people outside, who prevented its exit, it rolled its eyes, ruffled its feathers, snapped its beak, and screeched loudly. "Rush on it! rush on it!" exclaimed the crowd to the valiant Soldier. "If you stood where I do," he replied, "you would not be so ready to shout." Then he mounted a stave higher on the ladder; but there he began to tremble, and at length he beat a retreat half fainting!

And now there was no one left who would venture to face the danger. "The monster," said the crowd, "has all but poisoned and wounded to death, with his snapping and breathing, our strongest man; and shall we also venture our lives?" Thereupon they consulted with one another what they should do to prevent ruin from involving the whole town. For a long time nothing satisfactory was proposed, until at last the Mayor hit on a plan. "My idea is this," he said, "that out of the common purse we purchase and make good to the owner, this stable with all that it contains, straw, hay, and corn, and then that the whole building, together with the fearful monster therein, be burned to ashes, and so no one shall lose his life by this occurrence. There is no time to spare, and parsimony in this case would be badly exercised."

All the rest agreed to this proposal, and so the stable was set light to at the four corners, and the poor Owl miserably burned to death!

THE TRAVELS OF THUMBLING

A CERTAIN Tailor had a son, who was so very diminutive in stature that he went by the nickname of Thumbling; but the little fellow had a great deal of courage in his soul, and one day he said to his father, "I must and will travel a little." "You are very right, my son," replied his father. "Take a long darning-needle with you, and stick a lump of sealing-wax on the end of it, and then you will have a sword to travel with."

Now, the Tailor would eat once more with his son, and so he skipped into the kitchen to see what his wife had cooked for their last meal. It was just ready, however, and the dish stood upon the hearth, and he asked his wife what it was.

"You can see for yourself," replied she.

Just then Thumbling jumped on the fender and peeped into the pot; but, happening to stretch his neck too far over the edge of it, the smoke of the hot meat carried him up the chimney. For a little distance he rode on the smoke in the air; but at last he sank down on the earth.

The little Tailor was now embarked in the wide world, and went and engaged with a master in his trade; but with him the eating was not good, so Thumbling said to the mistress, "If you do not give us better food, I shall leave you and early to-morrow morning write on your door with chalk, 'Too many potatoes, too little meat; adieu, my lord potato-king.'"

"What do you think you will do, grasshopper?" replied the mistress, and in a passion she snatched up a piece of cloth, and would have given him a thrashing; but the little fellow crept nimbly under a thimble, and peeped out beneath at the mistress and made faces at her.

So she took up the thimble and tried to catch him; but Thumbling skipped into the cloth, and as she threw it away to look for him, he slipped into the crevice of the table. "He, he, he, old mistress!" laughed he, putting his head up; and when she would have hit him, he dropped

down into the drawer beneath. At last, however, she did catch him, and hunted him out of the house.

The little Tailor wandered about till he came to a great forest, where he met a band of robbers who were going to steal the King's treasure. As soon as they saw the Tailor, they thought to themselves, "Ah, such a little fellow as that can creep through the keyhole and serve us as a pick-lock!" "Hollo!" cried one, "you Goliath, will you go with us to the treasure-chamber? You can easily slip in and hand us out the gold and silver."

Thumbling considered for a while, and at last consented, and went with them to the palace. Then he looked all over the doors to see if there were any chinks, and presently discovered one which was just wide enough for him to get through. Just as he was about to creep in, one of the watch-men at the door saw him, and said to the other, "What ugly spider is that crawling there? I will crush it."

"Oh, let the poor thing be," said the other; "he has done nothing to you." So Thumbling got luckily through the chink into the chamber, and, opening the window beneath which the robbers stood, threw out, one by one, the silver dollars. Just as the Tailor was in the heat of his work, he heard the King coming to visit his treasure-chamber, and in a great hurry he hid himself.

The King observed that many dollars were gone; but he could not imagine who could have stolen them, for the locks and bolts were all fast, and everything appeared quite safe. So he went away again, and said to the watchman, "Have a care! there is someone at my gold."

Presently Thumbling began his work again, and the watchmen heard the gold moving, chinking, and falling down with a ring; so they sprang in, and would have seized the thief. But the Tailor, when he heard them coming, was still quicker, and ran into a corner and covered himself over with a dollar, so that nothing of him could be seen.

Then he called to the watchmen, "Here I am!" and they went up to the place; but before they could search he was in another corner, crying, "Ha, ha! here I am!"

The watchmen turned there; but he was off again in at third corner, crying, "He, he, he! here I am!"

So it went on, Thumbling making fools of them each time; and they ran here and there so often about the chamber, that at last they were wearied out, and went away. Then he threw the dollars out as before; and when he came to the last, he gave it a tremendous jerk, and, jumping out after it, flew down upon it to the ground.

The robbers praised him very highly, saying, "You are a mighty hero; will you be our captain?"

Thumbling refused, as he wished first to see the world. So they shared the booty among them; but the little Tailor only took a farthing, because he could not carry any more.

After this deed he buckled his sword again round his body, and, bidding the robbers good-day, set out farther on his travels. He went to several masters seeking work, but none of them would have him; and at last he engaged himself as waiter at an inn.

The maids, however, could not bear him, for he could see them without their seeing him, and he gave information to the master of what they took secretly from the larder, and how they helped themselves out of the cellar; so the servants determined among themselves to serve him out by playing him some trick.

Not long afterwards one of them was mowing grass in the garden, and saw Thumbling skipping about from daisy to daisy, so she mowed down in a great hurry the grass where he was, and, tying it in a bundle together, threw it slyly into the cow's stall.

A great black cow instantly swallowed it up, and Thumbling too, without injuring him; but he was not at all pleased, for it was a very dark place, and no light to be seen at all! While the cow was being milked, Thumbling called out, "Hollo! when will that pail be full?" but the noise of the running milk prevented his being heard.

By and by the master came into the stable, and said, "This cow must be killed to-morrow!" This speech made Thumbling tremble, and he shouted out in a shrill one, "Let me out first, I say; let me out!"

The master heard him, but could not tell where the voice came from, and he asked, "Where are you?"

"In the dark," replied Thumbling; but this the master could not understand, so he went away.

The next morning the cow was killed. Happily Thumbling escaped without a wound from all the cutting and carving, and was sent away in the sausage-meat. As soon as the butcher began his work, Thumbling cried with all his might, "Don't chop too deep! don't chop too deep!" But the whirring of the cleaver again prevented his being heard.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and so Thumbling set his wits to work and jumped so cleverly out between the cuts, that he got off unhurt. He was not able to get away very far, but fell into the basin where the fragments were, and presently he was rolled up in skin for a sausage. He found his quarters here very narrow, and besides, when he was hung up in the chimney to be smoked, time passed slowly.

At last one day he was taken down, for a guest was to be entertained with sausage. When the good wife cut the sausage in half he took care not to stretch out his neck too far, lest it should be cut through; then, seizing his opportunity, he jumped out joyously.

In this house, however, where things had gone so badly, the little Tailor would not stop any longer; so he set out again on his travels. His liberty did not last very long. In the open fields he met a Fox, who snapped him up in a twinkling. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried Thumbling, "I don't want to stick here in your throat; let me out again."

"You are right," replied the Fox, "you are no use there; but if you will promise me all the hens in your father's farmyard, I will let you off scot-free."

"With all my heart," said Thumbling; "you shall have all the fowls, I promise you."

Then the Fox let him out, and carried him home; and as soon as the farmer saw his dear son again, he gave all the hens instantly to the Fox as his promised reward. Thereupon Thumbling pulled out the farthing which he

had earned upon his wanderings, and said, "See, I have brought home with me a beautiful piece of gold."

"But why did they give the Fox the poor little hens to gobble up?"

"Why, you simpleton, don't you think your father would rather have his dear child than all the fowls in his farm-yard?"

THE DOG AND THE SPARROW

THERE was once a Shepherd's Dog, which had a very bad master, who never gave him food enough for his work; and one day, having made up his mind to endure such treatment no longer, the Dog left the man's service and took his way, though with much sorrow. On the road the Dog met a Sparrow, who said, "Brother Dog, why are you so sorrowful?"

The Dog replied, "I am hungry, and have nothing to eat."

"Oh," replied the Sparrow, "come with me, and I will soon satisfy you."

So they went together to the town, and when they came to a Butcher's shop, the bird said, "Wait here, and I will peck you down a piece of meat;" and flying into the shop, and looking round to see that no one observed her, she pecked and pulled at a joint which hung just over the window till it fell down. The Dog instantly snatched it, and, running into a corner, soon devoured it. When he had done, the Sparrow took him to another shop and pecked down a second piece of meat, and, when the Dog had finished this, the Sparrow asked, "Are you satisfied now, Brother Dog?"

"Yes," he replied, "with flesh; but I have touched no bread at all yet."

"That you shall have if you will come with me," said the Sparrow, and she led him to a Baker's and pushed down a couple of loaves, and when the Dog had finished them

she took him to another shop and pushed down more. As soon as these were consumed the Sparrow asked again if he were satisfied, and the Dog replied, "Yes; and now we'll walk awhile round the town."

Off they started now upon the high-road; but it being very warm weather, they had not walked far when, as they came to a corner, the Dog said, "I am tired, and must go to sleep."

"Very well," replied the Sparrow; "meanwhile, I will sit on this twig." So the Dog lay down in the middle of the road, and was soon fast asleep.

Presently a Carrier came up the road driving a wagon with three horses, laden with two casks of wine, and as the Sparrow saw that the man did not turn aside, but kept in the middle of the road where the Dog lay, she called out "Carrier, take care what you do, or I will make you poor!"

But the Carrier cracked his whip, and grumbling to himself, "You make me poor, indeed!" he drove the wagon straight on, so that the wheels passed over the Dog and killed him.

"You have killed my brother the Dog, and that shall cost you your horses and your wagon!"

"Horses and wagon, indeed!" said the Carrier. "What harm can you do me?" and he drove on.

Then the Sparrow, hopping under the wagon-covering, pecked at the bung-hole of one of the casks until she worked out the cork, so that all the wine ran out without its being perceived by the Carrier; but all at once the man looked behind him and saw the wine dropping from the wagon, and, trying the casks, found that one of them was empty. "Ah," cried he, "now I am a poor man!" "Yet not poor enough!" said the Sparrow, and, flying on to the head of one of the horses, she pecked out one of its eyes.

When the Carrier saw this, he drew out his hatchet and tried to hit the bird, but she flew up, and, instead, he cut his own horse's head, so that it fell down dead. "Ah," cried he, "now I am a poor man!"

"Still not poor enough!" said the Sparrow; and, while the Carrier drove farther on with his two horses, she crept again under the covering of the wagon and pecked out the

bung of the second cask, so that all the wine dripped out. When the man found this he exclaimed again, "Ah, now I am a poor man!" but the bird replied, "Not poor enough yet!" and, settling on the head of the second horse, she pecked out its eyes also. Again the driver lifted his axe and made a cut at the Sparrow, which flew away, so that the blow fell on his horse and killed it. "Ah, now I am poorer still!" cried the man; but the bird replied. "Not yet poor enough!" and, perching on the third horse, she pecked out its eyes also.

In a terrible passion the driver aimed a blow with his axe, as before, at the Sparrow, but, unfortunately missing, hit his own horse instead, and so killed his third and last animal. "Ah me, poorer and poorer!" exclaimed the Carrier.

"Not yet poor enough!" reiterated the Sparrow. "Now I will make you poor at home," and so flew away.

The Carrier was forced to leave his wagon in the road, and went home full of rage and passion. "Oh," said he to his wife, "what misfortunes I have had to endure! My wine has all run out, and my horses are all three dead! Woe's me!"

"Ah, my husband," she replied, "and what a wicked bird has come to this house! She has brought with her all the birds in the world, and there they sit among our corn and are eating every ear of it!"

The man stepped out, and, behold, thousands on thousands of birds had alighted upon the ground and had eaten up all the corn, and among them sat the Sparrow. "Ah me, I am poorer than ever!" he cried. "Still not poor enough, Carrier; it shall cost you your life!" replied the bird, as she flew away.

Thus the Carrier lost all his property, and now entering the kitchen, he sat down behind the stove, and became quite morose and savage. The Sparrow, however, remained outside on the window-sill, calling out, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!"

At this the man seized his axe and threw it at the Sparrow, but he only cut the window-frame in two, without hurting the bird. Now the Sparrow hopped in, and,

perching on the stove, said again, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!"

Blinded with rage and fury, he only cut the stove with his axe, and as the bird hopped about from one place to another, he pursued her, and hacked through all his furniture, glasses, seats, tables, and lastly, the wall even of his house, without once touching the bird. However, he at length caught her with his hand, while his wife asked whether she should kill her. "No," said he, "that were too merciful: she shall die much more horribly, for I will eat her."

So saying, he swallowed her whole; but she began to flutter about in his stomach, and presently came again into his mouth, and called out, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!"

Thereupon the man handed his wife the axe, saying, "Kill the wretch for me dead in my mouth!" His wife took it and aimed a blow, but, missing her mark, she struck her husband on the head and killed him. Then the Sparrow flew away and was never seen there again.

BRIAR ROSE

IN olden times there lived a King and Queen who lamented day by day that they had no children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing and thinking of her wishes, a Frog skipped out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled—before a year passes you shall have a daughter."

As the Frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born who was so beautiful that the King almost lost his senses; but he ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also all the wise women who are kind and affectionate to children. There happened to be thirteen in his dominions, but, since he had only twelve golden plates out of which they could eat, one had to stop at home.

The fete was celebrated with all the magnificence

possible, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women presented the infant with their wonderful gifts : one with virtue, another with beauty, a third with riches, and so on, so that the child had everything that is to be desired in the world.

Just as eleven had given their presents, the thirteenth old lady stepped in suddenly. She was in a tremendous passion because she had not been invited, and, without greeting or looking at any one, she exclaimed loudly, "The Princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday and die !" and without a word further she turned her back and left the hall.

All were terrified and the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her wish, then stepped up; but because she could not take away the evil wish, but only soften it, she said, "She shall not die, but shall fall into a sleep of a hundred year's duration."

The King, who naturally wished to protect his child from this misfortune, issued a decree commanding that every spindle in the kingdom should be burned. Meanwhile all the gifts of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever, that every one who saw her fell in love with her. It happened on the day when she was just fifteen years old that the Queen and the King were not at home, and so she was left alone in the castle.

The maiden looked about in every place, going through all the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower. Up the narrow winding staircase she tripped until she arrived at a door, in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door sprang open, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle spinning flax. "Good-day, my good old lady," said the Princess. "What are you doing here?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that which twists round so merrily?" inquired the maiden, and she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning. Scarcely had she done so when the prophecy was fulfilled, for she pricked her finger; and at

the very same moment she fell back upon a bed which stood near in a deep sleep.

This sleep extended over the whole palace. The King and Queen, who had just come in, fell asleep in the hall, and all their courtiers with them—the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth, all ceased to stir—the meat which was cooking ceased to frizzle, and the cook at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen-boy lost his hold and began to snore too. The wind also fell entirely, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now, around the palace a thick hedge of briars began growing, which every year grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hid from view, so that one could not even see the flag upon the tower. Then there went a legend through the land of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose, for so was the sleeping Princess named, and from time to time Princes came endeavouring to penetrate through the hedge into the castle; but it was not possible, for the thorns held them as if by hands, and the youths were unable to free themselves, and therefore perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years there came another King's son into the country, and heard an old man tell the legend of the hedge of briars: how that behind it stood a castle where slept a wondrously beauteous Princess called Briar Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the Queen and King and all their Court. The old man further related what he had heard from his grandfather, that many Princes had come and tried to penetrate the hedge, and had died a miserable death.

But the youth was not to be daunted, and, however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he would not listen, but cried out, "I fear not; I will see this hedge of briars!"

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years, when Briar Rose was to wake again. As the young Prince approached the hedge the thorns turned to fine large flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through and again closed up behind him. In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on

the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings. As soon as he went into the house there were the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still stood with his hand on the hair of the kitchen-boy, the maid at the board with the unplucked fowl in her hand. He went on, and in the hall he found the courtiers lying asleep, and above, by the throne, were the King and Queen. He went on farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where slept Briar Rose.

There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and kissed her. Just as he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down together, and immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole Court, and all stared at each other wondrously. Now the horses in the stables got up and shook themselves; the dogs wagged their tails; the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away; the flies upon the walls began to crawl; the fire began to burn brightly and to cook the meat—the meat began again to frizzle; the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear, which made him call out; and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. The whole palace was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

By and by the wedding of the Prince with Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendour, and to the end of their lives they lived happy and contented.

HANS THE HEDGEHOG

ONCE upon a time there was a Farmer who had quite enough of money and property to live upon, but rich as he was, he lacked one piece of fortune; he had no children. Oftimes when he went to market with the other farmers, they laughed at him and asked him why he had no children. At length he flew into a passion, and when

he came home he said, "I will have a child, and it shall be a hedgehog."

Soon after this speech a child was born to him, which was like a hedgehog in the upper part of its body, and formed as a boy below, and when his wife saw it she was frightened, and cried, "See what you have wished for!" So the man said, "It cannot be helped now, and it must be christened, but we can procure no godfather for it." "We cannot call him anything else than 'Hans the Hedgehog,'" said the wife; and when the priest baptized him, he said, "On account of his spikes he can sleep in no common cradle."

So behind the stove a little straw was laid, upon which the child slept, and there he was kept for eight years, till his father grew tired of him and wished he might die. However, the child did not die, but remained in a torpid state, and one day the Farmer resolved to go to a fair which was to be held in the neighbouring town. He asked his wife what he should bring home, and she told him "a little piece of meat and a couple of rolls of bread for the house-keeping." Then he asked the servant, and she requested a couple of pots and a pair of stockings. Lastly, he asked Hans what he liked, and the child replied, "Bring me, father, a bagpipe."

Accordingly, when the Farmer returned home, he brought his wife the meat and bread, his servant the pots and stockings, and Hans the Hedgehog the bagpipe. As soon as Hans received his gift, he said, "Father, go to the smithy, and let the Cock be bridled, that I may ride away upon it and never return."

The father was glad to be freed from his son, and caused the Cock to be harnessed, and as soon as it was ready Hans the Hedgehog set himself upon it and rode away, taking with him a Boar and an Ass, which he meant to tend in the forest. But in the forest the Cock flew to the top of a lofty tree with him on its back, and there he watched the Boar and Ass for many years, until there were many of them; and all the time his father knew nothing of him.

While Hans sat on the tree-top he played upon his bagpipe, and made beautiful music; and once a King came

riding past who had lost his way in the forest, and chanced to hear him. He wondered at the sound, and sent his servants to inquire from whence the music proceeded. They looked about, but saw only a little animal upon a tree which seemed like a cock, and had a hedgehog upon its back which made the music. The King told them to ask why it sat there, and if it knew the way to his kingdom.

Then Hans the Hedgehog came down from the tree, and said he would show the way if the King would promise him, in writing, what first met him in the royal court on his return. The King thought to himself, Hans the Hedgehog understands nothing, and I can write what I please; and so, taking pen and ink, he wrote something, and when he had done Hans showed him the road, and he arrived happily at home. But, his daughter seeing him at a distance, was so full of joy that she ran to meet her father and kissed him.

Then he remembered Hans the Hedgehog, and told her what had happened to him, and how he had promised to a wonderful animal whatever met him first, and how this animal sat upon a cock and played music. However, he had written he should not have the first; for Hans the Hedgehog could not read what was written. Thereupon the Princess was glad, and said it was well done, for she could not have been given up to such a creature.

Meanwhile, Hans the Hedgehog still tended his flocks and herds, and was very merry, sitting up in his tree and blowing his bagpipe. Now it happened that another King came travelling by with his attendants and courtiers, who had also lost himself and knew not how to get home, because the forest was so immense. All at once he heard the music at a distance, and said to his servant, "Go and see at once what that is." So the servant went under the tree and saw the Cock perched upon it, and the hedgehog on its back, and he asked what he did up there. "I am watching my flocks and herds; but what is your desire?" was the reply. The servant said they had lost their way, and could not find their kingdom if he did not show them the road. Then Hans the Hedgehog climbed down the tree with his Cock, and told the old King he would point

out the path if he would give to him, certainly, whatever should meet him first before his royal palace. The King said "Yes," and subscribed to it with his own hand that he should have it.

When this was done, Hans rode before the King on his Cock, and showed him the road, whereby he quickly arrived in safety in his own kingdom. As soon as he approached his court there was great rejoicing, and his only child, a daughter, who was very beautiful, ran to meet him, embraced and kissed him in her great joy at seeing her dear father return home again. She inquired also where he had stayed so long in the world, and he told her of all his wanderings, and how he had feared he should not get back at all because he had lost his way in such a large forest, where a creature half like a hedgehog and half like a man sat upon a cock in a high tree and made beautiful music.

He told her also how this animal had come down from the tree and showed him the road on condition that he gave him whatever first met him in his royal palace on his return home; and she was the first, and that made him grieve. His daughter after a while promised to go with the animal when he came, out of love to her dear father.

Meanwhile, Hans the Hedgehog tended his swine, and so many pigs were born that they filled the whole forest. Then Hans would stay no longer in the woods, and sent his father word he should clear all the stables in the village, for he was coming with such great herds that whoever wished might kill from them. At this news the father was grieved, for he thought his son had been dead long since. Soon after, Hans came riding upon his Cock, and driving before him his herds into the village to be killed, when there was such a slaughtering and shrieking, you might have heard it eight miles off! Hans the Hedgehog did not stay long: he paid another visit to the smithy to have his Cock rebridled, then off he started again, while his father rejoiced that he should never more see him.

Hans the Hedgehog rode to the first kingdom we before mentioned, and there the King had ordered that if any one came riding upon a cock, and carrying with him a bag-

pipe; all should shoot at him, cut at him, and kill him, that he might not enter the castle. When, therefore, Hans the Hedgehog came riding along they pressed round him with bayonets; but he flew high up into the air over the gate to the window of the palace, and, there alighting, called the King to give him what he had promised, or he would kill both him and his daughter. Then the King spoke kindly to his child and begged her to go away, that her life and his might be saved.

At last she consented, turning very pale, however, and her father gave her a carriage drawn by six white horses, and servants, money, and plate besides. She set herself in it, and Hans the Hedgehog by her side, with his Cock and bagpipe. Then they took leave and drove away, while the King thought he should never see them again; and it happened just as he imagined, for as soon as they had gone a little way out of the city Hans the Hedgehog pulled off the Princess's shawl and pricked her with his quills, saying, "That is your reward for falsehood! Go away! I will have nothing to do with you!" With these words he hunted her home, and to her end she was despired.

Hans the Hedgehog rode away next upon his Cock, with his bagpipe in his hand, to the second kingdom to which he had directed its King. This King had ordered that, if any one like Hans the Hedgehog came riding to the gate, the guards should present arms, admit him freely, shout "Viva!" and conduct him to the palace. As soon as the Princess saw the animal coming she was at first frightened, because it appeared so curious, but as soon as she recollected her promise she became reconciled. She welcomed Hans the Hedgehog, and was married to him, and afterwards they dined at the royal table, sitting side by side and eating and drinking together.

When evening came on and bedtime, the Princess said she was afraid of her husband's spikes; but he said she need not fear—he would do her no harm. Then he told the old King to appoint four men who should watch before the chamber door and keep up a great fire; and, when he entered and prepared for rest, he would creep out of his hedgehog skin and lay it down before the bed. When he

had done so, the men must run in, snatch up the skin, and throw it in the fire, and keep it there till it was quite consumed.

Afterwards, when the clock struck twelve, Hans the Hedgehog entered his room, stripped off his skin, and laid it down by the bed. Immediately the four men ran in, snatched it up, and threw it into the fire, and as soon as it was consumed Hans was freed, and lay in the bed in a proper human form, but coal-black as if he was burned. Thereupon the King sent to his physician, who washed the young Prince with a precious balsam which made his skin white, so that he became quite a handsome youth. As soon as the Princess saw this she jumped for joy; and the following morning they arose gladly, and were married again in due form and with great feasting; and afterwards Hans the Hedgehog received the kingdom from the hands of the old King.

When several years had passed away the young King went with his bride to his father's house, and told him he was his son. The Farmer, however, declared he had no children. He had once, he said, had one who was covered with spikes like a hedgehog, but he had wandered away into the world. Then the King made himself known to his father, and showed that he was really his son; and the Farmer rejoiced greatly, and returned with him to his kingdom.

THE FEATHER BIRD

ONCE upon a time there lived a Sorcerer, who used to take the form of a beggar, and go begging before the houses, and stealing little girls, and nobody knew where he took them.

One day he appeared before the house of a man who had three pretty daughters, disguised as a poor, weak old cripple, carrying a sack on his back to put all his alms in. He begged for something to eat, and when the eldest girl came out and offered him a piece of bread, he only touched

her and she was compelled to jump into his sack. Then he hurried away with great strides, and carried her through a dark forest to his house, in which everything was very splendid. There he gave her what she wished, and told her, "All will be well with you, for you will have all your heart can desire."

This lasted two days, and he then said, "I must be off and leave you for a short time alone. These are the house-keeping keys : you can look over everything; but into one room, which this little key unlocks, I forbid you to enter on pain of death." He gave her also an egg, saying, "Preserve this carefully for me, and always carry it about with you, for if it be lost a great misfortune will happen."

She took the key and the egg, and promised all he required; but as soon as he was gone her curiosity overmastered her, and after she had looked over the whole house, from attic to cellar, she unlocked the forbidden door and went in. She was terribly frightened when she entered the room, for in the middle there stood a large basin, wherein was some blood. In her terror the egg fell from her hand, and rolled into the basin; and although she fished it out again directly and wiped it, it was of no use, for, scrub and wash all she might, the blood appeared as fresh as ever.

The next day the Sorcerer came home, and demanded the key and the egg. She handed them to him with trembling; and he instantly perceived that she had been into the forbidden chamber. "Have you, then, dared to enter that room against my will?" said he. "Then now you enter it against yours. Your life is forfeited." So saying, he drew her in by the hair and locked her up.

"Now I will fetch the second one," said the Sorcerer to himself; and, assuming the disguise of a beggar, he went and begged before the house. Then the second girl brought him a piece of bread, and he seized her, as the first, and bore her away. It happened to her as it had to her eldest sister—curiosity led her astray; and, on the Sorcerer's return, she was locked up for having opened the forbidden door.

He went now and fetched the third sister; but she was

prudent and cunning. As soon as he had given her his directions and had ridden away, she first carefully laid by the egg, and then went and opened the forbidden chamber. Ah, what a scene ! She saw her two dear sisters lying there half-starved. She raised them, however, and gave them food, and soon they got well and were very happy, and kissed and embraced one another.

On his return the Sorcerer demanded the key and the egg; and when he could find no spot of blood on them, he said to the maiden, " You have withstood temptation; you shall be my bride, and whatever you desire, that will I do."

" Very well," she replied. " Then first you must take my father and mother a sackful of gold, and you must carry it yourself on your back; in the meantime I will arrange the wedding." Then she ran to her sisters, whom she had concealed in a chamber, and said, " The moment has arrived when I can save you; the Sorcerer himself shall carry you away, and as soon as you arrive at our home, send me help." Then she placed them both in a sack, and covered them over with gold, so that nothing of them could be seen; and then, calling the Sorcerer in, she said, " Now, carry away the sack; but I shall peep through my window, and keep a sharp look-out that you do not rest at all on your journey."

The Sorcerer raised the sack on his shoulder, and went away with it; but it weighed so heavily that the perspiration ran down his face. Presently he wished to rest a minute, but a voice called to him out of the sack, " I am looking through my window, and see that you are stopping. Will you go on? " He thought it was his Bride calling to him, so he instantly got up again.

A little farther he would have rested again; but the same voice called, " I am looking through my window, and see that you are stopping. Will you go on again? " And as often as he stopped he heard the same words; and so he was obliged to keep on, until he at last arrived, exhausted and out of breath, with the sack of gold, at the house of the father and mother.

Meanwhile, at home, the Bride prepared the wedding

feast, and invited the friends of the Sorcerer to come. Then she took a turnip and cut out places for the eyes and teeth, and put a head-dress on it and a crown of flowers, and set it at the topmost window, and left it there peeping down. As soon as all was ready she dipped herself in a cask full of honey, and then, ripping up the bed, she rolled herself among the feathers until she looked like a marvellous bird, whom no one could possibly recognise. After this she went out of the house; and on the way some of the wedding guests met her, and asked her whence she came; and she replied, "I come from the house of the Feather King."

"How does the young Bride?" asked they.

"She has taken herself to the top of the house, and is peeping out of the window."

Soon after, the Bridegroom met her as he was slowly travelling back, and asked exactly the same questions as the others, and received the same answers. Then the Bridegroom looked up and saw the decorated turnip, and he thought it was his Bride, and nodded to it and kissed his hand lovingly. But just as he was gone into the house with his guests, the brothers and relations of the Bride, who had been sent to her rescue, arrived. They immediately closed up all the doors of the house so that no one could escape, and then set fire to it, and the Sorcerer and all his accomplices were burned to ashes.

OLD SULTAN

A CERTAIN Peasant had a trusty dog called Sultan, who had grown quite old in his service, and had lost all his teeth, so that he could not hold anything fast.

One day the Peasant stood with his wife at the house door, and said, "To-morrow I shall shoot old Sultan; he is no longer of any use to us." His wife, full of compassion for the poor animal, replied, "Well, since he has served us so long and so faithfully, I think we may very well afford him food for the rest of his life." "Eh, what?" replied

her husband. "You are not very clever; he has not a tooth in his head, and never a thief is afraid of him, so he must trot off. If he has served us, he has also received every day his dinner."

The poor Dog, lying stretched out in the sun not far from his master, heard all he said, and was much troubled to think that the morrow would be his last day. He had one good friend, the Wolf in the forest, to whom he slipped at evening, and complained of the sad fate which awaited him. "Be of good courage, my father," said the Wolf; "I will help you out of your trouble. I have just thought of something. Early to-morrow morning your master goes haymaking with his wife, and they will take with them their child, because no one will be left in the house. And while they are at work they will put him behind the hedge in the shade, and set you by to watch him. I will then spring out of the wood and steal away the child, and you must run after me hotly as if you were pursuing me. I will let it fall, and you shall take it back to its parents, who will then believe you have saved it, and they will be too thankful to do you any injury; and so you will come into great favour, and they will never let you want again."

This plan pleased the Dog, and it was carried out exactly as proposed. The father cried when he saw the Wolf running off with the child, but as old Sultan brought it back he was highly pleased, and stroked him, saying, "Not a hair of your head shall be touched; you shall eat your meals in comfort to the end of your days." He then told his wife to go home and cook old Sultan some bread and broth, which would not need biting, and also to bring the pillow out of his bed, that he might give it to him for a resting-place.

Henceforth old Sultan had as much as he could wish for himself; and soon afterwards the Wolf visited him and congratulated him on his prosperous circumstances. "But, my father," said he slyly, "you will close your eyes if I by accident steal away a fat sheep from your master."

"Reckon not on that," replied the Dog; "my master believes me faithful; I dare not give you what you ask."

The Wolf, however, thought he was not in earnest, and

by night came slinking into the yard to fetch away the sheep. But the Peasant, to whom the Dog had communicated the design of the Wolf, caught him and gave him a sound thrashing with the flail. The Wolf was obliged to scamper off; but he cried out to the Dog, "Wait a bit, you rascal; you shall pay for this!"

The next morning the Wolf sent the Boar to challenge the Dog, that they might settle their affair in the forest. Old Sultan, however, could find no other second than a Cat who had only three legs, and, as they went out together, the poor Cat limped along, holding her tail high in the air from pain. The Wolf and his second were already on the spot selected, but as they saw their opponent coming they thought he was bringing a great sabre with him, because they saw in front the erect tail of the Cat; and, whenever the poor animal hopped on its three legs, they thought nothing else than that he was going to take up a great stone to throw at them. Both of them, thereupon, became very nervous, and the Boar crept into a heap of dead leaves, and the Wolf climbed up a tree.

As soon as the Dog and Cat arrived on the spot, they wondered what had become of their adversary. The wild Boar, however, had not quite concealed himself, for his ears were sticking out; and, while the Cat was considering them attentively, the Boar twitched one of his ears, and puss, taking it for a mouse, made a spring at it and gave it a good bite. At this the Boar shook himself with a great cry, and ran away, calling out, "There sits the guilty one, up in the tree!" The Dog and the Cat looked up and saw the Wolf, who was ashamed at himself for being so fearful, and, begging the Dog's pardon, entered into treaty with him.

ROLAND

ONCE upon a time there lived a real old Witch who had two daughters—one ugly and wicked, whom she loved very much, because she was her own child; and the other fair and good, whom she hated, because she was her step-daughter.

One day the stepchild wore a very pretty apron, which so pleased the other that she turned jealous, and told her mother she must and would have the apron. "Be quiet, my child," said she; "you shall have it. Your sister has long deserved death. To-night, when she is asleep, I will come and cut off her head; but take care that you lie nearest the wall, and push her quite to the side of the bed."

Luckily the poor maiden, hid in a corner, heard this speech, or she would have been murdered; but all day long she dared not go out of doors, and when bedtime came she was forced to lie in the place fixed for her: but happily the other sister soon went to sleep, and then she contrived to change places and get quite close to the wall.

At midnight the old Witch sneaked in, holding in her right hand an axe, while with her left she felt for her intended victim; and then raising the axe in both her hands, she chopped off the head of her own daughter.

As soon as she went away, the maiden got up and went to her sweetheart, who was called Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out she said to him, "Dearest Roland, we must flee at once; my stepmother would have killed me, but in the dark she has murdered her own child: if day comes, and she discovers what she has done, we are lost!"

"But I advise you," said Roland, "first to take away her magic wand, or we cannot save ourselves if she should follow and catch us."

So the maiden stole away the wand, and, taking up the head, dropped three drops of blood upon the ground: one before the bed, one in the kitchen, and one upon the step. This done, she hurried away with her lover.

When the morning came and the old Witch had dressed herself, she called to her daughter and would have given her the apron, but no one came. "Where are you?" she called. "Here upon the step," answered one of the drops of blood. The old woman went out, but seeing nobody on the step, she called a second time, "Where are you?" "Hi, hi! here in the kitchen; I am warming myself," replied the second drop of blood. She went into the kitchen, but could see nobody; and once again she cried, "Where are you?" "Ah! here I sleep in the bed," said the third drop; and she entered the room. But what a sight met her eyes! There lay her own child covered with blood, for she herself had cut off her head.

The old Witch flew into a terrible passion, sprang out of the window, and looking far and near, presently spied out her stepdaughter, who was hurrying away with Roland. "That won't help you!" she shouted; "were you twice as far, you should not escape me."

So saying, she drew on her boots, in which she went an hour's walk with every stride, and before long she overtook the fugitives. But the maiden, as soon as she saw the Witch in sight, changed her dear Roland into a lake with the magic wand, and herself into a duck, which could swim upon its surface.

When the old Witch arrived at the shore, she threw in bread-crumbs, and tried all sorts of means to entice the duck; but it was all of no use, and she was obliged to go away at evening without accomplishing her ends. When she was gone the maiden took her natural form, and Roland also, and all night long till daybreak they travelled onwards. Then the maiden changed herself into a rose, which grew amid a very thorny hedge, and Roland became a fiddler. Soon after up came the old Witch, and said to him, "Good player, may I break off your flower?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "and I will accompany you with a tune."

In great haste she climbed up the bank to reach the flower, and as soon as she was in the hedge he began to play, and, whether she liked it or not, she was obliged to dance to the music, for it was a bewitched tune. The quicker he played, the higher was she obliged to jump, till

the thorns tore all the clothes off her body, and scratched and wounded her so much that at last she fell down dead.

Then Roland, when he saw they were saved, said, "Now I will go to my father, and arrange the wedding."

"Yes," said the maiden, "and meanwhile I will rest here, and wait for your return, and, that no one may know me, I will change myself into a red stone."

Roland went away and left her there, but when he reached home he fell into the snares laid for him by another maiden, and forgot his true love, who for a long time waited his coming; but at last, in sorrow and despair of ever seeing him again, she changed herself into a beautiful flower, and thought that perhaps someone might pluck her and carry her to his home.

A day or two after, a shepherd, who was tending his flock in the field, chanced to see the enchanted flower; and because it was so very beautiful he broke it off, took it with him, and laid it by in his chest.

From that day everything prospered in the shepherd's house, and marvellous things happened. When he arose in the morning he found all the work already done: the room was swept, the chairs and tables dusted, the fire lighted upon the hearth, and the water fetched; when he came home at noonday the table was laid, and a good meal prepared for him. He could not imagine how it was all done, for he could find nobody ever in his house when he returned, and there was no place for any one to conceal himself. The good arrangements certainly pleased him well enough, but he became so anxious at last to know who it was, that he went and asked the advice of a wise woman.

The woman said, "There is some witchery in the business; listen one morning if you can hear anything moving in the room, and if you do and can see anything, be it what it will, throw a white napkin over it, and the charm will be dispelled."

The shepherd did as he was bid, and the next morning, just as day broke, he saw his chest open and the flower come out of it. He instantly sprang up and threw a white napkin over it, and immediately the spell was broken, and a beautiful maiden stood before him, who acknowledged

that she was the handmaid who, as a flower, had put his house in order.

She told him her tale, and she pleased the shepherd so much that he asked her if she would marry him; but she said, "No," for she would still keep true to her dear Roland, although he had left her; nevertheless, she promised still to remain with the shepherd and see after his cottage.

Meanwhile, the time had arrived for the celebration of Roland's wedding, and, according to the old custom, it was proclaimed through all the country round, that every maiden might assemble to sing in honour of the bridal pair. When the poor girl heard this, she was so grieved that it seemed as if her heart would break, and she would not have gone to the wedding if others had not come and taken her with them.

When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back till she was quite by herself, and as soon as she began, Roland jumped up, exclaiming, "I know the voice! That is my true bride! No other will I have!" All that he had hitherto forgotten and neglected to think of was suddenly brought back to his heart's remembrance, and he would not again let her go.

And now the wedding of the faithful maiden to the dear Roland was celebrated with great magnificence, and, their sorrows and troubles being over, happiness became their lot.

THE SIX SWANS

A KING was once hunting in a large wood, and pursued his game so hotly that none of his courtiers could follow him. But when evening approached he stopped, and, looking around him, perceived that he had lost himself. He sought a path out of the forest, and could not find one, and presently he saw an old woman with a nodding head, who came up to him.

"My good woman," said he to her, "can you not show

me the way out of the forest?" "Oh, yes, my lord King!" she replied; "I can do that very well, but upon one condition, which, if you do not fulfil, you will never again get out of the wood, but will die of hunger."

"What, then, is this condition?" asked the King.

"I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who is as beautiful as any one you can find in the whole world, and well deserves to be your bride. Now, if you will make her your Queen, I will show you your way out of the wood."

In the anxiety of his heart the King consented, and the old woman led him to her cottage, where the daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the King as if she had expected him, and he saw at once that she was beautiful; but yet he was filled with secret horror at the sight of her. However, he took the maiden up on his horse, and the old woman showed him the way, and the King arrived safely at his palace and the wedding was solemnised.

The King had been married once before, and had seven children by his first wife, six boys and one girl, whom he loved above everything else in the world. He became afraid that the stepmother might not treat them well, and might even do them some great injury, so he took them away to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest.

This castle was so hidden, and the way to it so difficult to discover, that he himself could not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of cotton which had the wonderful property, when he threw it before him, of unrolling itself and showing him the right path.

The King went, however, so often to see his dear children, that the Queen noticed his absence, became inquisitive, and wished to know what he did alone in the wood. She bribed the servants with a quantity of money, and they disclosed to her the secret, and also told of the ball which alone could show the way. She had now no peace until she discovered where this ball was concealed; and then she made some fine silken shirts, and, as she had learned magic arts from her mother, she sewed within each one a charm.

One day soon after, when the King was gone out hunting, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and



the ball of yarn showed her the path. The children, seeing someone coming in the distance, thought it was their dear father, and ran out towards her, full of joy. Then she threw over each a shirt, and immediately they were changed into Swans and flew away over the forest. The Queen then went home quite contented, and thought she was free of her stepchildren; but the little girl had not met her with the brothers, and the Queen did not know of her.

The next day the King went to visit his children, but found only the maiden. "Where are your brothers?" asked he. "Ah, dear father," she replied, "they are gone away and have left me alone;" and she told him how she had looked out of her window and seen them changed into Swans, and showed him the feathers they had dropped in the yard as they flew away.

The King was grieved, but he did not think that his wife could have done this wicked deed, and, as he feared the girl might also be stolen, he proposed to take her home. She was, however, so much afraid of her stepmother, that she begged to be allowed to stay one night more in the castle.

The poor Maiden thought to herself, "This is no longer a safe place; I will go and seek my brothers;" and when night came she escaped and fled into the wood. She walked all night long and great part of the next day, until she could go no farther from weariness.

Just then she saw a rude hut, and walking in she found a room with six little beds, but she dared not get into one, but crept under, and, laying herself upon the hard earth, prepared to pass the night there. Just as the sun was setting, she heard a rustling, and saw six white Swans come flying in at the window. They settled on the ground and began blowing one another until they had blown all their feathers off, and their swan's down stripped off like a shirt.

Then the Maiden knew them at once for her brothers, and gladly crept out from under the bed, and the brothers were not less glad to see their sister. But their joy was of short duration. "Here you must not stay," said they to her; "this is a robbers' hiding-place; if they should return and find you here, they will murder you."

"Can you not protect me, then?" inquired the sister.

"No," they replied; "for we can only lay aside our swan's feathers for a quarter of an hour each evening, and for that time we regain our human form, but afterwards we resume our changed appearance."

Their sister then asked them with tears, "Can you not be restored again?"

"Oh, no," replied they; "the conditions are too difficult. For six long years you must neither speak nor laugh, and during that time you must sew together for us six little shirts of star-flowers; and should there fall a single word from your lips, then all your labour will be in vain." Just as the brothers finished speaking, the quarter of an hour elapsed, and they all flew out of the window again in the shape of Swans.

The little sister, however, made a solemn resolution to rescue her brothers or die in the attempt; and she left the cottage, and, penetrating deep into the forest, passed the night amid the branches of a tree. The next morning she went out and collected the star-flowers to sew together. She had no one to converse with, and for laughing she had no spirits, so there up in the tree she sat, intent upon her work.

After she had passed some time there, it happened that the King of that country was hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came beneath the tree on which the Maiden sat. They called to her and asked, "Who art thou?" But she gave no answer. "Come down to us," continued they; "we will do thee no harm." She simply shook her head, and, when they pressed her with questions, she threw down her gold necklace, hoping therewith to satisfy them. They did not, however, leave her, and she threw down her girdle; but even this and her rich dress did not make them desist. At last the hunter himself climbed the tree, brought down the Maiden, and took her before the King.

The King asked her, "Who art thou? What dost thou upon that tree?" But she did not answer; and then he asked her in all the languages that he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish. Since, however, she was so beautiful, the King's heart was touched, and he conceived

for her a strong affection. Then he put around her his cloak, and, placing her before him on his horse, took her to his castle. There he ordered rich clothing to be made for her, and, although her beauty shone as the sunbeams, not a word escaped her. The King placed her by his side at table, and there her dignified mien and manners so won upon him that he said, "This Maiden will I marry, and no other in the world;" and after some days he was united to her.

Now, the King had a wicked stepmother who was discontented with his marriage, and spoke evil of the young Queen. "Who knows whence the wench comes?" said she. "She who cannot speak is not worthy of a King." A year after, when the Queen brought her first-born into the world, the old woman took the child away. Then she went to the King and complained that the Queen was a murderess. The King, however, would not believe it, and suffered no one to do any injury to his wife, who sat composedly sewing at her shirts and paying attention to nothing else.

When a second child was born, the false stepmother used the same deceit, but the King again would not listen to her words, but said, "She is too pious and good to act so: could she but speak and defend herself, her innocence would come to light." But when again, the third time, the old woman stole away the child, and then accused the Queen, who answered not a word to the accusation, the King was obliged to give her up to be tried, and she was condemned to suffer death by fire.

When the time had elapsed, and the sentence was to be carried out, it happened that the very day had come round when her dear brothers should be made free; the six shirts were also ready, all but the last, which yet wanted the left sleeve. As she was led to the scaffold, she placed the shirts upon her arm, and just as she mounted it, and the fire was about to be kindled, she looked round and saw six Swans come flying through the air. Her heart leapt for joy as she perceived her deliverers approaching, and soon the Swans, flying towards her, alighted so near that she was enabled to throw over them the shirts, and as soon as she had done

so their feathers fell off, and the brothers stood up alive and well; but the youngest wanted his left arm, instead of which he had a swan's wing.

They embraced and kissed each other, and then the Queen went to the King and said, "Now may I speak, my dear husband, and prove to you that I am innocent and falsely accused;" and she told him how the wicked woman had stolen away and hidden her three children. To the great delight of the King they were now produced; and the wicked stepmother was condemned to death, and was burned to ashes on the scaffold.

The King and Queen, with her six brothers, lived in peace and prosperity ever after.

RAPUNZEL

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who much wished to have a child, but for a long time in vain. These people had a little window in the back part of their house, out of which one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in because it belonged to a Witch, who possessed great power, and who was feared by the whole world.

One day the woman stood at this window looking into the garden, and there she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, and which seemed so fresh and green that she felt quite glad, and a great desire seized her to eat of them. This wish tormented her daily, and as she knew that she could not have them, she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked her, "What ails you my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get any of those radishes to eat out of the garden behind the house, I shall die!"

The husband, loving her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may."

So, in the gloom of the evening, he climbed the wall of

the Witch's garden, and, snatching a handful of radishes in great haste, brought them to his wife, who made herself a salad with them, which she relished extremely. However, they were so nice and so well-flavoured, that the next day after she felt the same desire for the third time, and could not get any rest, so that her husband was obliged to promise her some more.

So, in the evening, he made himself ready, and began clambering up the wall; but oh ! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him. "How dare you," she began, looking at him with a frightful scowl—"how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall happen to you for this."

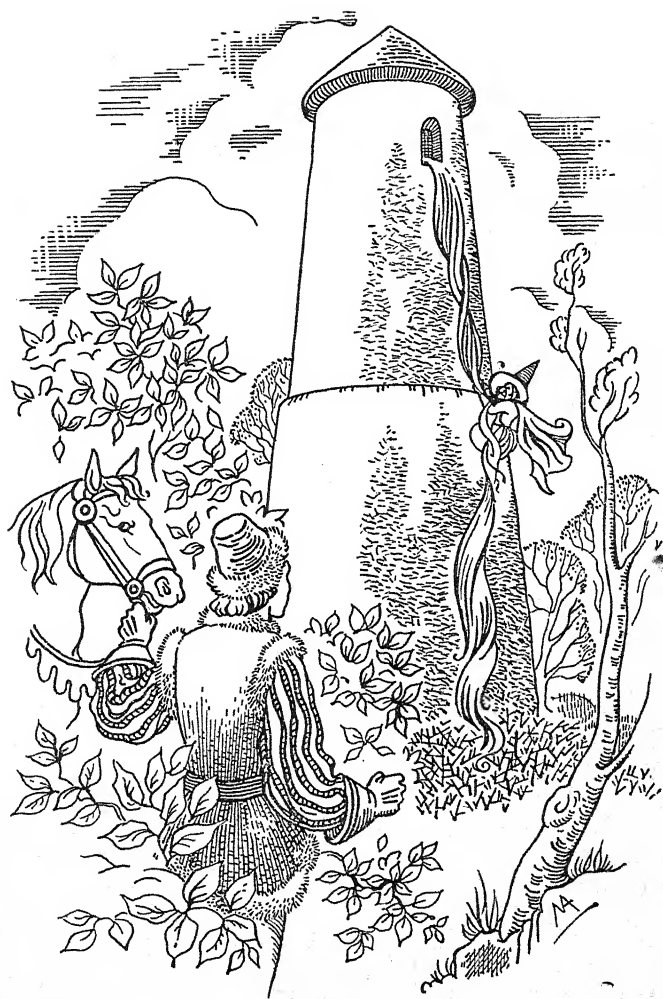
"Ah !" replied he, "let pardon be granted before justice. I have only done this from a great necessity : my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch ran after him in a passion, saying, "If she behave as you say, I will let you take away all the radishes you please; but I make one condition—you must give me your child. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother."

In his anxiety the man consented, and when the child was born the Witch appeared at the same time, gave the child the name "Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top. When the Witch wished to enter, she stood beneath, and called out :

"Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

For Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as spun gold; and, as soon as she heard the Witch's voice, she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and then the hair fell down twenty ells, and the Witch mounted up by it.



After a couple of years had passed away, it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to pass the time of her loneliness away, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door in the tower, but he could not find one.

So he rode home, but the song had touched his heart so much that he went every day to the forest and listened to it; and as he thus stood one day behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up, and heard her call out :

“Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair.”

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses, and the Witch mounted up. “Is that the ladder on which one must climb? Then I will try my luck too,” said the Prince; and the following day, as he felt quite lonely he went to the tower and said :

“Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair.”

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up.

Rapunzel was much frightened at first when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son talked in a loving way to her, and told how his heart had been so moved by her singing that he had no peace until he had seen her himself.

So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, “Any one may have me rather than the old woman :” so, saying “Yes,” she put her hand within his. “I will willingly go with you, but I know not how I am to descend. When you come, bring with you a skein of silk each time, out of which I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you must take me upon your horse.”

Then they agreed that they should never meet till the

evening, as the Witch came in the daytime. The old woman found out nothing, until one day Rapunzel innocently said, "Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up to me than the young King's son, who is with me in a moment!"

"Oh, you wicked child!" exclaimed the Witch; "what do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." And, seizing Rapunzel's beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, *snip, snap*, she cut off all her beautiful tresses, and they fell upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to die in great misery and grief.

But in the evening of the same day on which she had carried off Rapunzel, the old Witch bound the shorn tresses fast above to the window-latch, and when the King's son came, and called out:

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

she let them down. The Prince mounted; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes.

"Aha!" she exclaimed scornfully, "you would fetch your dear wife; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes. To you Rapunzel is lost; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and sprang out of the window of the tower in his bewilderment. His life he escaped with, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but berries and roots, and doing nothing but weep and lament for the loss of his dear wife.

He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, and at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel, with her twins—a boy and girl—which had been born, lived in great sorrow. Hearing a voice which he thought he

knêw, he followed its direction; and, as he approached, Rapunzel recognised him, and fell upon his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as ever.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived long, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch no one ever knew.

THE COCK AND THE BEAM

THERE was once a clever Conjurer who was one day performing many wonderful tricks in the presence of a great crowd of people. For one thing he showed them a Cock which raised a heavy Beam from the ground, and carried it about as if it had been no heavier than a feather.

Now, among the people looking on, was a young girl who had found a four-leaved clover, and this had made her so wise that the Conjurer could not cheat her, and she saw that the supposed beam was nothing more than a bundle of straw.

"My friends," cried she, "don't you see that the bird is only carrying straw, not a beam?"

The man made to run off, and the people, finding how he had deceived them, drove him away amidst insult and mockery. This made him very angry, and he resolved to be revenged.

Some time afterwards the girl was to be married, and having put on her wedding-dress, she went with a number of her friends through the fields to the church. On the way they came to a stream which was much swollen, and without a bridge over which they could cross.

The maiden, not wishing to turn back, lifted her dress, and was about to wade through the stream. But just then a man—he was really the Conjurer—cried out mockingly, "Oh, Oh! Where are your eyes to take that to be water?"

Then the young girl's eyes were opened and she perceived that she was standing, holding up her dress, in the middle

of a flat field. All the people saw it too, and laughed and jeered so much that she had to run away.

THE PRINCE WHO WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING

ONCE upon a time there was a King's Son, who felt too much dissatisfied to stay at home any longer; and, as he feared nobody, he thought he would travel about the world, where there was plenty of time and space for him to meet with wonderful things.

So he took leave of his parents and set out, walking straight onwards by day and night; for it was all one to him whither the road might lead. Presently it chanced that he came to a Giant's house, and, being weary, he sat down before the door to rest. He soon began to look about him, and saw in the courtyard bowls and ninepins as big as men, which formed the playthings of the Giant. In a little while he took a fancy to play; and, setting up the ninepins, he bowled at them with the balls, and as each one fell down he shouted for joy and pleasure.

The Giant heard the noise, and, stretching his head out of the window, he saw a man no bigger than ordinary mortals playing with his balls. "You worm!" cried the Giant, "what are you meddling with my balls for? Who gave you strength to do that?" The King's Son looked around, up and down, and soon saw the Giant, to whom he replied, "You simpleton, do you think you alone have strength of arm? I can do anything I wish." The Giant thereupon came down, and looked on in astonishment at the bowling; but soon he said, "Child of man, if you are of that race, go and fetch me an apple from the tree of life."

"What do you want with it?" inquired the Prince.

"I do not require the apple for myself," said the Giant; "but I have a wife who longs for it. I have already gone far into the world, but cannot find the tree."

"I will soon find it," replied the Prince; "and I know not what shall prevent me from bringing away an apple."

"Do you think, then, it is such an easy matter?" said the Giant; "the garden wherein the tree stands is surrounded with an iron railing, and before this railing lie wild beasts one after the other, keeping watch that nobody may enter."

"They will soon let me in," said the Prince.

"Yes, you may enter the garden and see the apples hanging on the tree," replied the Giant; "but still they are not thine, for on the tree is a ring, through which one must push his hand before he can reach the fruit to pluck it, and this has never yet been successfully performed."

"Then I shall be the first lucky one," said the Prince; and, taking leave of the Giant, he went over fields and through woods, up hill and down dale, till at last he came to the wonderful garden. The beasts lay around it in a circle, but they were all sunk in a deep sleep, and did not awake even when he stepped across them; and climbing over the railing, he entered the garden. In the middle of this garden stood the tree of life, with the red apples glistening on the boughs.

The Prince climbed up the trunk of the tree, and as he reached his hand up to the fruit, he saw a ring hanging down, through which he thrust his hand without difficulty and broke off an apple. The ring slid down and closed tight upon his arm, and immediately he felt, as it were, a stream of fresh strength infused into his veins. When he had descended the tree again with the apple he would not clamber over the railing to get out of the garden, but went to the great gate, and, giving it a shake, it sprang open with a crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had before lain at the door jumped up and followed him, not in rage and anger, but submissively as his master.

The Prince took the promised apple to the Giant, and said to him, "See, I have fetched it without trouble." The Giant was very glad to have his wish fulfilled so soon, and hastened to his wife to give her the apple which she had longed for. This wife was a beautiful young maiden, who, when she saw the ring was not on the Giant's arm, said, "I do not believe that you obtained it yourself, or else the ring would be on your arm." "I have only to go home and

fetch it," replied the Giant; for he imagined it would be an easy matter to take the ring from the Prince by force, if he would not give it up willingly. So he went and demanded the ring, but the Prince would not part with it. "Where the apple is the ring must be too," said the Giant; "and, if you are not willing to give it to me, we must fight for it."

For a long time they wrestled and fought, but the Giant could not master the Prince, who was strengthened by the ring. So he bethought himself of a stratagem, and said to his opponent, "I am quite hot with fighting, and you are hot too; let us plunge into the stream and cool ourselves before we begin again." The Prince did not detect the false pretence, and going to the river, he pulled off his clothes, together with the ring, and plunged in.

Immediately he had done so the Giant snatched up the ring and ran away with it; but the lion, who had perceived the thievish trick, pursued the Giant, and tearing the ring out of his hand, brought it back to his master. Then the Giant hid himself behind a tree, and when the Prince was busy drawing on his clothes again, he suddenly came behind, and knocking him over, put out both his eyes.

Now the poor Prince was blind, and knew not how to help himself; and presently the Giant came, and, leading him by the hand, conducted him to the edge of a precipice. There he left the Prince standing, thinking to himself, "A couple of steps farther and he will be a dead man, and the ring will fall into my hands." But the faithful lion had not deserted his master, but kept tight hold of his clothes, and drew him back by degrees from the edge.

Afterwards, when the Giant came to plunder the dead, he found his stratagem had failed. "Is this weak man then, not to be destroyed?" exclaimed the Giant wrathfully. And catching hold of the Prince's hand, he led him by quite another path to a frightful abyss; but here also the faithful lion accompanied his master and saved him from the danger. As soon as they were come to the edge the Giant let go of the Prince's hand, and thought he would soon walk over; but the lion gave the Giant himself a push, so that he fell into the abyss and was dashed to pieces.

The faithful beast then pulled his master away from the danger, and led him to a tree, near which a clear stream ran along. Here the lion made his master sit down, and began to sprinkle the water in his face with his tail. Scarcely had a couple of drops touched his eyelids, when he immediately received his sight, and observed a little bird which flew by and settled on a branch of the tree. Then it flew down and bathed itself in the stream, and soon flew away again among the trees; for it had regained its sight, which was lost. Here the Prince recognised the providence of God, and bathing himself in the stream, he washed his face; and when he came out of the water he found he could see as well as ever he had done in his life.

The Prince thereupon returned thanks to God for his great goodness, and travelled, accompanied by his lion, farther afield. It chanced next that he came to a castle which was enchanted, and at its door stood a young maiden of fine stature and appearance, but quite black. She addressed the Prince, saying, "Ah! could you save me from the wicked enchanter who has power over me?" "What shall I do to accomplish that?" asked the Prince. "You must pass three nights in the court of this enchanted castle," replied the maiden; "but during that time no fear must enter you heart. If you are troubled most horribly, and yet you bear it without complaint, I am saved, for they dare not take your life."

"I am not afraid," said the Prince; "with God's aid, I will try my fortune." And so saying, he went joyfully into the hall of the castle, and when it was dark sat down and waited the issue. Till midnight all was still, and then began a mighty uproar, for out of every corner and chink came evil spirits. They appeared not to observe the Prince, for they sat down in the middle of the room, and making a fire, presently began to play. When one of them lost, he said, "It is not right; there is somebody here who does not belong to us, and it is his fault that I have lost." "Come and join us, you there behind the stove!" cried the others.

All the while the screaming was so awful that nobody could have heard it without terror; but the Prince remained quite quiet and had no fear. At last all the evil

spirits jumped over and upon him, and there were so many of them, that he could not protect himself. They pulled him down on the ground, shook him, picked him, beat him, and tormented him; but he uttered no cry. Towards morning they disappeared; but the Prince was so wearied that he could scarcely move his limbs. Soon the sun began to shine, and then appeared the black maiden, who carried in her hand a bottle containing the water of life.

With this water she washed the Prince's face; and immediately all his strength returned, and he was as vigorous as ever. "One night," said she to him, "you have luckily passed through; but there are yet two more to try you." So saying, she went away, and the Prince observed that her feet were become white again.

The next night the evil spirits came, and renewed their gambols; tumbling upon and over the poor Prince, as the night before, till his whole body was full of wounds. Nevertheless he bore it all; and when day broke they were forced to quit him; and the maiden again appeared and healed him with the water of life. As she went away, he observed with joy that her arms were become white as far as the tips of her fingers.

Now he had only one more night to pass; but that was the worst of the three, for when the crew of evil spirits came and saw him there, they shouted, "What! are you here still? You shall be tormented now till your breath is almost gone." Thereupon they beat and knocked him about, threw him here and there, pulled his arms and legs as if they would tear them off; but he endured it all, and made no outcry. When the spirits left the Prince, he lay quite helpless and unable to stir; and he could not even open his eyes wide enough to see the black maiden, who at daybreak came in with the water of life.

Then all at once his aches and pains left him, and he felt quite refreshed and strong as if he were just awake; and when he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him, with a snow-white skin and a face as fair as the bright daylight! "Arise," said she, "and wave your sword thrice over the threshold; then all will be saved!" As soon as the Prince did this the whole castle was freed from its

enchantment; and the maiden became what she really was—a rich Princess. Presently the servants entered and said the table was laid in the great hall, and the meat placed upon it. So the Prince and Princess sat down and dined together; and in the evening the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence and rejoicing.

THE TURNIP

ONCE upon a time there were two Brothers who had both served as soldiers, but one had got rich while the other remained poor. So the poor man, in order to help himself out of his difficulties, drew off his soldiering coat and turned ploughman. He dug and ploughed over his piece of land, and then sowed some turnip-seed.

Soon the seed began to show itself above ground, and there grew one turnip immensely large and thick, which seemed as if it would never have done growing, but was a princess among turnips; and as there had never before been seen such a turnip, so there has never been such another since. At length it grew to such a size, that if filled of itself a whole cart, and two oxen were required to draw it; but the poor man knew not what to do with it, or whether it would be the making of his fortune, or just the contrary.

At last he thought to himself that if he sold it he should not get very much for it; and as to eating it, why, the ordinary sized turnips would do as well; and so he resolved to take it to the King and offer it to him. So he laid it on a cart, and harnessing two oxen, took his turnip to court and presented it to the King. "What curious thing is this?" asked the King; "such a wonderful sight I have never before seen, though I have looked at many curiosities. Pray, from what seed was this grown?—or are you a luck-child, who have picked it up?"

"Oh no," said the man, "I am no luck-child, but only a poor soldier, who, because he could not get enough to live on, has pulled off his uniform and turned ploughman.

I have got a brother who is rich and well known to you, your Majesty, but I, because I have nothing, am forgotten by all."

Thereupon the King took compassion on the poor Soldier, and said to him, "Your poverty shall be put an end to, and you shall receive so much from me that you shall be equal to your rich brother." So saying, the King presented the man with gold, land, flocks, and herds, and made him thereby so rich that his brother's property was not to be compared with his.

When the latter heard what his brother had gained by a single turnip, he envied him, and resolved in his own mind how he could manage to happen with the like luck. He thought he would be much cleverer, and took to the King gold and horses as a present, thinking that he would receive a much handsomer present; since his brother had been treated so liberally for a mere turnip, what would not his generous present be requited with?

The King received the present very graciously, and told the soldier he could give him in return nothing richer or rarer than the magnificent turnip! So the wealthy Soldier was obliged to lay the turnip upon his carriage and drive it home with him. When he reached his house he knew not what to do with himself for vexation and rage, till by degrees wicked thoughts took possession of him, and he resolved to kill his brother. So he hired some murderers, whom he placed in ambush, and then, going to his brother, he said to him, "I know a secret treasure, my dear brother, which we will obtain and share together."

The good brother was deceived by these words, and, unsuspectingly, accompanied the wicked one. But as they went along the murderers burst out upon them, and, binding the good man, prepared to hang him on a tree. But while they were about it a sudden shouting and laughing was heard at a distance, which frightened the assassins so much that they tumbled their prisoner head over heels into a sack, and suspended him on a bough, and then took flight.

The Soldier, however, worked himself about in the sack till he got his head through a hole at the top, and then he

perceived that the noise which had saved him was made by a Student, a young fellow, who was singing and shouting snatches of songs as he walked along. As soon as this Student was just under the tree, the man in the sack called out, "I hope you are well at this lucky moment?" The Scholar looked about him and wondered where the voice came from, for he could see nobody; at last he said, "Who calls me?"

"Raise your eyes, and you will see me sitting above here in wisdom's sack. In a short time I have learned great things; in fact, this place beats all schools hollow! In a little while I shall have learned everything, and then I shall descend and mix with my fellow-men. I understand astronomy and the signs of heaven, the motion of all the winds, the sand in the sea, the art of healing the sick, the virtue of every herb, birds, and stones! Were you once in this place you would feel what a noble thing it is to sit in the sack of wisdom!"

When the Scholar heard all this he was astonished, and said, "Blessed be the hour in which I found you! Can I not also come a little while into the sack?"

"For a short time I will allow you to take my place in consideration of some reward and your fair speech; but you must first wait an hour, for there is one piece of learning which I have not yet fully mastered."

The Scholar accordingly sat down to wait, but the time appeared to him terribly long, and he soon began to pray to be allowed to take his place, because his thirst for wisdom was so great. The man in the sack at length pitied his impatience, and told him to let the sack down carefully by the rope which held it, and then he should get in. Thereupon the Scholar let him down, and, opening the mouth of the sack, delivered the Soldier; and as soon as he had done so he got into the sack himself, and said, "Now pull me up quickly!"

"Stop, stop!" cried the other; "that is not quite right;" and laying hold of the Scholar by the shoulders he thrust him head downwards into the sack. Then he pulled the neck to, and, fastening the rope on, swung the sack up on the bough of the tree, while he exclaimed,

"How do you feel now, my good fellow? Do you find that wisdom comes with experience? Stay there quietly till you become wiser!"

With these words he mounted the Student's horse and rode off; but in an hour's time he sent somebody to release the poor Student from the sack.

THE QUEEN BEE

ONCE upon a time two King's sons set out to seek adventures, and fell into such a wild kind of life that they did not return home.

So their youngest brother, Dummling, went forth to seek them; but when he found them they mocked him, because of his simplicity. Nevertheless they journeyed on, all three together, till they came to an ant-hill, which the two eldest brothers would have overturned, to see how the little ants would run in their terror, carrying away their eggs; but Dummling said, "Let the little creatures be in peace; I will not suffer them to be overturned!" Then they went farther, till they came to a lake, on which ducks were swimming in myriads. The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them; but Dummling would not allow it, saying, "Let these fowls alone; I will not suffer them to be killed!"

At last they came to a bees' nest, in which was so much honey that it was running out at the mouth of the nest. The two brothers wanted to make a fire at the foot of the tree to smoke the bees out, and so secure the honey; but Dummling again held them back, saying, "Leave the creatures alone; I will not suffer them to be touched!"

After this the three brothers came to a castle, where in the stable stood several stone horses, but no man was to be seen; and they went through all the rooms until they came to a door quite at the end, on which hung three locks, and in the middle of the door was a hole through which one could see into the room.

Peeping through this hole, they saw a fierce-looking man

sitting at the table. They called to him once—twice—but he heard not; but as they called the third time he got up, opened the door, and came out. Not a word did he speak, but led them to a well-supplied table; and when they had eaten and drunk, he took each of them into a sleeping-chamber. The next morning the man came to the eldest, and, beckoning him up, led him to a stone table on which were written three sentences. The first was that under the moss in the wood lay the pearls of the King's daughter, a thousand in number, which must be sought for, and if at sunset even one was wanting, he who had searched for them would be changed into stone.

The eldest brother went off and searched the whole day, but only found a hundred, so that it happened to him as the table had said—he was changed into stone. The next day the second brother undertook the adventure, but he fared no better than the other, for he found but two hundred pearls, and he, therefore, was turned into stone. Then the turn came to Dummeling, who searched the moss; but it was very difficult to find the pearls, and the work went on but slowly.

Then he sat himself down on a stone and wept, and, while he did so, the Ant King, whose life he had formerly saved, came up with five thousand companions, and before very long they searched for, and found, and piled in a heap, the whole thousand pearls. But the second sentence was to fetch the key of the Princess's sleeping-chamber out of a lake which, by chance, the brothers had passed.

When Dummeling came to the lake, the Ducks whose lives he had before saved swam up to him, and, diving below the water, quickly brought up the key. The third sentence, however, was the most difficult of all—of the three daughters of the King, to pick out the youngest and prettiest. They were all asleep, and appeared all the same, without a single mark of difference, except that before they fell asleep they had eaten different sweetmeats—the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.

Presently in came the Queen of all the Bees, who had been saved by Dummeling from the fire, and tried the

mouths of the three. At last she settled on the mouth which had eaten the honey, and thus the King's son soon knew which was the right Princess. Then the spell was broken; every one was delivered from the sleep, and those who had been changed into stone received their human form again. Now Dummeling was married to the youngest and prettiest Princess, and became King after his father's death; but his two brothers were obliged to be content with the two other sisters.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

A WOLF, once upon a time, caught a Fox. It happened one day that they were both going through the forest, and the Wolf said to his companion, "Get me some food, or I will eat you up."

The Fox replied, "I know a farm-yard where there are a couple of young lambs, which, if you wish, we will fetch."

This proposal pleased the Wolf, so they went, and the Fox, stealing first one of the lambs, brought it to the Wolf, and then ran away. The Wolf devoured it quickly, but was not contented, and went to fetch the other lamb by himself, but he did it so awkwardly that he aroused the attention of the mother, who began to cry and bleat loudly, so that the peasants ran up. There they found the Wolf, and beat him so unmercifully that he ran, howling and limping, to the Fox, and said, "You have led me to a nice place, for, when I went to fetch the other lamb, the peasants came and beat me terribly!"

"Why are you such a glutton?" asked the Fox.

The next day they went again into the fields, and the covetous Wolf said to the Fox, "Get me something to eat now or I will devour you!"

The Fox said that he knew a country-house where the cook was going that evening to make some pancakes, and thither they went. When they arrived, the Fox sneaked and crept round the house, until he at last discovered where the dish was standing, out of which he drew six pancakes,

and took them to the Wolf, saying, "There is something for you to eat!" and then ran away.

The Wolf despatched these in a minute or two, and, wishing to taste some more, he went and seized the dish, but took it away so hurriedly that it broke in pieces.

The noise of its fall brought out the woman, who, as soon as she saw the Wolf, raised an alarm, and the servants rushed up and beat him with such a good will that he ran home to the Fox, howling, lame in two legs! "What a dirty place you have drawn me into now!" cried he; "the peasants have caught me and dressed my skin finely!"

"Why, then, are you such a glutton?" said the Fox.

When they went out again the third day, the Wolf limping along with weariness, he said to the Fox, "Get me something to eat now, or I will devour you!"

The Fox said he knew a man who had just killed a pig, and salted the meat down in a cask in his cellar, and that they could get at it. The Wolf replied that he would go with him on condition that he helped him if he could not escape. "Oh, of course I will, on mine own account!" said the Fox, and showed him the tricks and ways by which they could get into the cellar.

When they went in there was meat in abundance, and the Wolf was enraptured at the sight. The Fox, too, had a taste, but kept looking round while eating, and ran frequently to the hole by which they had entered to try if his body would slip through it easily. Presently the Wolf asked, "Why are you running about so, you Fox, jumping in and out?" "I want to see if any one is coming," replied the Fox cunningly; "but mind you do not eat too much!"

The Wolf said he would not leave till the cask was quite empty; and meanwhile the peasant, who had heard the noise made by the Fox, entered the cellar. The Fox, as soon as he saw him, made a spring, and was through the hole in a jiffy; and the Wolf tried to follow his example, but he had eaten so much that his body was too big for the hole, and he stuck fast. Then came the peasant with a cudgel and beat him to death; but the Fox leaped away into the forest, very glad to get rid of the old glutton.

THE CLEVER GRETHEL

ONCE upon a time there was a Cook who wore shoes with red knots, and when she went out with them on she used to figure her feet about here and there, and then say to herself, quite complacently, "Ah, you are still a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she used to look out the best she had, and excuse herself by saying, "The Cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

One day it happened that her master said to her, "Grethel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls." "I will do it directly, master," replied Grethel. She soon killed the fowls, plucked, dressed, and spitted them, and, as evening came on, she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and warm through, but still the guest was not come, and Grethel said to the master, "If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire; but it will be a great shame not to eat them soon, when they are just in the gravy."

The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself and bring home his guest; and, as soon as he had turned his back, Grethel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls, and thought to herself, "Ah, I have stood so long before the fire, I am quite hot and thirsty. Who knows when he will come? Meanwhile, I will run down into the cellar and have a draught."

Grethel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and, saying, "God bless you, Grethel!" took a good pull at the beer, and when that was down she had another draught. Then she went up again and placed the fowls before the fire, and, first spreading some butter over their skins, turned the spit round quite merrily.

However, the roasting fowls smelled so well that Grethel thought she had better try how they tasted; and so she dipped her finger into the gravy, and said, "Ah, how good these fowls are! It is a shame and sin that they should not be eaten at once!"

She ran to the window, therefore, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest; but there was nobody, and she turned again to the fowls. "Ah, one wing is burned!" said she; "I had better eat that!" and, cutting it off, she ate it. But then she thought, "Master will see that something is wanting; I had better take the other!"

When she had finished the two wings, she went again to see whether her master was coming, but without success. "Who knows," said she, "whether they will come or not? And perhaps they are stopping where they are. Come, Grethel, be of good courage! The one is begun; have another drink, and then eat it up completely, for when it is all done you will be at rest. And besides, why should the good things be spoiled?"

So thinking, Grethel ran once more into the cellar, took a capital drink, and then ate up one fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down, and the master still had not returned, Grethel looked at the other fowl, and said, "Where the one is, the other ought to be also; the two belong to one another; what is right for the one is right for the other. I believe if I take another draught it will not hurt me." So saying, she took a hearty drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other.

Just as she was in the best of the eating, the master came running up, and called, "Make haste, Grethel! the guest is coming directly!"

"Yes, master," said she, "it will soon be ready."

The master went in to see if the table were properly laid, and, taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stones. Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door.

Grethel ran to see who it was; and, when she perceived the guest, she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, and said, "Make haste quickly away! If my master discovers you here, you are lost. He certainly did invite you to supper, but he has it in his mind to cut off your ears; just listen how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down

the steps as fast as he could; while Grethel ran screaming to her master, and said to him, "You have invited a fine guest!"

"Eh! what?" said he. "What do you mean?"

"Why," replied Grethel, "just as I was about to serve them up, your guest lifted the two fowls from off the dish and bolted away with them!"

"That is fine conduct, certainly!" said the master, grieved for his fine fowls; "if he had but left me one at the least, that I might have had something to eat!" Then he called after his guest, who pretended not to hear him, and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him; but the latter supposed that his host meant that he would only cut off one ear, and so he ran faster and faster, as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.

THE WOLF AND THE MAN

A CERTAIN Fox once told to a Wolf many tales of the wonderful strength that men were possessed of, so that no beasts could stand against them, but were therefore obliged to use cunning. The Wolf replied, "If I ever happen to meet a man I will fly at him." "Well," replied the Fox, "I can help you to that; only come with me early to-morrow morning and I will show you one."

Early the next day, accordingly, the Wolf appeared, and the Fox took him to the road which the hunters passed every day. First came an old discharged soldier.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," replied the Fox; "he has been one."

Next came a little boy going to school.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," said the Fox; "he will be one."

Then came a forester, his double-barrelled gun upon his back, and his wood-knife by his side. On his approach the Fox said to the Wolf, "See, here comes a man upon

whom you must spring; but I will first take myself off into my hole."

The Wolf made a spring at the Hunter, who, when he saw it, said to himself, "It is a pity I did not load with ball;" but, taking aim, discharged his shot at the beast's head. The Wolf made a very wry face, but still went boldly forward, and the Hunter gave it the contents of the second barrel. The Wolf, suppressing the pain, now rushed on the Hunter, who drew his long sharp wood-knife, and gave the beast a couple of cuts right and left, so that it fell over and over covered with blood, and lay howling on the ground.

Presently the Fox came. "Now, brother Wolf," said the Fox, "how have you fared with a man?"

"Oh," replied the Wolf, "it is not their strength I have suffered from; for first this Hunter took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it, and out flew something in my face, which tickled it dreadfully. Then he puffed again into this stick, and there came in my face a shower like hail and lightning; and as I approached quite near, he drew out a naked bone from his body, and beat me with it till I fell, as it were, dead before him."

"Ah, do you not see," said the Fox, "what a boaster you are? You throw the hatchet so far that you cannot catch it again."

THE GOOSE GIRL

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Queen, whose husband had been dead some years, and left her with one child, a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was betrothed to a King's son, who lived far away; and when the time arrived that she should be married, and as she had to travel into a strange country, the old lady packed up for her use much costly furniture, utensils of gold and silver, cups and jars—in short, all that belonged to a royal bridal treasure; for she loved her child dearly. She sent also a maid to wait upon her and to give her away

to the bridegroom, together with two horses for the journey; and the horse of the Princess, called Falada, could speak.

As soon as the hour of departure arrived the mother took her daughter into a chamber, and there with a knife she cut her finger so that it bled; then she held a napkin beneath, and, let three drops of blood fall into it, which she gave to her daughter, saying, "Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you out of trouble."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the napkin in her bosom, mounted her horse, and rode away to her intended bridegroom. After she had ridden for about an hour she became very thirsty, and said to her servant, "Dismount, and procure me some water from yonder stream in the cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the servant, "dismount yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your maid!"

The Princess, on account of her great thirst, did as she was bid, and, bending over the brook, she drank of its water, without daring to use her golden cup. While she did so the three Drops of Blood said, "Ah! if thy mother knew this, her heart would break." And the Princess felt humbled, but said nothing, and remounted her horse.

Then she rode several miles farther, but the day was so hot and the sun so scorching that she felt thirsty again; and as soon as she reached a stream she called her hand-maiden again, and bade her take the golden cup and fill it with water, for she had forgotten all the saucy words which before had passed. The maiden, however, replied more haughtily than before, "If you wish to drink, help yourself. I will not be your maid!"

The Princess thereupon got off her horse and helped herself at the stream, while she wept and cried, "Ah, woe's me!" and the three Drops of Blood said again, "If your mother knew this, her heart would break." As she leaned over the water, the napkin wherein were the three Drops of Blood fell out of her bosom and floated

down the stream without her perceiving it, because of her great anguish.

But her servant had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress; because, with the loss of the Drops of Blood, she became weak and powerless.

When, then, she would mount again upon the horse Falada, the Maid said, "No, Falada belongs to me; you must get upon this horse;" and she was forced to yield.

Then the servant bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, lastly, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say nought of what had passed at the King's palace; for if she had not so sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed all that passed with great attention.

Now was the servant mounted upon Falada, and the rightful Princess upon a sorry hack; and in that way they travelled on till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running towards them, lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and, going to the royal apartments, he inquired there of the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her, and knew of nothing; until at last he said, "Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese; she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favour?" "Yes," said he, "with the greatest pleasure." "Then let the knacker be summoned, that he may cut off the head of the horse on



which I rode hither, for it has angered me on the way." In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die.

This soon came to the ears of the Princess, and she promised secretly to the knacker to give him a piece of gold if he would show her a kindness, which was, that he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch, through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that then she might still see, as she had been accustomed, her old steed. The knacker promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out—over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing :

" Ah, Falada, that you should hang there ! "

and the Head replied :

" Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break ! "

Then she drove on through the town to a field, and when they arrived on the meadow she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of pure gold; and its appearance so charmed Conrad that he endeavoured to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang :

" Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away ;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Immediately there came a strong wind, which took Conrad's hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows, so that when he returned, what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged her

hair so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her; so that all day long they tended their geese in silence, and at evening they went home.

The following morning they passed again under the gloomy arch, and the true Princess said :

“ Ah, Falada, that you should hang there ! ”

and Falada replied :

“ Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break ! ”

Afterwards, when they got into the meadow, Conrad tried again to snatch one of her golden locks, but she sang immediately :

“ Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

So the wind blew, and carried the hat so far away that by the time Conrad had caught it again her hair was all combed out, and not a single one loose; so they tended the geese till evening as before.

After they returned home, Conrad went to the old King and declared he would no longer keep geese with the servant.

“ Why not? ” asked the old King.

“ Oh ! she vexes me the whole day long,” said Conrad; and then the King bade him relate all that had happened. So Conrad did, and told how in the morning when they passed through a certain archway she spoke to a horse's head which was nailed up over the door, and said :

“ Ah, Falada, that you should hang there ! ”

and it replied :

“ Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break ! ”

and, further, when they arrived in the meadow, how she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever so far. When he had finished his tale, the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning, and he himself, when morning came, stationed himself behind the gloomy archway, and heard the servant talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields, and hid himself in a thicket by the meadow, and there he saw with his own eyes the Goose Girl and boy drive in their geese; and, after a while, she sat down, and unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, began to sing the old rhyme :

“ Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

Then the King felt a breeze come, which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it, while the Goose Girl combed out her hair and put it back in proper trim before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home unnoticed; and when the Goose Girl returned at evening he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant. “ That I dare not tell you, nor any other man,” replied she; “ for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs, else had I lost my life.”

The King pressed her to say what it was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused. At last he said, “ If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace; ” and he went away. Then she crept into the fireplace, and began to weep and groan, and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. “ Here sit I,” she said, “ forsaken by all

the world, and yet I am a King's daughter; and a false servant has exercised some charm over me, whereby I was compelled to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has also taken my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am forced to perform the common duties of a Goose Girl. Oh, if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief!"

The old King, meanwhile, stood outside by the chimney and listened to what she said; and when she had finished he came in, and called her away from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and it was a wonder to see how beautiful she was; and the old King, calling his son, showed him that it was a false bride whom he had taken, who was only a servant-girl, but the true bride stood there as a Goose Girl.

The young King was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue; and a great feast was announced, to which all people and good friends were invited. On a raised platform sat the bridegroom, with the Princess on one side and the servant-girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognised her mistress no longer in her shining dress.

When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the servant-girl: What such a one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride.

The servant-girl replied, "Such a one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, stuck all around with sharp nails, and then by two horses to be dragged through street after street till the wretch be killed."

"Thou art the woman, then!" exclaimed the King; "thou hast proclaimed thine own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled!"

The sentence was immediately carried into effect; and afterwards the young King married his rightful bride, and together they ruled their kingdom long in happiness.

THE LITTLE FARMER

THERE was a certain village wherein several rich farmers were settled, and only one poor one, who was therefore called "The Little Farmer." He had not even a cow, nor money to buy it, though he and his wife would have been only too happy to have had one.

One day he said to her, "A good thought has just struck me. Our father-in-law, the carver, can make us a calf out of wood, and paint it brown, so that it will look like any other : in time, perhaps, it will grow big and become a cow." This proposal pleased his wife, and the carver was instructed accordingly, and he cut out the calf, painted it as it should be, and so made it that its head was bent down as if eating.

When, the next morning, the cows were driven out to pasture, the Farmer called the Shepherd in and said, "See, I have here a little calf, but it is so small that it must as yet be carried." The Shepherd said, "Very well," and, taking it under his arm, carried it down to the meadow and set it among the grass.

All day the calf stood there as if eating, and the Shepherd said, "It will soon grow big and go alone : only see how it is eating !" At evening time, when he wanted to drive his flocks home, he said to the calf, "Since you can stand there to satisfy your hunger, you must also be able to walk upon your four legs, and I shall not carry you home in my arms."

The Little Farmer stood before his house door waiting for his calf, and as the Shepherd drove his herd through the village he asked after it. The Shepherd replied, "It is still standing there eating : it would not listen and come with me." The Farmer exclaimed, "Eh, what ! I must have my calf !" and so they both went together down to the meadow, but someone had stolen the calf, and it was gone. The Shepherd said, "Perhaps it has run away itself." But the Farmer replied, "Not so—that won't do for me ;" and, dragging him before the Mayor, he was condemned

for his negligence to give the Little Farmer a cow in the place of the lost calf.

Now the Farmer and his wife possessed the long-desired cow, and were very glad; but, having no fodder, they could give her nothing to eat, so that very soon they were obliged to kill her. The flesh they salted down; and the skin the Little Farmer took to the next town to sell, to buy another calf with what he got for it.

On the way he passed a mill, where a raven was sitting with a broken wing, and out of compassion he took the bird up, and wrapped it in the skin he was carrying. But the weather being just then very bad, a great storm of wind and rain falling, he was unable to go farther, and, turning into the mill, begged for shelter.

The Miller's wife was at home alone, and said to the Farmer, "Lie down on that straw," and gave him a piece of bread and cheese. The Farmer ate it and lay down, with his skin near him, and the Miller's wife thought he was asleep. Presently in came a man, whom she received very cordially, and invited to sup with her; but the Farmer, when he heard talk of the feast, was vexed that he should have been treated only to bread and cheese. So the woman went down into the cellar and brought up four dishes—roast meat, salad, boiled meat, and wine.

As they were sitting down to eat, there was a knock outside, and the woman exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! there is my husband!" In a great hurry she stuck the roast meat into the oven, the wine under the pillow, the salad upon the bed, and the boiled meat under the bed, while her guest stepped into a closet where she kept the linen. This done, she let in her husband, and said, "God be praised you are returned again! what weather it is, as if the world were coming to an end!"

The Miller noticed the man lying on the straw, and asked what the fellow did there. His wife said, "Ah, the poor fellow came in the wind and rain and begged for shelter, so I gave him some bread and cheese, and showed him the straw!"

The husband said he had no objection, but bade her bring him quickly something to eat. The wife said, "I

have nothing but bread and cheese," and her husband told her with that he should be contented, and asked the Farmer to come and share his meal.

The Farmer did not let himself be twice asked, but got up and ate away. Presently the Miller observed the skin lying upon the ground, in which was the raven, and asked, "What have you there?" The Farmer replied, "I have a truth-teller therein." "Can it tell me the truth too?" inquired the Miller.

"Why not?" said the other. "But he will only say four things, and the fifth he keeps to himself." The Miller was curious and wished to hear it speak, and the Farmer squeezed the raven's head, so that it squeaked out. The Miller then asked, "What did he say?" And the Farmer replied, "The first thing is—under the pillow lies wine." "That is a rare tell-tale!" cried the Miller, and went and found the wine. "Now again," said he. The Farmer made the raven croak again, and said, "Secondly, he declares there is roast meat in the oven." "That is a good tell-tale!" again cried the Miller, and, opening the oven, he took out the roast meat. Then the Farmer made the raven croak again, and said, "For the third thing, he declares there is some salad on the bed." "That is a good tell-tale!" cried the Miller, and went and found the salad. Then the Farmer made his bird croak once more, and said, "For the fourth thing, he declares there is boiled meat under the bed. "That is a capital tell-tale!" cried the Miller, while he went and found as it said.

The worthy pair now sat down together at the table but the Miller's wife felt terribly anxious and went to bed, taking all the keys with her. The Miller was very anxious to know the fifth thing, but the man said, "First, let us eat quietly these four things, for the other is somewhat dreadful."

After they had finished their meal, the Miller bargained as to how much he should give for the fifth thing, and at last he agreed for three hundred dollars. Then the Farmer once more made the raven croak, and when the Miller asked what it said, he told him, "He declares that in the cupboard where the linen is there is an evil spirit."

The Miller said, "The evil spirit must walk out!" and tried the door, but it was locked, and the woman had to give up the key to the Farmer, who unlocked it. The unbidden guest at once rushed out and made his escape from the house; while the Miller said, "Ah, I saw the black fellow; that was all right!" Soon they went to sleep; but at daybreak the Farmer received his three hundred dollars and took his departure.

The Farmer was now quite rich at home, and built himself a fine house, so that his fellows said, "The Little Farmer has certainly found the golden snow, of which he has brought away a basketful;" and they summoned him before the Mayor, that he might be made to say whence his riches came. The man replied, "I have sold my cow's skin in the city for three hundred dollars." And as soon as the others heard this they desired also to make a similar profit. The farmers ran home, killed all their cows, and, taking the skins off, took them to the city to sell them for so good a price. The Mayor, however, said, "My maid must go first;" and when she arrived at the city she went to the merchant, but he gave her only three dollars for her skin. And when the rest came he would not give them so much, saying, "What should I do with all these skins?"

The farmers were much vexed at being outwitted by their poor neighbour, and, bent on revenge, they complained to the Mayor of his deceit. The innocent Little Farmer was condemned to death unanimously, and was to be rolled in a cask full of holes, into the sea. He was led away, and a priest sent for who should say for him the mass for the dead.

Every one else was obliged to remove to a distance, and when the Farmer looked at the priest he recognised the guest whom he had met at the mill. So he said to him, "I have delivered you out of the cupboard, now deliver me from this cask." Just at that moment the Shepherd passed by with a flock of sheep, and the Farmer, knowing that for a long time the man had desired to be mayor, cried out with all his might, "No, no! I will not do it; if all the world asked me I would not be it! No, I will not!"

When the Shepherd heard this he came up, and said, "What are you doing here? What will you not do?"

The Farmer replied, "They will make me mayor if I keep in this cask; but no, I will not be here!"

"Oh," said the Shepherd, "if nothing more is wanting to be mayor, I am willing to put myself in the cask!"

"Yes, you will be mayor if you do that," said the Farmer; and, getting out of the cask, the other got in, and the Farmer nailed the lid down again. Now he took the Shepherd's flock and drove it away, while the parson went to the Judge and told him he had said the prayers for the dead. Then they went and rolled the cask down to the water, and while it rolled, the Shepherd called out, "Yes, I should like to be mayor!" They thought it was the Little Farmer who spoke; and saying, "Yes, we mean it; only you must first go below there;" they sent the cask right into the sea.

That done, the farmers returned home; and as they came into the village so came also the Little Farmer, driving a flock of sheep quietly and cheerfully. The sight astonished the others, and they asked, "Whence comest thou? Dost thou come out of the water?" "Certainly," answered he. "I sank deeper and deeper till I got to the bottom, where I pushed up the head of the cask, and, getting out, there were beautiful meadows, upon which many lambs were pasturing, and I brought this flock of them up with me."

"Are there any more?" inquired the farmers. "Oh, yes," replied he, "more than you know what to do with!"

Then the farmers agreed that they would go and each fetch up a flock for himself; but the Mayor said, "I must go first." So they went together down to the water, and there happened to be a fine blue sky with plenty of fleecy clouds over it, which were mirrored in the water, and looked like little lambs. The farmers called one to another, "Look there! we can see the sheep already on the ground below the water!" and the Mayor, pressing quite forward, said, "I will go first and look about me, and see if it is a good place, and then call you."

So saying, he jumped in plump, and as he splashed the

water about, the others thought he was calling "Come along!" and so one after another the whole assemblage plunged in in a great hurry. Thus was the whole village cleared out, and the "Little Farmer," as their only heir, became a very rich man.

THE SHOES WHICH WERE DANCED TO PIECES

THERE was once upon a time a King who had twelve daughters, every one of whom was prettier than her sisters. They slept together in one room, where their beds all stood in a row, and in the evening, as soon as they were gone to sleep, the King shut the door and bolted it. One morning, when he opened the door as usual, he perceived that their shoes were danced to pieces, and nobody could tell how it happened. The King therefore caused it to be proclaimed that whoever could discover where they had danced in the night should receive one of them to wife, and become King at his death; but whoever should attempt to do it, and after three nights and days fail, must lose his life. In a short time a Prince came and offered himself to undertake the task. He was courteously received, and at night led to a room which adjoined the bedchamber of the Princesses. There he was to watch whither they went to dance; and, in order that they might not slip out secretly to another place, their room door was left open for him to see. But the Prince soon felt a mist steal over his eyes, and he went to sleep; and when he awoke in the morning he found the Princesses had all been dancing as usual, for their shoes stood there with holes in the soles. The second and third night it happened just the same; and on the morrow the Prince lost his head without mercy. Afterwards came many more and attempted the task, but they all lost their lives.

One day it chanced that a poor Soldier, who had a wound which prevented him from serving, came upon the road which led to the city where the King dwelt. There he met an old woman, who asked him whither he was

going. "I do not know myself altogether," he replied; "but I had an idea of going to the place where the Princesses dance their shoes to pieces, to find out the mystery, and so become King." "That is not difficult," said the old woman, "if you do not drink the wine which will be brought to you in the evening, but feign to be asleep." With these words she gave him a cloak, and told him that if he put it on his shoulders he would become invisible and be able to follow the Princesses. As soon as the Soldier had received this good advice, he plucked up courage and presented himself before the King as a suitor. He was as well received as the others had been, and was dressed in princely clothes. When evening came he was led to his sleeping-room, and as he was about to go to bed the eldest Princess came and brought him a cup of wine; but he fastened a bag under his throat into which he poured the wine, and drank none.

Then he laid himself down, and in a short time began to snore as if he were in a deep sleep, while the twelve sisters laughed to one another, saying, "He might have spared himself the trouble!" In a few minutes they arose, opened cupboards, closets, and drawers, and pulled out a variety of beautiful clothes. As soon as they were dressed they looked at themselves in the glass, and presently began to dance; but the youngest sister said, "I know not how you are enjoying yourselves, but my heart sickens as if some misfortune were about to fall upon us!" "What a goose you are!" cried the eldest sister. "You are always fearing something. Have you forgotten how many king's sons have already lost their lives? Why, if I had not given this Soldier his sleeping-draught, the simpleton could not even then have kept his eyes open!" As they were now quite ready, they first looked at the Soldier and satisfied themselves all was right, for he kept his eyes shut and did not move a bit; and then the eldest sister knocking on her bed, it sank down in the ground, and the twelve Princesses followed it through the opening, the eldest one going first. The Soldier having observed everything all the while, put on his invisible cloak and descended with the youngest sister. About the middle of the steps down he trod on her

cloak and she exclaimed, much frightened, "Who is that who holds my cloak?" "Don't be so silly," said the eldest sister; "you caught it on some nail or other, that is all." So they went completely down, and at the bottom was a wonderful avenue of trees, whose leaves were all silver and shone and glittered. The Soldier thought he would take one branch for a token, and broke it off, when a tremendous crack sounded as from the tree. "It is not all right!" cried the youngest; "did you not hear the crack?" "That is a shot of welcome!" said the eldest, "because we have been so lucky."

Then they passed into another avenue where the leaves were of gold, and then into a farther one where they shone like diamonds. From both he broke off a twig, and each time the youngest Princess shrieked with terror, while the eldest ones declared they were merely guns of welcome. So they went farther and came to a lake, on which were twelve little boats, and in each boat a handsome Prince, who each took one sister, and the old Soldier sat down in the boat where the youngest one was. "I know not how it is," said the Prince, "but the boat seems much heavier than usual, and I am obliged to use all my strength to row it along." "Perhaps that proceeds from the warmth of the weather," said the Princess; "I am myself much more heated than usual."

On the other side of this water stood a noble castle, which was well lighted, and one could hear the music of horns and fiddles within. Towards this they rowed, went in, and each Prince danced with his own partner, while the Soldier danced among them all invisible; and whenever a glass of wine was handed to one or the other he drank it out, so that it was empty when held to the lips; and the youngest sister again felt very uneasy, but her sisters bade her hold her tongue. Here they danced till three in the morning, at which hour, because their shoes were in holes, they were compelled to desist. The Princes rowed them back again over the water, but this time the Soldier sat down with the eldest Princess. On the shore they took leave of the Princes and promised to return the following morning. When they came back to the steps, the Soldier ran up first, and lay

down again in his bed; and when the twelve sisters came up, weary and sleepy, he snored so loudly that they all listened, and cried, "How much safer could we be?" Then they took off their fine clothes, and locked them up, and putting their dancing-shoes under the bed, they lay down to sleep. The next morning the Soldier said nothing, wishing to see more of this wonderful affair, and so the second and third nights passed like the first; the Princesses danced each time till their shoes were in holes, and the Soldier, for an additional token of his story, brought away a cup with him from the ballroom. When the time arrived for him to answer, he first concealed the twigs and cup about him, and then went before the King, when the twelve Princesses stood behind the door and listened to all that was said. "Where have my daughters danced during the night?" asked the King. "With twelve Princes in a subterranean castle," he replied; and, relating everything as it had occurred, he produced his witnesses in the three twigs and the cup. The King then summoned his daughters, and asked them if the Soldier had spoken the truth. They were obliged to confess he had; and the King asked him which he would have for a wife. "I am no longer young," he replied, "and so it had better be the eldest." Thereupon the wedding was celebrated the self-same day, and the kingdom appointed to him at the old King's death. But the Princes were again bewitched in as many days as they had danced nights with the twelve Princesses.

FIR-APPLE

ONCE upon a time, as a forester was going into the wood he heard a cry like that of a child, and, walking in the direction of the sound, he came to a fir-tree on which sat a little boy. A mother had gone to sleep under the tree with her child in her lap, and while she slept a golden eagle had seized it and borne it away to the topmost bough in his beak. So the forester mounted and fetched the child down, and took it home to be brought up with his daughter Helen; and the two grew up together.

The boy whom he had rescued he named Fir-Apple, in remembrance of his adventure, and Helen and the boy loved each other so fondly that they were quite unhappy whenever they were separated. This forester had also an old Cook, who one evening took two pails and went to fetch water; but she did not go once only, but many times, to the spring. Little Helen, seeing her, asked, "Why do you carry in so much water, old Sarah?"

"If you will promise not to tell any one, I will let you know," replied the Cook.

Little Helen promised not to tell, and the Cook said, "Early in the morning, when the forester is away to the chase, I shall heat the water, and when it boils I shall throw in Fir-Apple and stew him."

The next day the forester arose with the sun and went out, while the children were still in bed. Then Helen said to Fir-Apple, "Forsake me not, and so I will never leave you;" and he replied, "Now and for ever I will stay with you."

"Do you know," continued Helen, "yesterday the old Cook fetched ever so many pails of water, and I asked her why she did so, and she said to me, 'If you do not say anything I will tell you;' and, as I promised not to tell, she said, early this morning, when father has gone out, she should boil the copper full of water and stew you in it. But let us get up very quickly and escape while there is time."

So saying, they both arose, and, dressing themselves very hastily, ran away as quickly as they could. When the water had become boiling hot, the old Cook went into the sleeping-room to fetch Fir-Apple; but, lo! as soon as she entered and stepped up to the beds, she perceived that both the children were off, and at the sight she grew very anxious, saying to herself, "What shall I say if the forester comes home and finds both the children gone? I must send after them and fetch them back."

Thus thinking, she sent after them three slaves, bidding them overtake the children as quickly as possible and bring them home.

But the children saw the slaves running towards them,

and little Helen said, "Forsake me not, and so I will never leave you."

"Now and always I will keep by you," replied Fir-Apple.

"Do you then become a rose-stock, and I will be the bud upon it," said Helen.

So, when the slaves came up, the children were nowhere to be found, and only a rose-tree, with a single bud thereon, to be seen, and the three agreed there was nothing to do, and went home and told the old Cook they had seen nothing at all in the world but a rose-tree with a single flower upon it. At their tale the old Cook began to scold terribly, and said, "You stupid simpletons, you should have cut the rose-bush in two, and broken off the flower and brought it home to me : make haste now and do so."

For the second time they had to go out and search, and, the children seeing them at a distance, little Helen asked her companion the same question as the first time, and when he gave the same reply, she said, "Do you then become a church, and I will be the crown therein."

When now the three slaves approached, they found nothing but a church with a crown inside, so they said to one another, "What can we do here? Let us go home." As soon as they reached the house, the Cook inquired what they had found; and when they had told their tale, she was very angry, and told them they ought to have pulled down the church and brought the crown home with them. When she had finished scolding, she set out herself, walking with the three slaves, after the children, who espied her coming from a distance.

This time little Helen proposed that she should become a pond, and Fir-Apple a duck, who should swim about on it, and so they changed into these immediately. When the old woman came up and saw the pond she lay down by it and began to drink it up, but the duck swam very quickly toward her, and, without her knowledge, struck his beak into her cap and drew her into the water, where, after vainly endeavouring to save herself, she sank to the bottom.

After this the children returned home together, and were very happy; and, for all I know, are still living merrily together.

THE SPIRIT IN THE BOTTLE

THERE was once upon a time a poor Wood-cutter who worked from morning till late at night, and after doing so for a long time he managed to save some money; so one day he said to his Son, "You are my only child, and so this money, which I have earned by the hard sweat of my brow, shall be spent on your education. Do you learn something useful whereby you may support me in my old age, when my limbs become so stiff that I am obliged to sit still at home."

Thereupon the son went to a great school, and was very industrious, so that he became much-noticed for it; and there he remained a long time. After he had gone through a long course of study, but still had not learned all that was to be learned, the store of money which his Father had earned was exhausted, and he was obliged to return home again.

"Ah! I can give you no more," said the Father sadly; "for in these dear times I can scarcely earn enough for my daily bread."

"Make yourself easy on that point, my dear father," replied the Son. "If it is God's will, be sure it is all for the best. I will suit myself to the times."

Afterwards, when the Father was about to go to the forest to earn something by chopping and clearing, his Son said, "I will accompany you and help you." "Ah, but, my son," said the Father, "that will be a hard matter for you who have never been used to such hard work; you must not attempt it; besides, I have only one axe, and no money either to buy another."

"Go, then, and ask your neighbour to lend you one, till I shall have earned enough to buy one for myself," replied the Son.

So the Father borrowed an axe of his neighbour, and the next morning, at break of day, they went together to the forest. The Son assisted his Father, and was very lively and merry over his work; and about noon, when

the sun stood right over their heads, the Father proposed to rest for a while and eat their dinner, and then after that they would be able to work all the better. The Son, however, taking his share of bread, said, "Do you rest here, father; I am not tired, and I will go a little way into the forest and look for birds' nests."

"Oh, you silly fellow!" said the Father, "what do you want to run about for? You will make yourself so tired, you will not be able to raise your arm. Keep quiet a bit and sit down here with me."

But the young man would not do so, but went off among the trees, eating his bread, and peeping about among the bushes for any nest he could find. To and fro he walked a long way, and presently came to an immense oak-tree, which was certainly many hundred years old, and could not have been spanned round by any five men. He stopped still to look at this tree, thinking that many a bird's nest must be built within it, and while he did so, he suddenly heard, as he thought, a voice.

He listened, and soon heard again a half-smothered cry of "Let me out! Let me out!" He looked around but could see nothing; still the voice appeared to come, as it were, from the ground. So he called, "Where are you?" and the voice replied, "Here I stick, among the roots of the oak-tree. Let me out! Let me out?"

The Scholar, therefore, began to search at the foot of the tree, where the roots spread, and at last, in a little hollow, he found a glass bottle. He picked it up, and, holding it to the light, he perceived a thing, in shape like a frog, which kept jumping up and down. "Let me out! Let me out!" cried the thing again; and the Scholar, thinking no evil, drew out the stopper of the bottle.

Immediately a spirit sprang out, and began to grow and grow so fast, that in a very few moments he stood before the Scholar like a frightful giant, half the size of the tree. "Do you know," he cried, with a voice like thunder—"do you know what your reward is for letting me out of the glass bottle?"

"No," replied the Scholar, without fear; "how should I?"

"Then I will tell you," cried the Spirit; "I must break your neck!"

"You should have told me that before," returned the Scholar, "and then you should have stuck where you were; but my head will stick on my shoulders in spite of you, for there are several people's opinions to be asked yet about that matter."

"Keep your people out of my way," rejoined the Spirit; "but your deserved reward you must receive. Do you suppose I have been shut up so long out of mercy? No; it was for my punishment. I am the mighty Mercury, and whoever lets me out, his neck must I break."

"Softly, softly!" said the Scholar; "that is quicker said than done. I must first know really that you were in the bottle, and that you are truly a Spirit. If I see you return into the bottle I will believe, and then you may do with me what you please."

Full of pride, the Spirit answered, "That is an easy matter;" and, drawing himself together, he became as thin as he had been at first, and soon crept through the same opening back again into the bottle. Scarcely was he completely in when the Scholar put the stopper back into the neck, and threw the bottle down among the oak-tree roots at the old place.

So the Spirit was deceived.

After this the Scholar would have gone back to his Father, but the Spirit cried lamentably, "Oh, let me out! Do let me out!"

"No," replied the Scholar, "not a second time. He who tried to take away my life once I shall not let out in a hurry, when I have got him safe again."

"If you will free me," pleaded the Spirit, "I will give you as much as will serve you for your lifetime."

"No, no!" rejoined the Scholar, "you will deceive me as you did at first."

"You are fighting against your own fortune," replied the Spirit; "I will do you no harm. but reward you richly."

"Well, I will hazard it," thought the Scholar to himself; "perhaps he will keep his word, and do me no injury."

And, so thinking, he took the stopper out of the bottle again, and the Spirit sprang out as before, stretched himself up and became as big as a giant.

"Now you shall have your reward," said the Spirit, reaching the Scholar a little piece of rag in shape like a plaster. "If you apply one end of this to a wound, it shall heal directly; and if you touch with the other steel or iron, either will be changed into silver."

"That I must try first," said the Scholar; and, going to a tree, he tore off a piece of the bark with his axe, and then touched it with the one end of the rag, and immediately the wound closed up as if nothing had been done. "Now it is all right," said the Scholar; "now we can separate." Then the Spirit thanked him for releasing him, and the Scholar thanked the Spirit for his present, and went back to his Father.

"Where have you been roaming to?" asked the Father. "Why, you have quite forgotten your work. I said rightly that you would do nothing of this kind well."

"Be contented, Father; I will make up the time," said the Son.

"Yes, you will make it up, truly," broke in the Father angrily, "without an axe!"

"Now, see, Father, I will cut down that tree at one blow!" and, so saying, the Son took his rag, rubbed the axe with it, and gave a powerful blow, but because the axe was changed into silver the edge turned up. "Ah, Father, do see what an axe you have given me! It has no edge at all!" said the Son.

The Father was frightened, and said, "Ah! what have you done? Now I must pay for the axe, and I know not how; for it is the one which I borrowed for your work."

"Don't be angry; I will soon pay for the axe," said the Son. But the Father exclaimed, "Why, you simpleton, how will you do that? You have nothing but what I give you. This is some student's trick which is stuck in your head, but of wood-cutting you know nothing at all!"

After a pause the Scholar said, "Father, I can work no more; let us make holiday now."

"Eh? what?" was the answer. "Do you think I can

keep my hands in my pockets as you do? I must get on, but you may go home." The Son replied, he did not know the way, as it was his first time of being in the forest, and at last he persuaded his Father to accompany him home, his wrath being passed away. When they arrived at their house, the Father told the Son to go and sell the axe which was damaged, and the rest he must earn in order to pay his neighbour for it. So the Son took the axe and carried it to a Goldsmith in the city, who, after proving it, laid it in his scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred dollars, and so much I have not by me in the house."

"Give me what you have," said the Scholar, "and I will trust you the remainder." The Goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars, and left the other as a debt, and thereupon the Scholar went home and said to his Father, "Go, ask the neighbour what he will have for his axe; for I have got some money."

"I know already," answered the Father; "one dollar six groschen is the price."

"Then give him two dollars and twelve groschen; that is double, and enough. See here, I have money in abundance!" and he gave his Father one hundred dollars, saying, "You shall never want now! live at your ease."

"My goodness!" said the man, "where have you procured this money?"

The Son told his Father all that had happened, and how he had made such a capital catch by trusting to his luck. With the rest of the money, however, he returned to the university, and learned all that he could; and afterwards, because he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most celebrated surgeon in the whole world.

THE SEVEN SWABIANS

THERE were once Seven Swabians in company, the first of whom was named Schulz, the second Jacky, the third Marli, the fourth Jergli, the fifth Michael, the sixth Hans, and the seventh Veitli; and they all were travelling in search of adventures, and for the performance of mighty deeds. In order that they might not be without protection, they thought fit to carry along with them a very long and strong pole. Upon this they all seven held, and in front the boldest and most courageous man, who was Schulz, walked, while the others followed behind, and Veitli was last.

One day in July, after they had travelled some distance and had nearly entered the village where they intended to pass the night, it happened that just as they came to a large meadow, a hornet or dragonfly flew out from behind a bush and hummed about the travellers in a warlike manner. Schulz was frightened and almost let go the pole, and the perspiration stood all over his body from terror. "Listen, listen!" he cried to his companions; "I hear a trumpeting!" Jacky, who was last but one in the row, and had got I know not what into his nose, exclaimed, "Something certainly is at hand, for I can smell brimstone and powder!" At these words Schulz sprang over a hedge in a trice in his haste to escape, and, happening to alight on the prongs of a rake which was left in the field by the haymakers, the handle sprang up and gave him an awkward blow on the forehead. "Oh! oh! oh! woe is me!" cried Schulz; "take me prisoner, I give myself up, I surrender!" The six others thereupon jumped over the hedge too, and cried likewise, "We surrender if you surrender! we surrender if you surrender!"

At length, when they found no enemy came to bind and take them away, they saw they were deceived, and in order that the tale might not be told of them among the villagers, and they get laughed at and mocked, they took an oath among themselves never to say anything about it

unless any one of them should open his mouth unawares.

After this adventure they went farther, but the second danger they met with must not be compared with the first. For, after several days had elapsed, their road chanced to lead them through an unploughed field where a hare was lying asleep in the sun, with his ears pricked up to catch every sound, and his large glossy eyes wide open. The Seven Swabians were terribly frightened at the sight of this frightful ferocious animal, and they took counsel together what would be the least dangerous plan to adopt, for, if they fled away, it was to be feared that the monster would pursue them and cut them to pieces. So they resolved to stand and have a great battle; for, said they, "Bravely dared is half won!" All seven, therefore, grasped hold of their spear, Schulz being foremost and Veitli hindmost. But Schulz wanted to have the spear himself, whereupon Veitli flew into a passion and broke away.

Then the rest advanced together upon the dragon, but first Schulz crossed himself devoutly and invoked the assistance of Heaven. Then he marched on, but as he approached the enemy he felt very fearful, and cried in great terror, "Han, hurlehau! han, hauhel!" This awoke the hare, who sprang away quite frightened, and when Schulz saw it flee he jumped for joy, and shouted :

"Zounds, Veitli, what fools we are !
The monster after all is but a hare!"

After they had recovered from their fright the Seven Swabians sought new adventures, and by and by they arrived at the River Moselle, a smooth and deep water, over which there are not many bridges; but one must cross in boats to the other side. The Seven Swabians, however, were ignorant of this, and they therefore shouted to a man who was working on the other side of the river, and asked him how they were to cross. But the man did not understand what they said on account of the distance and his ignorance of their language, and so he asked in his dialect "Wat? wat?" With this, Schulze imagined the man said, "Wade, wade through the stream;" and, being

foremost on the bank, he jumped into the river and began to walk across. Soon he got out of his depth and sank in the deep driving current; but his hat was carried by the wind to the opposite shore. As it reached there a frog perched himself on it, and croaked, "Wat! wat!" This noise the six other Swabians, who then reached the bank, heard, and they said to each other, "Listen! does not Schulz call us? Well, if he could wade across, we can also." with these words each one jumped into the river, but they also sank; and so it happened that the frog caused the death of six Swabians, for nobody has heard of or seen them ever since.

THE MAN OF IRON

ONCE upon a time there was a King who possessed a great wood, which lay behind his castle, and wherein it was his pleasure to hunt. One day it happened that one of his huntsmen, who had gone into this wood in the morning, did not return as usual. The next day, therefore, the King despatched two others to seek him; but they likewise never reappeared, and so the King then ordered all his huntsmen to make themselves ready to scour the whole forest in search of their missing companions. But, after they had set out, not one of them ever returned again, nor even a single dog out of the whole pack that accompanied them. After this occurrence an edict was issued that nobody should venture into the forest; and from that day a profound stillness and deep solitude crept over the whole wood, and one saw nothing but owls or eagles, which now and then flew out. This lasted a long time, till once came a strange Huntsman to the King, and, begging an audience, said he was ready to go into the dangerous forest. The King would not at first give his consent, saying, "I am afraid it will fare no better with you than with the others, and that you will never return." But the Huntsman replied, "I will dare the danger, for I know nothing of fear."

Thereupon the Huntsman entered the forest with his

dog, and in a few minutes the hound, espying a wild animal on the road, pursued it; but it had scarcely gone a couple of yards before it fell into a deep pool, out of which a naked arm stretched itself, and, catching the dog, drew it down beneath the water. As soon as the Huntsman saw this he went back and fetched three men, who came with pails to bale out the water. When they came to the bottom they found a Wild Man, whose body was brown, like rusty iron, and his hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords and led him away to the King, who caused an immense iron cage to be fixed in the courtyard, and forbade any one, on pain of death, to open the door of the cage, of which the Queen had to keep the key in her charge. After this time anybody could go with safety into the forest.

Now, the King had a son eight years old, who was once playing in the courtyard, and during his play his ball accidentally rolled into the iron cage. He ran up to it and demanded his ball of the prisoner. "Not till you open my door," replied the man. "No, that I cannot," said the Boy, "for my father the King has forbidden it;" and, so saying, he ran away. But the next morning he came again and demanded his golden ball. "Open my door," said the Wild Man; but the Boy refused. The third morning the King went out a-hunting, and presently the Boy went again to the cage, and said, "Even if I would open the door, I have not got the key to do it." "It lies under your mother's pillow," said the Wild Man, "and you can get it if you like." So the Boy, casting all other thoughts to the winds but his wish to have the ball, ran and fetched the key. The door swung heavily and the Boy jammed his finger, but soon it opened, and the Wild Man, giving him the golden ball, stepped out and hurried off. At this the Boy became alarmed, and cried, and called after the Man, "Wild Man, do not go away, or I shall be beaten!" The Man turned round, and, raising the Boy up, set him upon his shoulders and walked into the forest with hasty strides. When the King returned soon afterwards he noticed the empty cage, and asked the Queen what had happened. She called her Boy, but no one answered, and

the King sent out people over the fields to search for him; but they returned empty-handed. Then he easily guessed what had really happened, and great grief was shown at the royal court.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Wild Man had reached his old haunts, he set the boy down off his shoulders, and said to him, "Your father and mother you will never see again; but I will keep you with me, for you delivered me, and therefore I pity you. If you do all that I tell you, you will be well treated, for I have enough treasure and money; in fact, more than any one else in the world." That evening the Iron Man let the Boy sleep on some moss, and the next morning he took him to the pool, and said, "See you, this golden water is bright and clear as crystal; hereby you must sit, and watch that nothing falls into it, or it will be dishonoured. Every evening I will come and see if you have obeyed my commands." So the Boy sat down on the bank of the pool; but by and by, while he watched, such a sudden pain seized one of his fingers that he plunged it into the water to cool it. He quickly drew it out again, but lo! it was quite golden, and in spite of all his pains he could not rub off the gold again. In the evening came the Iron Man, and, after looking at the Boy, he asked, "What has happened to my pool?" "Nothing, nothing!" replied the Boy, holding his finger behind him that it might not be seen. But the Man said, "You have dipped your finger into the water; this time, however, I will overlook it, only take care it does not happen again."

Early the next day the Boy resumed his post at the pool; but in the course of a little while his finger ached again, and this time he put it to his head, and unluckily pulled off a hair, which fell into the water. He took it out again very quickly; but it had changed into gold, and by and by the Iron Man returned, already conscious of what had occurred. "You have let a hair fall into the pool," he said to the Boy; "but once more I will overlook your fault, only, if it happens again, the pool will be dishonoured, and you can remain with me no longer."

The Boy took his usual seat again on the third morning, and did not once move his finger, in spite of the pain. The

time, however, passed so slowly, that he fell to looking at his face reflected in the mirror of the waters; and, while he bent down to do so, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the pool. In a great hurry he raised his head again; but already his locks were turned to gold, and shone in the sun. You may imagine how frightened the poor Boy was! He took his pocket-handkerchief and bound it round his head, so that no one might see his hair; but as soon as the Iron Man returned, he said to him, "Untie your handkerchief!" for he knew what had happened. Then the golden hair fell down on the Boy's shoulders, and he tried to excuse himself, but in vain. "You have not stood the proof," said the Iron Man, "and must remain here no longer. Go forth into the world, and there you will see how poverty fares; but, because your heart is innocent, and I mean well towards you, I will grant you this one favour—when you are in trouble come to this forest, call my name, and I will come out and help you. My power is great, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

So the young Prince had to leave the forest, and travelled over many rough and smooth roads, till he came at length to a large town. There he sought work, but without success, for he had learned nothing which was of use, and at last he went to the King's palace itself and inquired if they could take him in. The Court servants were unaware of any vacancy which he could fill, but because he seemed well favoured they allowed him to remain. Soon afterwards the Cook took him into his service, and told him he might fetch wood and water for the fire, and sweep up the ashes.

One day, however, as no one else was at hand, the Prince had to carry in a dish for the royal table, but, because he would not allow his golden hair to be seen, he entered the room with his cap on his head. "If you come to the royal table," exclaimed the King when he saw him, "you must pull off your cap!" "Ah, your majesty," replied the Prince, "I dare not, for I have a bad disease on my head!"

Thereupon the King ordered the Cook into his presence, and scolded him because he had taken such a youth into his service, and further commanded him to discharge him.

But the Cook pitied the poor lad and changed him with the Gardener's Boy.

Now the Prince had to plant and sow, to dig and rake, in spite of all weathers, for he must bear the wind and rain. One day in summer, as he was working alone in the garden, he took off his cap to cool his head in the breeze, and the sun shone so upon his hair that the golden locks glittered, and their brightness became reflected in the mirror in the chamber of the King's daughter. She jumped up to see what it was, and, perceiving the Gardener's Boy, called him to bring her a nosegay of flowers.

In a great hurry he put on his cap and plucked some wild flowers, which he arranged together. But, as he was going up the steps with them to the Princess, the Gardener met him, and said, "How can you take the Princess such a nosegay of bad flowers? Go back and fetch the rarest and most beautiful." "Oh, no!" said the Boy; "the wild flowers bloom the longest, and will please the best." So he went up to the chamber, and there the Princess said to him, "Take off your cap; it is not becoming of you to wear it here!"

The Boy, however, replied he dared not remove it, because his head was too ugly to look at; but she seized his cap and pulled it off, and his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, most beautiful to see! The Boy would have run away, but the Princess detained him and gave him a handful of ducats. Then he left her and took her money to the Gardener, whom he told to give it to his children to play with, for he despised money.

The following day the Princess called him again to give her a bouquet of wild flowers, and when he entered with them she snatched again at his cap, but this time he held it fast with both hands and would not let it go. She gave him still another handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, but gave them to the Gardener's children for playthings. The third day it was just the same: the Princess could not get his cap, and he would not keep her ducats.

Not long after these events the country was drawn into a war, and the King collected all his people, for he knew not whether he should be able to make a stand against the

enemy, who was very powerful and led an immense army. Amongst others, the Gardeners' Boy asked for a horse, saying he was grown up and ready to take his part in the fight. The others, however, laughed at him, and said, "When we are gone we will leave behind a horse for you, but take care of yourself!" So, as soon as the rest had set out, the young Prince went into the stable, and found there a horse, which was lame, and clicked its feet together. Nevertheless, he mounted it, and rode away to the gloomy forest, and as soon as he arrived there, he called, "Iron Man! Iron Man!" in such a loud voice, that the trees re-echoed it.

Soon the Wild Man appeared, and asked, "What do you desire?" "I desire a strong horse, for I am going to battle," said the Youth. "That you shall have, and more than you desire," said the Iron Man; and, diving in among the trees, a Page suddenly made his appearance, holding a horse so fiery and mettlesome that he was scarcely to be touched. Behind the steed followed a troop of warriors, all clad in iron, with swords, which glittered in the sun. The Youth, thereupon, delivered up his three-legged horse to the Page, and, mounting the other, rode off at the head of his troop. Just as he reached the field of battle he found the greater part of the King's army already slain, and the rest were on the point of yielding. The Youth, therefore, charged at once with his iron troop, like a storm of hail, against the enemy, and they cut down all who opposed them. The enemy turned and fled, but the young Prince pursued and cut to pieces all the fugitives, so that not one man was left. Then, instead of leading his troop before the King, he rode back with them to the forest, and summoned the Iron Man. "What do you desire now?" he inquired.

"Take back all these soldiers and your steed and restore me my three-legged horse." All this was done as he desired, and he rode home on his limping animal. When the King arrived afterwards his Daughter greeted him, and congratulated him on his victory. "I do not deserve it," he said; "the victory was owing to a strange knight who came to our aid with his troop."

His Daughter inquired then who he was; but the King told her he did not know, for he had pursued the enemy and had not returned again. The Princess afterwards inquired of the Gardener respecting his Boy, and he laughed, and said he had just returned home on his three-legged steed; while the others had laughed at him, saying, "Here comes our Hop-a-day-Hop!" They asked also behind what hedge he had hid himself, and he replied, "I have done the best I could, and without me you would have fared badly." And for this speech the poor Boy was still more mocked.

Some time after this the King said to his Daughter, "I will cause a great festival to be held, which shall last three days, and you shall throw a golden apple, for which, perhaps, the unknown Knight will contend."

As soon as the proclamation was made the young Prince went to the forest, and called for the Iron Man. "What do you desire?" he asked.

"That I may catch the golden apple!"

"It is all the same as if you had it now," said the Iron Man; "but you shall have a red suit of armour for the occasion, and ride there upon a proud fox-coloured horse."

When the appointed day came the Youth ranged himself along with the other knights, and was not recognised by any one. Presently the Princess stepped forward and threw up the golden apple, which nobody could catch but the Red Knight, who coursed away as soon as he obtained it. The second day the Iron Man dressed the Youth as a White Knight, and gave him a gray horse; and again he caught the apple, and he alone.

The King was angry when the Knight ran away with the prize, and said, "That is not right; he must appear before me and declare his name." Then he ordered that if the Knight who had caught the apple did not return the next day, someone should pursue him; and, if he would not return willingly, cut him to pieces. The third day the Prince received from the Iron Man a black coat of armour and a black steed, and caught again the apple when it was thrown. When he rode away the King's people pursued him, and one came so near him that he wounded the

Black Knight with the point of his sword. Still he escaped them; but his horse jumped so violently that the helmet fell off the Knight's head, and his golden hair was seen. The knights thereupon rode back and told the King.

The day following these sports the Princess inquired of the Gardener after his Boy. "He is working in the garden," he replied; "the wonderful fellow has also been to the festival, and yesterday evening he returned home and gave my children three golden apples which he won there."

When the King knew of this he caused the Youth to be brought before him, and he appeared as usual with his cap on his head. But the Princess went up to him and took it off; and then his golden hair fell over his shoulders, and he appeared so handsome, that every one was astonished. "Are you the knight who appeared each day at the festival, and always in a different colour, and won the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes," he replied, "and these are the apples!" and, so saying, he took them out of his pocket and handed them to the King. "If you desire any other proof," he continued, "I will show you the wound which your people gave me as I rode away. But I am also the Knight who won the victory for you over your enemy."

"If you can do such deeds," said the King, "you are no Gardener's Boy. Tell me, who is your father?"

"My father is a mighty King, and of gold I have not only my desire, but more even than can be imagined," said the young Prince.

"I own," said the King, "that I am indebted to you. Can I do anything to show it?"

"Yes, if you give me your daughter to wife!" replied the Youth. The Princess laughed, and said, "He makes no roundabout tale; but I saw long ago that he was no Gardener's Boy from his golden hair;" and with these words she went and kissed him.

By and by the wedding was celebrated, and to it came the Prince's father and mother, who had long ago given up their son for dead, and lost all hope of seeing him again.

While they sat at the bridal feast, all at once music was heard, and, the doors opening, a proud King entered, attended by a long train. He went up to the Prince and

embraced him, and said, "I am the Iron Man, whom you saved from his wild nature; all the treasures which belong to me are henceforth your property!"

THE SEAL

ONCE upon a time there lived a King's daughter, who had an apartment under the gables. In it were twelve windows looking out on all points of the compass. Now, out of the first of these windows she could see more plainly than other people; out of the second even better; and so on to the twelfth, and from it she could see everything on the earth or beneath it.

The Princess was very vain and proud, and she said she would marry no one who could not hide himself where she was unable to discover him. If any one tried to hide and was found out, his head was cut off and stuck on a stake. More than ninety young men had their heads cut off, and then for a long time no one tried.

"Ah," said the Princess, well pleased, "now I shall remain single all my days."

But by and by three Brothers came, saying they wished to try the experiment.

The first thought he would be safely hidden in a chalk-pit; but the Princess soon saw him, and he was brought forth and put to death.

The next hid in the cellar of the castle; but the Princess saw him easily enough by looking through the first window, and his head was cut off too.

Then the youngest Brother asked if the Princess would give him a day to consider, and also let him have three trials. If she found him all three times, he promised to let his head be cut off without a murmur.

Now this young man was very handsome, and he begged so hard, that the Princess agreed to what he asked, though she said, "I am sure nothing will come of it."

The next day, while thinking where to hide, he saw a raven, and was just going to shoot it when the Raven

cried, "Don't shoot me, and I will do you a good turn."

The young man let the Raven go, and walked on to a lake, where he saw a big Fish that had come up to float on the top of the water.

"Don't shoot me," said the Fish, "and some day I will do you a good turn."

He let the Fish dive; and, soon afterwards, he met a limping Fox, at which he fired. The shot missed, and the Fox called out, "I wish you would come here and remove this thorn from my foot."

The young man took out the thorn, but still intended killing the animal for the sake of its skin.

"Spare me," cried the Fox, "and some day I will do you a good turn;" so the young man let him go and then went home.

The next day he was to hide, but for the life of him he could not tell what place to choose. At last he went into the wood and found the Raven. "I spared your life yesterday," said he; "now tell me where to hide so that the Princess can't see me."

The Raven thought a long time, and then said, "I have a plan." It went to the nest, and brought back an egg which it cut in halves.

Then the Youth stepped inside, and the Raven closed the two halves and sat on the egg.

When the Princess looked from the first window, she failed to see him. She failed from the second window too, and began to feel afraid; but from the eleventh window she saw him, so she told her servant to shoot the Raven and take the young man out of the egg.

This was the first trial, and this time the Princess let him escape.

The next morning he went to the lake, and calling the big Fish, said, "I let you live; now tell me where to hide so as not to be discovered by the Princess."

The Fish thought a while, and then said, "I know! I'll swallow you," which he did, and then dived again to the bottom of the lake.

The Princess looked from all her windows in turn down to the eleventh, and was much put out at not having found

him. But from the twelfth she saw him, and commanded the Fish to be caught and killed.

"Now," said the Princess to the young man, "twice you have been spared; but now I feel certain you will lose your head."

The next day he went very sadly across the field and met the Fox. "Come," said he to the Fox, "you know all sorts of secret places; tell me where it is best to hide."

"That is very hard to say," answered the Fox; but at last he went to a well close by, dipped in it, and came out a dealer in animals. The young man also dipped in the water, and came out a small seal.

Many people went to see the little animal which the dealer took into the town, and among them was the Princess. She was so pleased with it that she bought it for a large sum of money.

Before the dealer handed it over, he whispered to the Seal. "As soon as the Princess goes to look from the windows, creep under her pigtail."

At the proper time the Princess stepped to her windows and looked out from every one, but could not see him. Then she became very angry, and shut the twelfth window with such a bang that all the glass in the room was smashed, and the very castle shook. Then she returned to her chair and felt the Seal under her pigtail.

Taking hold of it roughly she flung it on the ground, and cried, "Get out of my sight."

The Seal ran to the dealer, and they both dipped in the well again and came out just as they had been at first.

The young man thanked the Fox, and said, "The Raven and Fish are stupid compared with you." Then he went straight back to the castle, where the King's daughter was waiting for him.

The wedding soon took place, and the youth became ruler of the whole kingdom. He never told his wife where he had hidden the third time, or who had helped him; so she thought he had done it all by himself, and therefore she always looked up to him as being far cleverer than herself.

THE BALL OF CRYSTAL

THERE was once upon a time an Enchantress who had three sons, who loved one another dearly, but yet their mother would not trust them, and was always suspecting that they would rob her of her power; so she changed the eldest into an Eagle, and condemned him to dwell on the tops of a rocky chain of mountains, where one might see him many times wheeling round and round in the air in great circles. The second brother she changed into a Whale, and he dwelt in the deep sea, where one might see him now and then throwing up a huge stream of water. These two could retake their human form for two hours a day.

The third son, however, fearing that he might be changed into some wild beast, bear or lion, secretly took his departure, for he had heard that in the Castle of the Golden Sun sat an enchanted Princess awaiting a deliverer. Many a youth had felt bound to venture his life in her cause, but already had three-and-twenty met with horrible deaths, and only one remained to tell the dreadful tale. Our hero drove away all fear from his mind, and resolved to search out this wonderful castle.

For a very long time he had wandered about, when one day he unexpectedly arrived in a large forest, from which he could not get out. He perceived, however, in the distance, two Giants who beckoned him with their hands. He went towards them, and they told him that they were fighting for the possession of a hat; but, as they were both equally strong, neither could gain the mastery, and they wished, therefore, to leave the decision to him, since men of his size were generally very wise and crafty.

"What can induce you to fight for an old hat?" asked the Youth.

"You do not know the wonderful properties which belong to it," answered the Giants; "it is a wishing hat, and whoever wears it may go instantly whither he wishes."

"Give me the hat," said the Youth; "I will go a short

way, then do you both run as if for a wager, and whoever comes up to me first shall have the hat." With these words he put the hat on and walked off; but, beginning to think of the Princess, he forgot the Giants, and walked on and on. All at once he heaved a sigh from the bottom of his heart, and exclaimed, "Ah! that I were near the Castle of the Golden Sun."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when he found himself standing on a high mountain before the very place. He entered the castle by the door, and passed through all the rooms till he came to the last, where he found the Princess. But how startled he was when he saw her. Her face was full of wrinkles, her eyes were sunk deep in her head, and her hair was red. "Are you the King's Daughter of whose beauty all the world talks?" asked the Youth. "Alas!" she replied, "this is not my form; the eyes of mortal men can only see me in this hateful guise. But that you may know how beautiful is the reality, look in this mirror, which cannot err; that will show you my face as it is in reality."

She gave him a mirror, and he beheld in it the portrait of the most beautiful Maiden the earth could contain, and down her cheeks he could even see the tears of sorrow rolling. "How can I save you?" he asked. "No danger will appal me." The Princess replied, "He who can obtain possession of the Crystal Ball, and hold it before the Enchanter, will thereby break his power, and I shall return to my original shape. But, alas! already many a one has met death for me, and I shall grieve for your youthful blood if you dare these great perils."

"Nothing can keep me from the attempt," said the Youth. "But what must I do?"

"You shall know all," said the Princess. "If you descend the mountain on which this castle stands you will find a wild Ox, with which you must fight; and if you are lucky enough to kill it, a Fiery Bird will rise from its ~~ca~~ss in whose body is a red-hot egg, the yoke of which forms the Crystal Ball. This Bird will not drop the egg till it is compelled; but if it falls to the ground it will burn and consume whatever is near it, and then the iron will



melt, and with it the Crystal Ball, and all your trouble will be futile."

The Youth, thereupon, descended to the bottom of the mountain, where he saw the Ox, who commenced as soon as he appeared to bellow and run at him. After a long fight the Youth plunged his sword into its body, so that it fell dead to the ground. At the same instant the Fiery Bird rose from the carcass, and was about to fly away, when the Eagle, the brother of the Youth, who was just then passing over the spot, swooped down and struck the Bird towards the sea, so that in its endeavours to escape it let fall the egg. The egg, however, did not fall into the sea, but on the roof of a fisherman's hut which stood on the shore. The roof began to burn, for the egg instantly blazed up; but at the moment, immense waves dashed out of the sea, and, rolling quite over the hut, extinguished the fire. It was the other brother, the Whale, who had caused this, having luckily swam there at the right time.

As soon as the fire was out the Youth searched for the egg, and found it very quickly; it was not quite molten, but the shell was so cracked by the sudden cooling of the cold sea-water, that he managed easily to the Crystal Ball.

The Youth took it at once to show to the Enchanter, who said, "My power is destroyed, and you are henceforth King of the Castle of the Golden Sun. Your brothers, also, can now return to their human forms."

The Youth then hastened to the Princess, and as soon as he entered the room her former beauty returned in all its glory, and they both exchanged rings with great joy—which means to say, I suppose, that they married and were very happy.

THE CLEVER TAILOR

THERE was once upon a time an excessively proud Princess, who proposed a puzzle to every one who came courting her; and he who did not solve it was sent away with ridicule and scorn. This conduct was talked about everywhere, and it was said that whoever was lucky enough to guess the riddle would have the Princess for a wife. About that time it happened that three Tailors came in company to the town where the Princess dwelt, and the two elder of them were confident, when they heard the report, that they should without doubt be successful, since they had made so many fine and good stitches. The third Tailor was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who did not understand his own trade; but still he likewise was sure of his own powers of guessing a riddle. The two others, however, would fain have persuaded him to stop at home; but he was obstinate, and said he would go, for he had set his heart upon it; and thereupon he marched off as if the whole world belonged to him.

The three Tailors presented themselves before the Princess, and told her they were come to solve her riddle, for they were the only proper people, since each of them had an understanding so fine that one could thread a needle with it! "Then," said the Princess, "it is this: I have a hair upon my head of two colours; which are they?"

"If that is all," said the first man, "it is black and white like the cloth which is called pepper and salt."

"Wrong!" said the Princess. "Now, second man, try!"

"It is not black and white, but brown and red," said he, "like my father's holiday coat."

"Wrong again!" cried the Princess. "Now try, third man; who I see will be sure to guess rightly!"

The little Tailor stepped forward, bold as brass, and said, "The Princess has a gold and silver hair on her head, and those are the two colours."

When the Princess heard this she turned pale, and very

nearly fell down to the ground with fright, for the Tailor had guessed her riddle, which she believed nobody in the world could have solved. As soon as she recovered herself, she said to the Tailor, "That is not all you have to do; in the stable below lies a Bear, with which you must pass the night, and if you are alive when I come in the morning I will marry you."

The little Tailor readily consented, exclaiming, "Bravely ventured is half won!" But the Princess thought herself quite safe, for as yet the Bear had spared no one who came within reach of its paws.

As soon as evening came the little Tailor was taken to the place where the Bear lay, and as soon as he entered the stable the beast made a spring at him. "Softly, softly," cried the Tailor; "I must teach you manners!" And out of his pockets he took some nuts, which he cracked between his teeth quite unconcernedly. As soon as the Bear saw this he took a fancy to have some nuts also, and the Tailor gave him a handful out of his pocket—not of nuts, but of pebbles. The Bear put them into his mouth, but he could not crack them, try all he might. "What a blockhead I am!" he cried to himself; "I can't crack a few nuts! Will you crack them for me?" said he to the Tailor. "What a fellow you are!" exclaimed the Tailor; "with such a big mouth as that, and can't crack a small nut!" With these words he cunningly substituted a nut for the pebble which the Bear handed him, and soon cracked it.

"I must try once more!" said the Bear; "it seems an easy matter to manage!" And he bit and bit with all his strength, but, as you may believe, all to no purpose. When the beast was tired, the little Tailor produced a fiddle out of his coat and played a tune upon it, which as soon as the Bear heard he began to dance in spite of himself. In a little while he stopped and asked the Tailor whether it was easy to learn the art of fiddling. "Easy as child's play!" said the Tailor; "you lay your left fingers on the strings, and with the right hold the bow, and then away it goes. Merrily, merrily, hop-su-sa, oi-val-lera!"

"Oh, well, if that is fiddling," cried the Bear, "I may

as well learn that, and then I can dance as often as I like. What do you think? Will you give me instruction?"

"With all my heart," replied the Tailor, "if you are clever enough. But let me see your claws; they are frightfully long, and I must cut them a bit! By chance a vice was lying in one corner, on which the Bear laid his paws, and the Tailor screwed them fast. "Now wait till I come with the scissors," said he; and, leaving the Bear groaning and growling, he laid himself down in a corner on a bundle of straw and went to sleep.

Meanwhile the Princess was rejoicing to think she had got rid of the Tailor; and especially when she heard the Bear growling, for she thought it was with satisfaction for his prey. In the morning accordingly she went down to the stable; but as soon as she looked in she saw the Tailor as fresh and lively as a fish in water. She was much alarmed, but it was of no use, for her word had been openly pledged to the marriage; and the King her father ordered a carriage to be brought, in which she and the Tailor went away to the church to the wedding. Just as they had set off the two other Tailors, who were very envious of their brother's fortune, went into the stable and released the Bear, who immediately ran after the carriage which contained the bridal party. The Princess heard the beast growling and groaning, and became very much frightened and cried to the Tailor, "Oh, the Bear is behind, coming to fetch you away!" The Tailor was up in a minute, stood on his head, put his feet out of the window, and cried to the Bear, "Do you see this vice? If you do not go away you shall have a taste of it!" The Bear considered a minute, and then turned tail and ran back; while the Tailor drove on to church with the Princess, and made her his wife. And very happy they were after the marriage—as merry as larks; and to the end of their lives they lived in contentment.

THE PACK OF RAGAMUFFINS

A Cock once addressed his Hen thus : " It is now the time when the nuts are ripe; let us go together to the hills, and eat all we can, before the squirrels carry them away." " Yes," answered the Hen, " let us go and enjoy ourselves."

So they went together to the hills, and as it was a bright day they stopped till evening. Now, I do not know whether they had eaten too much, or whether they had become proud, but the Hen would not go home on foot, and the Cock had to build a little carriage out of the nut-shells. As soon as it was ready the Hen sat herself in it and said to the Cock, " You can harness yourself to it." " You are very kind," said he, " but I would rather walk home than harness my own self; no, we did not agree to that. I will willingly be coachman and sit on the box, but drag it myself I never will."

While they were quarrelling a Duck called out hard by, " You thieving folk, who asked you to come to my nut-hill? Wait a bit and it shall cost you dear; " and she rushed up to the Cock with out-stretched beak.

But the Cock was not idle either, and attacked the Duck valiantly, and at last wounded her so badly with his spur that she begged for mercy, and willingly undertook to draw the carriage as a punishment. The Cock set himself on the box as coachman, and off they started at a great rate, crying out, " Quick, Duck, quick ! "

When they had gone a portion of the way they met two walkers, a Pin and a Needle, who called out to them to stop, and said it had become too dark to stitch, and they could not go another step; that it was very dirty upon the road; and might they get in for a little way? They had been stopping at the door of the tailor's house drinking beer, and had been delayed. The Cock, seeing they were thin people, who would not take much room, let them both get up, but not till they had promised not to tread on the toes of himself or his Hen.

Later in the evening they came to an inn, and because they could not travel farther that evening, and because the Duck had hurt her foot very much, and staggered from side to side, they turned in. The landlord at first made many objections, saying his house was already full; he thought, too, that they were nobody of any consequence; but after they had made many fine speeches, and promised that he should have the egg which the Hen had laid on the road, and the one which the Duck laid every day, he said at last that they might remain overnight.

So when they had refreshed themselves they held a great revel and tumult; but early in the morning, when everybody was asleep and it was still dark, the Cock awoke the Hen, and fetching the egg, they broke it and ate it together, throwing the shell away into the hearth. Then they went to the Needle, who was still asleep, and, taking him by the head, stuck him in the cushion of the landlord's chair, and the Pin they put in his towel, and then they flew off over the fields and away. The Duck, who had gone to sleep in the open air, and had stopped in the yard, heard them fly past, and, getting up quickly, found a pond, into which she waddled, and in which she swam much faster than she walked when she had to pull the carriage.

A couple of hours later the landlord rose up from his feather-bed, washed himself, and took up the towel to wipe himself dry; then the Pin, in passing over his face, made a red scratch from one ear to the other; so he went into the kitchen to light his pipe, but just as he stepped on the hearth the eggshells sprang into his eyes.

"This morning everything happens unlucky to me," said he, sitting down in vexation in his grandfather's chair; but he quickly jumped up again, crying, "Woe's me!" for the Needle had pricked him very badly. This drove him completely wild, and he laid the mischief on the guests who had arrived so late the evening before, and when he went out to look after them they were gone. So he swore that he would never again take such a pack of ragamuffins into his house, who destroyed so much, paid no reckoning, and played mischievous tricks in the place of thanks.

ALLERLEIRAUH

(THE COAT OF ALL COLOURS)

THERE was once a King, whose wife had golden hair, and was altogether so beautiful, that her equal was not to be found in the world. It happened that she fell ill, and when she felt she must soon die she called the King, and said, "If you marry again after my death, take no one who is not as beautiful as I have been, nor who has not golden hair like mine, and this you must promise me." After the King had promised, she closed her eyes and soon died.

For a long time the King would not be comforted, and thought not of taking a second wife, but his councillors said at last that he must marry again. Then messengers were sent far and wide to seek such a bride as should be as beautiful as the late Queen; but there was no one to be found in the whole world so beautiful, and with such golden hair. So the messengers returned home without accomplishing anything.

Now the King had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her dead mother, and had also the same golden hair, and, as she grew up, the King saw how like she was to his lost wife. He told his councillors that he wished to marry his daughter to his oldest councillor, and that she should be as Queen. When the oldest councillor heard this he was delighted. But the daughter was frightened at the resolve of the King, but hoped yet to turn him from his intention. So she said to him, "Before I fulfil your wish, I must first have three dresses: one as golden as the sun, another as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars; further, I desire a cloak composed of thousands of skins and hides, and to which every beast in your kingdom must contribute a portion of the skin.

The Princess thought this would be impossible to do, and so she should reclaim her father from his intention.

But the King would not give it up, and the cleverest maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses—

one as golden as the sun, a second as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars; while his Huntsmen had to catch all the beasts in the whole kindom, and from each take a piece of his skin, wherewith a mantle of a thousand pieces was made. At length, when all was ready, the King let the mantle be fetched, and, spreading it before him, said, "To-morrow shall the wedding be."

When the King's daughter now saw that there was no hope left of turning her father from his resolve, she determined to flee away. In the night, while all slept, she got up and took three of her treasures—a golden ring, a gold spinning-wheel, and a gold reel; she put also in a nutshell the three dresses of the sun, moon, and stars, and, putting on the mantle of all skins, she dyed her hands and face black with soot. Then, commending herself to God, she set off and travelled the whole night till she came to a large wood, where, feeling very tired, she took refuge in a hollow tree and went to sleep. The sun arose, and she still slept and slept on till it was again far into the morning.

Then it happened that the King, who owned this forest, came to hunt in it. As soon as his dogs ran to the tree they snapped about it, barked, and growled, so that the King said to his Huntsmen, "See what wild animal it is that is concealed there." The Hunters obeyed his orders, and, when they returned, they said, "In that hollow lies a wonderful creature, whose like we have never before seen; its skin is composed of a thousand different colours, but it lies quite quiet and asleep." The King said, "Try if you can catch it alive, and then bind it to the carriage, and we will take it with us."

As soon as the Hunters caught hold of the Maiden, she awoke full of terror, and called out to them, "I am a poor child, forsaken by both father and mother! Pray pity me, and take me with you!" They named her "Allerleirauh," because of her mantle, and took her home with them to serve in the kitchen and rake out the ashes. They went to the royal palace, and there they showed her a little stable under the step, where no daylight could enter, and told her she could live and sleep there. Afterwards she went into the kitchen, and there she had

to carry water, and wood to make the fire; to pluck the fowls, to peel the vegetables, to rake out the ashes, and to do all manner of dirty work.

Here, for a length of time, Allerleirauh lived wretchedly; but it happened once that a feast was held in the palace, and she asked the Cook, "May I go and look on for a little while? I will place myself just outside the door." The Cook said, "Yes; but in half an hour's time you must return and rake out the ashes."

Allerleirauh took an oil-lamp, and, going to her stable, put off the gown of skins, and washed the soot from her face and hands, so that her real beauty was displayed. Then she opened her nut, and took out the dress which shone as the sun, and as soon as she was ready she went up to the ballroom, where every one made way for her, supposing that she was certainly some Princess.

The King himself soon came up to her, and, taking her hand, danced with her, thinking the while in his heart that he had never seen any one like her. As soon as the dance was finished she curtsied, and before the King could look round, she had disappeared, and nobody knew whither. The Watchmen also at the gates were called and questioned, but they had not seen her.

She had run back to her stable, and, having quickly taken off her dress, had again blackened her face and hands and put on the dress of all skins, and became "Allerleirauh" once more. As soon as she went into the kitchen to do her work, in sweeping up the ashes, the Cook said, "Let that be for once till the morning, and cook the King's supper for me instead, while I go upstairs to have a peep; but mind you do not let one of your hairs fall in, or you will get nothing to eat for the future."

So saying, she went away, and Allerleirauh cooked the King's supper, making some soup as good as she possibly could, and when it was ready she went into the stable and fetched her gold ring, and laid it in the dish. When the dance was at an end the King ordered his supper to be brought, which, when he had tasted, he thought he had never eaten anything so nice before.

Just as he nearly finished it he saw a gold ring at

the bottom, and not being able to imagine how it came there, he commanded the Cook to be brought before him. The Cook was terrified when he heard this order, and said to Allerleirauh, "Are you certain you did not let a hair fall into the soup? For if it is so, you will catch a beating."

Then he came before the King, who asked who had cooked the supper. The Cook answered, "I did." But the King said, "That is not true; for it is of a much better kind, and much better cooked than usual." Then the Cook said, "I must confess that not I, but Allerleirauh, cooked it." So the King commanded that she should be brought up.

When Allerleirauh came, the King asked, "Who are you?"

"I am a poor child, without father or mother," replied she.

"Why did you come to my palace?" then inquired the King.

"I am good for nothing else but to have the boots thrown at my head," said she.

The King asked again, "Where did you get this ring, then, which was in the soup?"

Allerleirauh said, "I know nothing of it," And, as she would say no more, she was at last sent away.

After a time there was another ball, and Allerleirauh asked the Cook's permission to go again and look on, and he consented, and told her, "Return here in half an hour to cook the King again the same soup which he liked so much before."

Allerleirauh ran into the stable, and, washing herself quickly, took out of the shell the dress which was silver as the moon, and put it on. Then she went up to the ballroom and appeared like a Princess, and the King, stepping up to her, was very glad to see her again; and, as the dancing was just begun, they joined it. But as soon as it was over, his partner disappeared so quickly that the King did not notice where she went. She ran to her stable and changed her garments again, and then went into the kitchen to make the soup. While the Cook was upstairs, she fetched the

golden spinning-wheel and put it in the tureen, so that the soup was served up with it.

Afterwards it was brought before the King, who ate it, and found it taste as good as the former; and the Cook was called, who was obliged to confess again that Allerleirauh had made it. Allerleirauh was accordingly taken before the King; but she repeated what she had before said—that she was of no use but to have boots thrown at her, and that she knew nothing of the gold-spinning wheel.

Not long afterwards a third fête was given by the King, at which everything went as before. The Cook said to Allerleirauh when she asked leave to go, "You are certainly a witch, and always put something in the soup which makes it taste better than mine. Still, since you beg so hard, you shall go at the usual time." This time she put on the dress shining as the stars, and stepped with it into the ballroom.

The King danced again with her, and thought he had never seen any maiden so beautiful; and while the dance went on he slipped the gold ring on to her finger without her perceiving it, and told the musicians to prolong the time. When at last it ended, he would have kept fast hold of her hand, but she tore herself away, and sprang so quickly in among the people that she disappeared from his sight. Allerleirauh ran as well as she could back to her stable; but she had stayed over and above the half-hour, and she had not time to pull off her beautiful dress, but was obliged to throw over it her cloak of skins. She did not either quite finish the blacking of her skin, but left one finger white. Then she ran into the kitchen, cooked the soup for the King, and put in it the reel, while the Cook stayed upstairs.

Afterwards, when the King found the reel at the bottom of his soup, he summoned Allerleirauh, and perceived at once her white finger, and the ring which he had put on it during the dance. He took her by the hand and held her fast, and when she tried to force herself from him and run away, her cloak of skins fell partly off, and the starry dress was displayed to view. The King then pulled the cloak wholly off, and down came her golden hair, and there she stood in all her beauty, and could no longer conceal herself.

As soon, then, as the soot and ashes were washed off her face, she stood up and appeared more beautiful than any one could conceive possible on earth. But the King said to her, "You are my dear bride, and we will never separate from each other." Thereupon was the wedding celebrated, and they lived happily to the end of their lives.

THE THREE FEATHERS

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three sons, two of whom were bold and decided, but the third was a simpleton, and, having nothing to say for himself, was called Dummling.

When the King became old and weak, and thought his end was approaching, he knew not which of his sons to appoint to succeed him. So he said to them, "Go out upon your travels, and whoever brings me back the finest carpet shall be King at my death." Then, to prevent them quarrelling, he led them out before his castle, and, blowing three feathers into the air, said, "As they fly, so shall you go."

One feather flew towards the east, another towards the west, but the third went in a straight direction, and so fell to the ground. So one brother went right, another left, laughing at poor Dummling, who had to remain where the third feather had fallen.

Dummling sat himself down, and was sad at heart; but presently he observed that near the feather was a trap-door. He raised it, and, finding steps, descended below the ground. He came to another door, and knocking, heard a voice singing :

Frog with the crooked leg,
Small and light green,
See who 'tis that knocks.
Be quick; let him in !

The door was opened, and going in, he saw a large Frog, and round her were squatted several smaller ones. The big one asked what he desired, and he replied, "I seek

the finest and most beautiful carpet." The big Frog then called a young one, and said, "Bring me hither the great box." So the young Frog fetched it; and the old one, opening it, took out and gave to Dummeling a carpet more beautiful than any one could make. Dummeling thanked her for the gift and came up the steps again.

His two brothers, meanwhile, thinking their youngest brother so simple, believed that he would not bring home anything at all, and said to each other, "Let us take the best shawl we can from the back of some shepherd's wife." So they stole the first they met with, and carried it to the King. At the same time Dummeling arrived, bringing his fine and beautiful carpet, and as soon as the King saw it he was astonished, and said, "By right this kingdom belongs to the youngest of you."

But the two others let the King have no peace, saying, "It is impossible that Dummeling should have the kingdom, for he lacks common understanding."

So the King then decreed that whoever brought him the most beautiful ring should be his heir; and, taking the three brothers out, he blew, as before, three feathers into the air, for them to follow. The two eldest went east and west, but Dummeling's feather flew again as far as the trap-door, and there settled down. He descended a second time to the fat old Frog, and told her he needed the most beautiful ring in the world. The Frog ordered her jewel-casket to be brought, and gave him out of it a ring which sparkled with diamonds, and was finer than any goldsmith in the world could have made.

The two eldest brothers gave themselves no further trouble than the beating of a nail, which they carried to the King. But, as soon as Dummeling displayed his gold ring, the father said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest brothers, however, would not let the King be at peace until he appointed a third condition, which was that whoever brought him the prettiest woman should have the kingdom. A third time he blew the feathers into the air, and they flew, as before, east and west, and one straight out.

Now Dummeling went again down to the fat Frog, and

said, "I have to take home the most beautiful bride I can find." "Ah," said the Frog, "the most beautiful bride! That is not easy for every one, but you shall have her;" and, so saying, she gave him a hollow carrot, to which six little mice were harnessed. Dummling asked sadly what he was to do with them, and the Frog told him to place in the carriage one of her little handmaids. He took up one Frog at random out of the circle, and placed her in the carrot; but no sooner was she seated than she became a beautiful maiden, and the carrot and the six mice were changed into a fine carriage and horses.

Dummling kissed the maiden, and drove away from the place to the King's palace. His brothers came afterwards, having given themselves no trouble to find a pretty girl, but taking the first peasants they met. When the King had seen them all, he said, "At my death the kingdom belongs to my youngest son."

But the two elder brothers again besieged the ears of the King with their cries, saying, "We cannot allow that Dummling should be king;" and they requested that there should be a trial of superiority, to see whose wife could best jump through a ring which hung in the hall; for they thought to themselves, "These peasant girls will be strong enough, but that tender thing will kill herself in the attempt."

At last the King consented. The two peasant girls sprang easily through the ring, but they were so plump that they fell down and broke their arms and legs. Then the beautiful bride of Dummling sprang through as lightly and gracefully as a fawn, and all opposition was put an end to. So Dummling, after all, received the crown, and ruled a long time happily and wisely.

THE ROGUE AND HIS MASTER

A CERTAIN man, named John, was desirous that his son should learn some trade, and he went into the church to ask the Priest's opinion what would be most desirable. Just then the Clerk was standing near the altar,

and he cried out, "The rogue! the rogue!" At these words the man went away, and told his son he must learn to be a rogue, for so the Priest had said. So they set out, and asked one man and another whether he was a rogue, till, at the end of the day, they entered a large forest, and there found a little hut with an old woman in it.

John asked the old woman, "Do you know any man who can teach roguery?" "Here," said the old woman, "here you may learn, for my son is a master of the art." Then John asked the son whether he could teach it perfectly; and the Rogue replied, "I will teach your son well. Return in four years, and if you know your son then I will not ask any recompense; but if you do not, then you must give me two hundred dollars."

John now went home, and left his son to learn roguery and witchcraft. When the time was up, the father set out to see his son, considering as he went along by what he should know him. On his way he met a little man, who stopped him, and asked, "Why are you grieving and looking so mournful?"

"Oh," replied John, "four years ago I left my son to learn roguery, and the master said, if I returned in that time and knew my son, I should have nothing to pay; but if I did not know him, I must give him two hundred dollars; and, since I have no means of recognising him, I am troubled where to procure the money."

Then the little man told him to take a basket of bread with him, and when he came to the Rogue's house to put the basket under a hollow tree which stood there, and the little Bird which should peep out would be his son.

John went and did as he was told, and out came a little Bird to peck at the bread. "Hollo, my son! Are you here?" said John. The son was very glad to hear his father's voice, and said, "Father, let us go!" But first the Rogue-master called out, "The Evil One must have told you where to find your son!"

So the father and son returned home, and on their way they met a coach, and the son said to his father, "I will change myself into a fine greyhound, and then you can earn some money by me."

The Lord who was riding in the coach called out, "Man, will you sell your dog?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"How much do you want for him?"

"Thirty dollars," was the reply.

"That is too much, my man," said the Lord, "but on account of his very beautiful skin, I will buy him of you."

The bargain concluded, the dog was put inside the coach, but when they had travelled a mile or two, the greyhound jumped right out through the glass, and rejoined his father.

After this adventure they went home together, and the following day they went to the next village to market. On their way the son said, "Father, I will change myself into a horse, and then you can sell me; but first untie my bridle, and then I can change myself into the form of a man."

The father drove his horse to market, and thither came the Rogue-master and bought him for a hundred dollars; but the father forgot to untie the bridle.

The Rogue rode his horse home, and put him in the stable, and, when the maid came with the corn, the Horse said to her, "Undo my bridle, undo my bridle!"

"Ah, can you speak?" said she, terrified, and untied the horse directly. The horse thereupon became a sparrow, and flew away out at the door, pursued by the Rogue, who changed himself also into a bird. When they came up with each other, the Rogue changed himself into water, and the other into a fish. But the Rogue could not catch him so, and he changed himself into a cock; but the other instantly became a fox, and bit his master's head off, so that he died.

And he lies there to this very day.

THE THREE GREEN TWIGS

ONCE upon a time there lived a Hermit at the foot of a mountain near the forest, who spent his time in prayer and good works, and each evening he carried up the hill a pail of water as an act of penitence.

Many a beast refreshed himself from this pail, and many a flower also was revived, for on the height blew continually a hot wind which dried the air and the earth. The wild fowls also, who avoided human beings, would circle down near the water and dip their long beaks into it. And because the Hermit was so pious, an unseen Angel always accompanied him up the hill, counting his steps, and bringing him, when the work was done, a meal, as was done to that Prophet who, at God's command, was fed by the ravens.

Thus the Hermit grew older and more pious every day, and once it happened that as he ascended the hill, he saw at a distance a poor sinner led to the gallows. As he looked he said, "Now is he judged rightly!" and as soon as he said so the Angel left him, and brought him no food that evening.

He grew frightened, and tried in his heart to think how he had offended God; but he could remember nothing. He ceased to eat or drink, and, throwing himself on the earth, prayed all day and night long. But once, as he was bitterly weeping in the forest, he heard a little Bird singing clearly and beautifully, and the sound so disturbed him that he exclaimed, "Alas! you sing merrily, because you are happy; but I would that you could tell me wherein I have offended God, that I might do penance and so my heart become glad again!"

Presently the Bird spoke, "You did wrong, because you condemned a poor criminal whom you saw led to the gallows, and therefore was God angry, because to Him alone belongs the right of judgment. Still, if you are penitent and confess your sins, God will yet pardon you."

At the moment the Bird finished speaking the Angel

stood once more beside the Hermit, and, giving a withered branch, said to him, "You shall carry this till Three Green Twigs spring from it; and at night when you sleep you must always place it beneath your head. Your bread you must beg from door to door, and you must not remain in any house more than one night. This is the penance which God imposes on you."

So the Hermit took the dry branch and went back to the world which he had not seen for so long. He ate and drank nothing but what was given to him at the door of charitable people; although at many houses his prayer was refused, and many a door was shut against him, and thus he often passed whole days without a crumb of bread.

One day he had thus passed—door after door was shut against him, and nobody would give him anything, or shelter him for the night; so he went into the wood and found a tumble-down cottage, in which an old Woman was sitting. He went in and said to her. "Pray shelter me this night my good woman." She replied, "No, I dare not, even if I would; I have three sons, wild and wicked, who, if they come home from their plundering and find you here, will kill us both." "Let me stop, nevertheless," entreated the Hermit; "they will do nothing to either you or me."

So the old Woman took compassion on him, and bade him sit down. He laid himself down in a corner, with the dry branch under his head, and when the old Woman observed this she inquired the reason, and he told her that he carried it as a penance, and was forced to use it every night for his pillow. "I have offended God," he said, "because, when I saw a poor criminal led to the gallows, I said that justice was done to him." The old Woman began to weep bitterly as he finished his tale, and exclaimed, "Alas! if God so punishes for a single word, how will He judge my sons when they appear before Him!"

At midnight the Robbers came home, shouting and laughing. They lighted a fire, and as the blaze lit up the cottage they saw the old Man lying in one corner. In a rage they started up and asked their Mother, "Who is

this man? Have we not forbidden you ever to allow any one to enter our house?"

"Let him be; he is only a poor sinner doing penance for his sins," pleaded the Mother.

"What has he done?" asked the Robbers; and, turning to the old Man, they said, "Tell us your crimes."

So the Hermit lifted himself up, and related how he had sinned by saying a few words, for which God was very angry with him, and had made him do penance. As he finished his tale the hearts of the Three Brothers were powerfully affected, and they were so frightened with the remembrance of their daily lives that they began to repent with heartfelt sorrow. Meanwhile the old Hermit, having thus turned the three sinners from their evil ways, lay down to sleep. In the morning he was found dead, and from the dry branch which formed his pillow Three Green Twigs had burst forth.

And by this it was known that God had fully pardoned him.

THE WREN AND THE BEAR

ONE summer's day the Bear and the Wolf were walking in the forest, and the Bear heard a bird singing very sweetly, and said, "Brother Wolf, what kind of bird is that which is singing so delightfully?"

"That is the King of the birds, before whom we must do reverence," replied the Wolf. But it was only the Wren.

"If that be so," said the Bear, "I should like to see his royal palace; come, lead me to it." "That cannot be as you like," replied the Wolf; "you must wait till the Queen returns." Soon afterwards the Queen arrived with some food in her bill, and the King too, to feed their young ones, and the Bear would have gone off to see them, but the Wolf, pulling his ear, said, "No, you must wait till the Queen and the King are both off again."

So, after observing well the situation of the nest, the

two tramped off, but the Bear had no rest, for he wished still to see the royal palace, and after a short delay he set off to it again. He found the King and Queen absent, and, peeping into the nest, he saw five or six young birds lying in it. "Is that the royal palace?" exclaimed the Bear. "That is a miserable palace! You are no King's children, but dishonourable young brats."

"No, no; that we are not!" burst out the little Wrens together in a great passion, for to them this speech was addressed. "No, no; we are born of honourable parents, and you, Mr. Bear, shall make your words good!" At this speech the Bear and the Wolf were much frightened, and ran back to their holes; but the little Wrens kept up an unceasing clamour till their parents' return. As soon as they came back with food in their mouths the little birds began, "We will none of us touch a fly's leg, but will starve rather, until you decide whether we are honourable children or not, for the Bear has been here and insulted us!"

"Be quiet," replied the King, "and that shall soon be settled;" and thereupon he flew with his Queen to the residence of the Bear, and called to him from the entrance, "Old Grumbler, why have you insulted my children? That shall cost you dear, for we will decide the matter by a pitched battle."

War having thus been declared against the Bear, all the four-footed beasts were summoned—the ox, the ass, the cow, the goat, the stag, and every animal on the face of the earth. The Wren, on the other hand, summoned every flying thing; not only the birds, great and small, but also the gnat, the hornet, the bee, and the flies.

When the time arrived for the commencement of the war, the Wren King sent out spies to see who was appointed commander-in-chief of the enemy. The Gnat was the most cunning of all the army, and he therefore buzzed away into the forest where the enemy was encamped, and alighted on a leaf of the tree beneath which the watchword was given out. There stood the Bear and called the Fox to him, and said, "You are the most crafty of animals, so you must be general, and lead us on." "Well," said the Fox, "but what sign shall we appoint?" Nobody knew.

Then the Fox said, "I have a fine long bushy tail, which looks like a red feather at a distance; if I hold this tail straight up, all is going well, and you must march after me; but if I suffer it to hang down, run away as fast as you can." As soon as the Gnat heard all this she flew home and told the Wren King everything to a hair.

When the day arrived for the battle to begin, the four-footed beasts all came running along to the field, shaking the earth with their roaring and bellowing. The Wren King also came with his army, whirring and buzzing and humming, enough to terrify any one out of his senses. Then the Wren King sent the Hornet forward to settle upon the Fox's tail and sting it with all his power. As soon as the Fox felt the first sting he drew up his hind leg with the pain, still carrying, however, his tail as high in the air as before; at the second sting he was obliged to drop it a little bit; but at the third he could no longer bear the pain, but was forced to drop his tail between his legs. As soon as the other Beasts saw this, they thought all was lost, and began to run each one to his own hole; so the Birds won the battle without difficulty.

When all was over the Wren King and his Queen flew home to their children, and cried out, "Rejoice! rejoice! we have won the battle. Now eat and drink as much as you please."

The young Wrens, however, said, "Still we will not eat till the Bear has come to our nest and begged pardon, and admitted that we are honourable children."

So the Wren King flew back to the cave of the Bear, and called out, "Old Grumbler, you must come to the nest and beg pardon of my children for calling them dishonourable, else your ribs shall be crushed in your body!"

In great terror the Bear crept out and begged pardon; and afterwards the young Wrens, being now made happy in their minds, settled down to eating and drinking; and I am afraid they made themselves ill, for they kept up their merriment till it was very late.

THE IRON STOVE

IN the days when wishing was having, a certain King's Son was enchanted by an old Witch, and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a wood! There he passed many years, for nobody could release him; till one day a Princess who had lost herself, and could not find her way back to her father's kingdom, came at last, after nine days' wandering, to the spot where the iron stove stood. As she approached it, she heard a voice say, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" "I have lost the road to my father's kingdom, and am unable to find my home!" she replied. "I will help you, and that in a short time," said the voice from the iron stove, "if you will consent to what I desire. I am the child of a far greater King than your father, and am willing to marry you."

The Princess was frightened at this proposal, and exclaimed, "What can I do with an iron stove?" but, nevertheless, as she was anxious to get home, she consented to what he should wish. Then the Prince told her that she must return after she had been home, and bring with her a knife to cut a hole in the stove; and then he gave her such minute directions as to her road, that in two hours she reached her father's palace. There was great joy there when the Princess returned, and the old King fell on her neck and kissed her; but she was sore troubled, and said, "Alas! my dear father, how things have happened! I should never have reached home out of the great wild wood, had it not been for an iron stove, to which I have therefore promised to return to save it and marry it."

The King was so frightened when he heard this, that he fell into a swoon; for she was his only daughter. When he recovered, they resolved that the miller's daughter, a very pretty girl, should take her place; and so she was led to the spot, furnished with a knife, and told to scrape a hole in the iron stove. For four-and-twenty hours she scraped and

scraped; but without making the least bit of a hole; and when day broke, the voice out of the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight." "Yes," replied the girl, "it seems so to me too, and methinks I hear the clapping of my father's mill." "Oh then, you are the miller's daughter," said the voice again; "well, you may go home, and send the Princess to me."

The girl therefore returned, and told the King the stove would not have her, but his daughter, which frightened the King again, and made the Princess weep. But the King had also in his service a swine-herd's daughter, prettier still than the miller's, to whom he offered a piece of gold if she would go instead of the Princess to the iron stove. Thereupon, this girl went away, and scraped for four-and-twenty hours on the iron without producing any impression; and when day broke, a voice out of the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight." "Yes, it is so," said the girl; "for I hear my father's horn."

"You are then the swine-herd's daughter," said the voice. "Go straight back, and tell the Princess who sent you, that it must be as I said; and therefore, if she does not come to me, everything in the old kingdom shall fall to pieces, and not one stone be left upon another anywhere."

As soon as the Princess heard this, she began to cry; but it was of no use, for her promise must be kept. So she took leave of her father; and carrying a knife with her, set out towards the iron stove in the wood. As soon as she reached it she began to scrape the iron; and before two hours had passed, she had already made a small hole. Through this she peeped, and beheld inside the stove a handsome Prince, whose dress all glittered with gold and precious stones; and she immediately fell in love with him. So she scraped away faster than before, and soon had made a hole so large that the Prince could get out. "You are mine, and I am thine," he said, as soon as he stood on the earth; "you are my bride, because you have saved me." Then he wanted to take her at once to his father's kingdom; but she begged that she might once more go back to her father, to take leave of him.

The Prince agreed to this; but said she must not speak more than three words, and immediately return. Thereupon the Princess went home; but, alas! she said many more than three words; and the iron stove consequently disappeared, and was carried far away over many icy mountains and snowy valleys—but without the Prince, who was saved, and no longer shut up in his former prison. By and by the Princess took leave of her father; and taking some gold with her, but not much, she went back into the wood and sought for the iron stove, but could find it nowhere. For nine days she searched; and then her hunger became so great that she knew not how to help herself, and thought she must perish. When evening came she climbed up a little tree, for she feared the wild beasts which night would bring forth; and just as midnight approached she saw a little light at a distance. "Ah, there I may find help," thought she; and getting down, she went towards the light, saying a prayer as she walked along. Soon she came to a little hut, around which much grass grew, and before the door stood a heap of wood. "Ah, how came you here?" thought she to herself, as she peeped through the window and saw nothing but fat little toads; and a table, already covered with meat and wine, and plates and dishes made of silver. She took courage and knocked; and immediately a Toad exclaimed:

"Little Toad, with crooked leg;
Open quick the door, I beg.
And see who stands without!"

As soon as these words were spoken, a little Toad came running up and opened the door, and the Princess walked in. They all bade her welcome, and told her to sit down; and then asked her whence she came, and whither she was going. She told the Toads all that had happened, and how, because she had overstepped the mark in speaking more than three words, the stove had disappeared as well as the Prince; and now she was about to search over hill and valley till she found him. When she had told her tale, the old Toad cried out:

“ Little Toad, with crooked leg;
Quickly fetch for me, I beg,
The basket hanging on the peg.”

So the little Toad went and brought the basket to the old one, who laid it down, and caused meat and drink to be given to the Princess; and, after that, showed her a beautiful neat bed, made of silk and velvet, in which, under God's protection, she slept soundly. As soon as day broke, the Princess arose; and the old Toad gave her three needles out of the bag, to take with her, for they would be of use, since she would have to pass over a mountain of glass, three sharp swords, and a big lake before she would regain her lover. The old Toad gave her, besides the three needles, a ploughwheel and three nuts; and with these the Princess set out on her way; and by and by approached the glass mountain, which was so smooth that she used the three needles as steps for her feet, and so reached the top. When she came to the other side, she placed the three needles in a secure place; and soon coming to the three swords, she rolled over them by means of her ploughwheel. At last she came to the great lake; and when she had passed that, she found herself near a fine large castle. Into this she entered, and offered herself as a servant, saying she was a poor girl; but had, a little while back, rescued a King's son out of an iron stove which stood in the forest. After some delay she was hired as a Kitchen-maid, at a very small wage; and soon found out that the Prince had an intention to marry another lady, because he supposed his former favourite was long since dead. One evening, when she had washed and made herself neat, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts which the old Toad had given her. One of them she cracked, and instead of a kernel found a fine royal dress, which, when the Bride heard of, she said she must have, for it was no dress for a servant-maid. But the Princess said she would not sell it, but on one condition, which was, that she should be allowed to pass a night by the chamber of the Prince. This request was granted, because the Bride was so anxious to have the dress, since she had none like it; and when evening came

she told her lover that the silly girl wanted to pass the night near his room. "If you are contented, so am I," he replied; but she gave him a glass of wine, in which she put a sleeping-draught. In consequence, he slept so soundly that the poor Princess could not awake him, although she cried the whole night and kept repeating, "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and travelled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!" The servants, however, who slept in the ante-room, heard the complaint, and told the King of it the following morning. That evening, after the Princess had washed and cleaned herself, she cracked open the second nut and found in it a still more beautiful dress than the former; so that the Bride declared she must have it. But it was not to be purchased except on the same condition as the first; and the Prince allowed her to sleep where she had before. The Bride, however, gave the Prince another sleeping-draught; and he slept too soundly to hear the poor Princess complaining and crying as before, "I saved you in the wild forest, and rescued you out of the iron stove; I have sought you, and travelled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!" The servants, however, in the ante-room, heard the crying again, and told the Prince of it the next morning.

On the same evening, the poor Kitchen-maid broke her third nut; and produced a dress starred with gold, which the Bride declared she must have at any price; and the maid petitioned for the same privilege as before. But the Prince poured out this time the sleeping-draught; and therefore, when the Princess began to cry, "Alas! my dear treasure, have you forgotten how I saved you in the great wild wood, and rescued you out of the iron stove?" the Prince heard her, and jumping up, exclaimed, "You are right; I am thine, and you are mine." Thereupon while the night lasted, he got into a carriage with the Princess; first taking away the clothes of the false Bride, that she might not follow them. When they came to the lake, they

rowed over very quickly, and passed the three sharp swords again by means of the ploughwheel. Soon they crossed the glass mountain by the aid of the three needles; and arrived at last at the little old house, which, as soon as they entered, was changed into a noble castle. At the same moment all the Toads were disenchanted, and returned to their natural positions; for they were the sons of the King of the country. So the wedding was performed, and the Prince and Princess remained in the castle; for it was much larger than that of her father. However, because the old King grieved at his daughter's continual absence, they went and lived with him, and joined the government of the two kingdoms in one; and so for many years they reigned in happiness and prosperity.

HERR KORBES

THERE once lived a Cock and a Hen, who agreed to set out on their travels together. The Cock, therefore, bought a smart carriage, which had four red wheels, and to which he harnessed four little Mice; and then the Hen got inside along with him, and they set off together.

They had not gone far when they met a Cat, who asked them where they were going. The Cock answered, "To Herr Korbes." "Will you take me with you?" said the Cat. "Oh, yes, willingly; but get up behind, for you might fall out in front, and take care that you do not dirty my red wheels," replied the Cock; and then he cried, "Now, turn away, little Wheels, and hurry on, little Mice, or we shall be too late to find Herr Korbes at home."

On the road there afterwards came a Grindstone, a Pin, an Egg, a Duck, and, last of all, a Needle, and every one mounted into the carriage and went on with it. When they arrived at the house, Herr Korbes was not at home, so the Mice drew the carriage into the barn, the Cock and Hen flew on to a perch, the Cat seated herself on the hearth, the Duck perched on a water-butt, the Egg wrapped itself up in the towel, the Pin hid itself in the cushion of a chair,

the Needle jumped on to the bed and buried itself in the pillow, and the Grindstone placed itself just over the door.

Soon afterwards Herr Korbes returned, and going to the hearth, poked the fire; then the Cat threw the ashes in his face. He ran into the kitchen to wash himself, and the Duck spurted the water in his eyes; so he took up the towel to wipe them, and the Egg broke and ran about over his chin.

All these mishaps made him feel tired, and he dropped into a chair to rest himself; but the Pin was there before him, and made him jump up in a rage and throw himself on the bed; where the Needle in the pillow pricked him so that he shouted with pain, and ran in terrible wrath out of the room. Just as he got to the door, the Stone fell down on his head and knocked him down on the spot.

So we conclude that this Herr Korbes must have been a very bad man.

THE SEVEN CROWS

THERE was a man who had seven sons, but never a daughter, although he wished very much for one; but at last a daughter was born. Their happiness was great; but the child was so weak and small that, on account of its delicate health, it had to be baptized immediately.

The father sent one of his sons hastily to a spring in order to fetch some water, but the other six would run as well; and as each strove to be first to fill the pitcher, between them all it fell into the water. They stood by, not knowing what to do, and none of them dared to go home. As they did not come back, the father became impatient, saying, "They have forgotten all about it in a game of play, the good-for-nothing youths." Soon he became anxious lest the child should die unbaptized, and in his haste he exclaimed, "I would they were all changed into crows!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he heard a whirring over his head, and looking up he saw seven coal-black crows flying over the house.

The parents could not recall their curse, and grieved very much for their lost sons; but they comforted themselves in some measure with their dear daughter, who soon grew strong, and became more and more beautiful every day. For a long time she did not know she had any brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them; but one day she overheard some people talking about her, and saying, "She is certainly very beautiful; but still the guilt of her seven brothers rests on her head."

This made her very sad, and she went to her parents and asked whether she had any brothers, and whither they were gone. The old people durst no longer keep their secret, but said it was the decree of heaven, and her birth had been the unhappy cause. Now the maiden daily accused herself, and thought how she could deliver her brothers. She had neither rest nor quiet, until she at last set out secretly and journeyed into the wide world to seek out her brothers, and to free them wherever they were, cost what it might. She took nothing with her but a ring of her parents' for a remembrance, a loaf of bread for hunger's sake, a bottle of water for thirst's sake, and a little stool for weariness.

Now on and on went the maiden, farther and farther, even to the world's end. Then she came to the Sun; but he was too hot and fearful, and burned up little children. So she ran hastily away to the Moon; but she was too cold, and even wicked-looking, and said, "I smell—I smell man's flesh!" So she ran away quickly, and went to the Stars, who were friendly and kind to her, each one sitting upon his own little seat. But the Morning-star was standing up, and gave her a crooked bone, saying, "If you have not this bone you cannot unlock the glass castle, where your brothers are."

The maiden took the bone, and wrapped it well up in a handkerchief, and then on she went again till she came at last to the glass castle. The door was closed, and she looked therefore for the little bone; but when she unwrapped her handkerchief it was empty—she had lost the present of the good Star. What was she to do now? She wished to save her brothers, and she had no key to the glass



castle. The good little sister bent her little finger, and put it in the door, and, luckily, it unlocked it. As soon as she entered, a little Dwarf came towards her, who said, "My child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my brothers, the seven crows," she replied.

The Dwarf answered, "My lord crows are not at home; but if you wish to wait their return, come in and sit down."

Thereupon the little Dwarf carried in the food of the seven crows upon seven dishes and in seven cups, and the maiden ate a little piece off each dish, and drank a little out of every cup; but in the last cup she dropped the ring which she had brought with her.

All at once she heard a whirring and cawing in the air, and the Dwarf said, "My crows are now flying home."

Presently they came in and prepared to eat and drink, each seeking his own dish and cup. Then one said to the other, "Who has been eating off my dish? Who has been drinking out of my cup? There has been a human mouth here!"

When the seventh came to the bottom of his cup, the little ring rolled out. He looked at it, and recognised it as a ring of his parents, and said, "God grant that our sister be here! then are we saved."

As the maiden, who had stood behind the door watching, heard these words, she came forward, and immediately all the crows received again their human forms, and embraced and kissed their sister; and then they all went joyfully home together.

STRONG HANS

THERE was once upon a time a man and his wife who had but one child, and they lived in a solitary valley all alone. Once it happened that the woman went into the forest to collect firewood, and took with her the little Hans, who was just turned two years of age. It was the beginning of spring, and the child took great delight in the various flowers which were then blooming; and, running from one

to another, Hans and his mother strayed far into the forest.

Suddenly two robbers jumped up out of a thicket, and, seizing the mother and child, carried them deep into the black wood, where from year to year nobody ever penetrated. The poor woman begged the robbers earnestly to let her and her child go home; but their hearts were of stone, and they paid no attention to her weeping and prayers, but only used force to drive her on farther. After they had thus travelled over two miles, through thorns and bushes, they came to a rock in which was a door, whereat the robbers knocked, and immediately it opened of itself.

Then they had to pass through a long gloomy passage, and came at length to a great cave, lighted by a fire which was burning on the hearth. On the wall were hanging swords, sabres, and other weapons, which shone in the light; and in the middle of the cave was a black table, at which the robbers sat down to play, and at the head sat the Captain. The latter, as soon as he saw the woman enter came up to her and said that if she were quiet and not passionate they would do her no harm, but she would have to take care of their household; and if she kept everything in good order she would be well treated. So saying, he gave her something to eat, and showed her the bed where she was to sleep with her child.

The woman remained many years with these robbers, and Hans grew big and strong. His mother told him tales and taught him to read from an old book of chivalry, which she found in the cave. When Hans was nine years old, he made himself a staff out of the branch of a fir-tree, and hiding it behind the bed, he went and said to his mother, "Dear mother, do tell me who my father is; I must and will know." But his mother was silent, and would not tell him lest he should become homesick; besides, she knew the wicked robbers would not have allowed Hans to escape; nevertheless, it would have broken her heart had she thought Hans would never see his father again.

That night, when the robbers returned from their day's plundering, Hans fetched out his cudgel, and placing himself before the Captain, said to him, "I must know now who is my father, and if you will not tell me I will knock

you down!" But the Captain only laughed at him, and gave him a box on the ears, so that he rolled under the table. Hans soon got up, but held his tongue, thinking, "I will wait a year longer, and then try; perhaps I shall manage better."

So when the year was up, he fetched his cudgel again, sharpened its point, and congratulated himself that it was a trusty and strong weapon. At night the robbers returned, and began to drink wine, one bottle after another, till their heads dropped on the table. Then Hans took his cudgel, and stationing himself before the Captain, asked him again, "Who is my father?" The Captain dealt him a box on the ear by way of answer, which knocked him under the table; but Hans was soon up again, and beat the Captain and his comrades so forcibly about the legs and arms that they could not stir.

The mother meanwhile remained in a corner, astonished at her son's bravery and strength; but as soon as he had finished his work he came to her and said, "You see now that I am in earnest, so tell me who is my father?" "Dear Hans," she replied, "let us go and seek till we find him."

So saying, she robbed the Captain of the key of the outer door, and Hans, fetching a large meal-sack, crammed it full of gold, silver, and all the valuables he could find, and then threw it over his back. They left the cave; but imagine what was the astonishment of Hans, when he emerged from darkness into the light of day, and saw the green trees, the flowers, the birds, and the morning sun shining over all in the clear sky! He stood still and gazed all around him, quite bewildered, till his mother began to look for the road to her home, where they happily arrived, after two hours' walking, and found it still in the solitary valley.

At the door sat the father, who wept for joy when he recognised his wife, and heard that Hans was his son, whom he had long ago believed to be dead. But Hans, although only twelve years of age, was already a head taller than his father; and they all went together into the house, where Hans put down his sack upon the chimney-corner. As soon as he did so, the house began to crack;

and presently the chimney-seat gave way, and then the floor, so that the heavy sack fell quite down into the cellar. "Heaven protect us!" exclaimed the father. "What is that? Why, you have broken our house down!"

"Pray don't let your gray hairs grow on that account, my dear father," replied Hans; "there is in that sack much more than will build a house!"

So, soon after, the father and son began to erect a new cottage, and to buy cattle and land, and go to market. Hans ploughed their fields; and when he went behind the plough and pushed it through the soil, the oxen had no need to draw at all. The following spring, Hans said, "Father, bestow some money on me, and let me make an exceedingly heavy walking-stick, that I may go into strange lands." When this staff was ready, Hans left his father's house, and walked off, till he came to a large dense forest.

There he heard something crackling and crashing, and, looking around, saw a fir-tree, which was coiled round from top to bottom like a rope. And, as he lifted his eyes, he perceived a great fellow who had caught hold of the tree, and was twisting it round like a reed. "Hollo!" cried Hans, "what are you doing there?" "I have plucked up two fir-stems," replied the fellow, "and am about to make a rope of them for my own use." "He has got some strength," thought Hans to himself; "I might find him useful." And then he called out, "Let them be and come with me."

Thereupon the fellow descended the tree, and walked with Hans, than whom he was a head taller, though Hans was by no means little. "You shall be called 'Fir-Twister,'" said Hans to him. As they walked on, they heard somebody knocking and hammering so hard that at every blow the ground shook; and presently they came to a great rock, before which a giant was standing, knocking off great pieces with his fist.

When Hans asked him what he was about, he replied, "When I want to go to sleep at night, there come bears, and wolves, and all creatures of that kind, who snuff and prowl around me and prevent me from sleeping, so now I want to build myself a house to rest in."

"Ah, very well, I can use you too," thought Hans; and said to the giant, "Come with me, leave your house-building, and you shall be called 'Rock-Splitter.'"

The man consented, and the three strode along through the forest, and wherever they came the wild beasts fled away from them, terrified. At evening time they came to an old deserted castle, into which they stepped, and lay down to sleep in the hall. The following morning Hans went into the garden, and found it quite a wilderness, and full of thorns and weeds. As he walked about, a wild boar suddenly sprang out at him, but he gave it such a blow with his staff that it fell down at his feet dead; so he threw it over his shoulder, and, taking it home, put it on a spit to roast, and chuckled over the treat it would be.

Afterwards, the three agreed that every day they should take it by turns—two to go out and hunt, and the third to remain at home and cook for each nine pounds of meat. The first day the Fir-Twister remained at home; and Hans and the Rock-Splitter went out hunting. While the Fir-Twister was busy at home with his cooking, there came to the castle gate a shrivelled-up little old man, who asked for meat.

"Take yourself off, you sneak!" replied the cook; "you want no meat!" But scarcely had he said these words than, to his great surprise, the little insignificant old man sprang upon him and thrashed him so with his fists, that he could not protect himself from the blows, but was at last forced to drop down, gasping for breath. The little man did not leave till he had fully wreaked his vengeance; but when the other two returned from hunting, the Fir-Twister said nothing to them of the old man or his blows, for he thought, when they remained at home, they might as well have a trial with the fellow and the bare thought of it pleased him very much.

The following day, accordingly, the Rock-Splitter stopped at home, and it happened to him just as it had done to the Fir-Twister; the old man beat him unmercifully because he would give him no meat. When the others came home at evening, the Fir-Twister perceived at once

what had happened; but both held their tongues, thinking that Hans should also taste of the supper.

Hans, whose turn it now was to stay at home, did his work in the kitchen as he thought fit, and, just as he was about to polish the kettle, the little man came and demanded, without ceremony, a piece of meat. "This is a poor fellow," thought Hans; "I will give him some of my share, that the others may not come short;" and he handed him a piece of meat. The Dwarf soon devoured it, and demanded another piece, which the good-natured Hans gave him, and said it was such a fine piece he ought to be contented with it. But the Dwarf asked a third time for more meat. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Hans, and gave him nothing. Thereupon the ill-tempered Dwarf tried to spring on him, and serve him as he had done the Fir-Twister and the Rock-Splitter; but he had come at an unlucky moment, and Hans gave him a couple of blows which made the Dwarf jump down the castle steps.

Hans would then have pursued him, but he was so tall that he actually fell over him, and when he got up again the Dwarf was off. Hans hurried after him into the forest, and saw him slip into a rocky hole; after which he returned home, first marking the place. But the two others, when they came back, wondered to see Hans so merry, and when he told them all that had passed in their absence, they also concealed no longer the tale of their adventures. Hans laughed at them, and said, "You were served quite right, you should not have been so grudging with your meat; but it is a shame that two such big fellows as you should have allowed yourselves to be beaten by a Dwarf."

After their dinner they took a basket and some cord, and all three went to the rocky hole, into which the Dwarf had crept, and let Hans down in the basket, staff in hand. As soon as he came to the bottom he found a door, on opening which he saw a Maiden more beautiful than I can describe, and near her sat the Dwarf, who grinned at Hans like a sea-cat. But the maiden was bound by chains, and looked so sadly at Hans that he felt a great compassion for her, and thought to himself, "You must be delivered from

the power of this wicked Dwarf; " and he gave the fellow a blow with his staff, which killed him outright.

Immediately the chains fell off the Maiden, and Hans was enchanted with her beauty. She told him she was a Princess, whom a rebellious Count had stolen away from her home, and concealed in a cave, because she would not listen to his offers of marriage. The Dwarf had been placed there by the Count as watchman, and he had caused her daily vexation and trouble. Thereupon Hans placed the Maiden in the basket, and caused her to be drawn up; but when the basket came down again Hans would not trust his two companions, for he thought they had already shown themselves false in not telling about the Dwarf before, and nobody could tell what design they might have now. So he laid his staff in the basket, and it was very lucky he did so, for as soon as the basket was half-way up, the two men let it fall again, and Hans, had he been really in it, would have met with his death.

But Hans now did not know how he should make his way out of the cave, and although he considered for a long while, he could come to no decision. While he walked up and down he came again to the chamber where the Maiden had been sitting, and saw that the Dwarf had a ring on his finger which shone and glittered. This he pulled off and put on, and as soon as it pressed his finger, he heard suddenly some rustling over his head. He looked up, and saw two Spirits fluttering about in the air, who said he was their master, and they asked his wishes. Hans at first was quite astonished, but at last he said he wished to be borne up on the earth. In a moment they obeyed, and he seemed as if he was flying up; but when they set him down on the ground he saw nobody standing about, and when he went into the castle he could find nobody there either.

The Fir-Twister and the Rock-Splitter had made their escape, and carried away with them the beautiful Maiden. Hans, however, pressed the ring, and the Spirits came at once, and said the two false comrades were gone off to sea. Hans thereupon hastened as fast as he could to the sea-shore, and there he perceived far out at sea the ship in which his perfidious friends had embarked. In his passion-

ate haste he actually jumped into the sea, staff in hand, and began to swim; but the tremendous weight of his staff prevented him from keeping his head up.


He was just beginning to sink when he bethought himself of his ring, and immediately the Spirits appeared, and carried him on board the ship with the speed of lightning. As soon as he was safely set down, Hans swung his staff round, and gave the wicked traitors their well-merited reward; after which he threw them into the sea! Then he steered the vessel home to the father and mother of the Princess, who had been in the greatest terror while in the hands of the two giants, and from whom he had happily saved her for the second time. Soon afterwards Hans married the Princess, and their wedding was the occasion of the most splendid rejoicings.

THE TABLE, THE ASS, AND THE STICK

A LONG while ago there lived a Tailor who had three sons, but only a single Goat, which, as it had to furnish milk for all, was obliged to have good fodder every day, and to be led into the meadow for it. This the sons had to do by turns; and one morning the eldest took the Goat into the churchyard, where grew the finest herbs, which he let it eat, and then it frisked about undisturbed till the evening, when it was time to return; and then he asked, "Goat, are you satisfied?" The Goat replied:

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and, catching hold of the rope, he led it to the stall and made it fast. "Now," said the old Tailor, "has the Goat had its proper food?" "Yes," replied the son, "it has eaten all it can." The father, however, would see for himself; and so, going into the stall, he stroked the Goat, and asked it whether it was satisfied. The Goat replied:



"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the graves,
And found not a single leaf."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the Tailor; and ran up to his son, and said, "Oh, you bad boy, you said the Goat was satisfied, and then brought it away hungry!" and, taking the yard-measure down from the wall, he hunted his son out of the house in a rage.

The following morning was the second son's turn, and he picked out a place in the garden hedge where some fine herbs grew, which the Goat ate up entirely. When, in the evening, he wanted to return, he asked the Goat first whether it were satisfied, and it replied as before :

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth and drove it to its stall, and tied it fast. Soon after the old Tailor asked, "Has the Goat had its usual food?" "Oh, yes!" answered his son; "it ate up all the leaves." But the Tailor would see for himself; and so he went into the stall, and asked the Goat whether it had had enough.

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the hedge,
And found not a single leaf,"

replied the animal.

"The wicked scamp!" exclaimed the Tailor, "to let such a capital animal starve!" and, running indoors, he drove his second son out of the house with his yard-measure.

It was now the third son's turn, and he, willing to make a good beginning, sought some bushes full of beautifully tender leaves, of which he let the Goat partake plentifully; and at evening time, when he wished to go home, he asked the Goat the same question as the others had done, and received the same answer :

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So then he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; and presently the old man came and asked whether the Goat had had its regular food, and the youth replied, "Yes," But he would go and see for himself; and then the wicked beast told him as it had done before :

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the bush,
And found not a single leaf."

"Oh, the scoundrel !" exclaimed the Tailor in a rage; "he is just as careless and forgetful as the others; he shall no longer eat my bread;" and rushing into the house, he dealt his youngest son such tremendous blows with the yard-measure that the boy ran quite away.

The old Tailor was now left alone with his Goat, and the following morning he went to the stall, and fondled the animal, saying, "Come, my dear little creature, I will lead you myself into the meadow;" and, taking the rope, he brought it to some green lettuces, and let it feed to its heart's content. When evening arrived he asked it, as his sons had done before, whether it were satisfied, and it replied :

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; but, before he left it, he turned round and asked once more, "Are you quite satisfied?" The malicious brute answered in the same manner as before:

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the green,
And found not a single leaf."

As soon as the Tailor heard this he was thunder-struck,

and perceived directly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. "Stop a bit, you ungrateful beast!" he exclaimed. "To drive you away will be too little punishment; I will mark you so that you shall no more dare to show yourself among honourable tailors." So saying, he sprang up with great speed, and fetching a razor, shaved the Goat's head as bare as the palm of his hand; and because the yard-measure was too honourable for such service, he laid hold of a whip, and gave the animal such hearty cuts with it that it ran off as fast as possible.

When the old man sat down again in his house he fell into great grief, and would have been only too happy to have had his three sons back; but no one knew whither they had wandered.

The eldest, however, had gone apprentice to a joiner, with whom he worked industriously and cheerfully; and when his time was out his master presented him with a table, which had certainly a very ordinary appearance, and was made of common wood; but it had one excellent quality. If its owner placed it before him, and said, "Table, cover thyself," the good table was at once covered with a fine cloth; and plates, and knives and forks, and dishes of roast and baked meat took their places on it, and a great glass filled with red wine, which gladdened one's heart.

Our young fellow thought, "Herewith you have enough for your lifetime," and went, full of glee, about the world, never troubling himself whether the inn were good or bad, or whether it contained anything or nothing. Whenever he pleased he went to no inn at all, but in the field or wood, or any meadow; in fact, just where he liked to take the table off his back, and set it before him, saying, "Table, cover thyself," he had all he could desire to eat and drink.

At last it came into his head that he would return to his father, whose anger, he thought, would be abated by time, and with whom he might live very comfortably with his excellent table. It fell out that, on his journey home, he one evening arrived at an inn which was full of people, who made him welcome, and invited him to come in and eat with them, or he would get nothing at all.

But our Joiner replied, "No; I will not take a couple of bites with you; you must rather be my guests." At this the others laughed, and thought he was making game of them; but he placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, cover thyself;" and in the twinkling of an eye it was set out with meats as good as any that the host could have furnished, and the smell of which mounted very savoury into the noses of the guests. "Be welcome, good friends," said the Joiner; and the guests, when they saw he was in earnest, waited not to be asked twice, but, quickly seating themselves, set to valiantly with their knives.

What made them most wonder, however, was that when any dish became empty, another full one instantly took its place; and the landlord, who stood in a corner looking on, thought to himself, "You could make good use of such a cook as that in your trade;" but he said nothing.

The Joiner and his companions sat making merry till late at night; but at last they went to bed, and the Joiner too, who placed his wishing-table against the wall before going to sleep. The landlord, however, could not get to sleep, for his thoughts troubled him, and, suddenly remembering that there stood in his lumber-room an old table which was useless, he went and fetched it, and put it in the place of the wishing-table. The next morning the Joiner counted out his lodging-money, and placed the table on his back, ignorant that it had been changed, and went his way. At noon-day he reached his father's house, and was received with great joy.

"Now, my dear son," said the old man, "what have you learned?"

"I have become a joiner, father."

"A capital trade, too. But what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I have brought," said the youth, "is this table."

The father looked at it on every side, and said, "You have made a very bad hand of that; it is an old, worthless table."

"But," interrupted the son, "it is one which covers

itself; and when I place it before me and say, 'Table, cover thyself,' it is instantly filled with the most savoury meats and wine, which will make your heart sing. Just invite your friends and acquaintances, and you shall soon see how they will be refreshed and revived."

As soon, then, as the company was arrived, he placed his table in the middle of the room, and called out to it to cover itself. But the table did not stir, and remained as any other table which does not understand what is spoken; and the poor Joiner at once perceived that the table was changed, and he was ashamed to appear thus like an imposter before the guests, who laughed at him, and were obliged to go home without eating or drinking. So the father took up his mending again, and stitched away as fast as ever, and the son was obliged to go and work for a master carpenter.

Meanwhile the second son had been living with a miller, and learning his trade, and as soon as his time was up his master said to him, "Because you have served me so well, I present you with this ass, which has a wonderful gift, although it can neither draw a wagon nor carry a sack." "For what, then, is it useful?" asked the youth. "It speaks gold," replied the miller. "If you tie a pocket under his chin, and cry 'Bricklebrit,' then the good beast will pour out gold coin like hail." "That is a very fine thing," thought the youth; and, thanking his master, he went off upon his journey.

Now, whenever he needed money, he had only to say to his ass, "Bricklebrit," and it rained down gold pieces, so that he had no other trouble than to pick them up again from the ground. Wherever he went, the best only was good enough for him, and the dearer it was the better, for he had always a full purse.

When he had looked about him for some time in the world, he thought he would go and visit his father, whose anger he supposed had abated, and, moreover, since he brought with him an ass of gold, he would no doubt receive him gladly. It so happened that he came to the very same inn where his brother's table had been changed, and as he came up, leading his ass by the hand, the landlord

would have taken it and tied it up, but our young master said to him, "You need not trouble yourself; I will lead my gray beast myself into the stable and tie him, for I must know where he stands."

The landlord wondered at this, and he thought that one who looked after his own beast would not spend much; but presently our friend, dipping into his pocket and taking out two pieces of gold, gave them to him, and bade him fetch the best he could. This made the landlord open his eyes, and he ran and fetched, in a great hurry, the best he could get. When he had finished his meal, the youth asked what further he was indebted, and the landlord, having no mind to spare him, said that a couple of gold pieces more was due. The youth felt in his pocket, but his money was just at an end; so he exclaimed, "Wait a bit, my landlord; I will go and fetch some gold," and, taking the table-cloth with him, he went out.

The landlord knew not what to think; but, being covetous, he slunk out after the youth, and, as he bolted the stable-door, the landlord peeped through a hole in the wall. The youth spread the cloth beneath the ass, and then called out, "Bricklebrit," and in a moment the beast began to speak out gold, as if rain were falling. "By the powers!" exclaimed the landlord, "ducats are soon coined so: that is not a bad sort of purse!"

The youth now paid his bill and lay down to sleep, but in the middle of the night the landlord slipped into the stable and led away the mint-master, and tied up a different ass in his place.

In the morning early the youth drove away with the ass, thinking it was his own, and at noon-day he arrived at his father's, who was very glad to see him return, and received him kindly.

"What trade have you become?" asked the father. "A miller," was the reply. "And what have you brought home with you from your wanderings?" "Nothing but an ass." "Oh, there are plenty of that sort here now; it had far better been a goat," said the old man. "Yes," replied the son, "but this is no common animal, but one which, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' speaks gold right and

left. Just call your friends here, and I will make them all rich in a twinkling." "Well," exclaimed the Tailor, "that would please me very well, and so I need not use my needle any more;" and running out, he called together all his acquaintances.

As soon as they were assembled, the young Miller bade them make a circle, and, spreading out a cloth, he brought the ass into the middle of the room. "Now, pay attention," said he to them, and called out "Bricklebrit!" but not a single gold piece fell, and it soon appeared that the ass understood not coining, for it is not every one that can be so taught.

The poor young man began to make a long face when he saw that he had been deceived; and he was obliged to beg pardon of the guests, who were forced to return as poor as they came. So it happened that the old man had to take to his needle again, and the youth to bind himself to another master.

Meanwhile the third brother had gone to a turner to learn his trade; but he got on very slowly, as it was a very difficult art to acquire. And while he was there his brothers sent him word how badly things had gone with them, and how the landlord had robbed them of their wishing-gifts on their return home. When the time came round that he had learned everything, and wished to leave, his master presented him with a sack, saying, "In it there lies a stick."

"I will take the sack readily, for it may do me good service," replied the youth. "But what is the stick for? It only makes the sack heavier to carry."

"That I will tell you. If any one does you an injury, you have only to say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' and instantly the stick will spring out, and dance about on the people's backs in such style that they will not be able to stir a finger for a week afterwards; and, moreover, it will not leave off till you say, 'Stick, get back into the sack.'"

The youth thanked him, and hung the sack over his shoulders; and when any one came too near, and wished to meddle with him, he said, 'Stick, come out of the sack,' and immediately it sprang out and began laying about it;

and when he called it back, it disappeared so quickly that no one could tell where it came from.

One evening he arrived at the inn where his brothers had been basely robbed, and, laying his knapsack on the table, he began to talk of all the wonderful things he had seen in the world. "Yes," said he, "one may find, indeed, a table which supplies itself, and a golden ass, and such-like things—all very good in their place, and I do not despise them; but they shrink into nothing beside the treasure which I carry with me in this sack."

The landlord pricked up his ears, saying, "What on earth can it be?" but he thought to himself, "The sack is certainly full of precious stones, and I must manage to get hold of them; for all good things come in threes."

As soon as it was bedtime our youth stretched himself upon a bench, and laid his sack down for a pillow; and when he appeared to be in a deep sleep, the landlord crept softly to him and began to pull very gently and cautiously at the sack, to see if he could manage to draw it away, and put another in its place. The young Turner, however, had been waiting for him to do this, and just as the man gave a good pull, he exclaimed, "Stick, out of the sack with you!" Immediately out it jumped, and thumped about on the landlord's back and ribs with a good will.

The landlord began to cry for mercy; but the louder he cried the more forcibly did the stick beat time on his back, until at last he fell exhausted to the ground.

Then the Turner said, "If you do not give up the table which feeds itself, and the golden ass, that dance shall commence again."

"No, no!" cried the landlord, in a weak voice; "I will give them up with pleasure, but just let your horrible hobgoblin get back into his sack."

"I will give you pardon if you do right; but take care what you are about," replied the Turner; and he let him rest, and bade the stick return.

On the following morning the Turner accordingly went away with the table and the ass, on his road home to his father, who, as soon as he saw him, felt very glad, and asked what he had learned in foreign parts.

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"Dear father," replied he, "I have become a turner."

"A difficult business that; but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"A precious stick," replied the son; "a stick in this sack."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "a stick! Well, that is not worth the trouble! Why, you can cut one from every tree!"

"But not such a stick as this; for if I say, 'Stick, out of the sack,' it instantly jumps out and executes such a dance upon the back of any one who would injure me, that at last he is beaten to the ground, crying for mercy. Do you see? With this stick I have got back again the wonderful table and the golden ass of which the thievish landlord robbed my brothers. Now, let them both be summoned home, and invite all your acquaintances, and I will not only give them plenty to eat and drink, but pocketfuls of money."

The old Tailor would scarcely believe him; but, nevertheless, he called in his friends. Then the young Turner placed a table-cloth in the middle of the room, and led in the ass, saying to his brother, "Now, speak to him."

The Miller called out, "Bricklebrit!" and in a moment the gold pieces dropped down on the floor in a pelting shower; and so it continued, until they had all so much that they could carry no more. (I fancy my readers would have been very happy to have been there too!)

After this the table was fetched in, and the Joiner said, "Table, cover thyself;" and it was at once filled with the choicest dishes. Then they began such a meal as the Tailor had never had before in his house; and the whole company remained till late at night merry and jovial.

The next day the Tailor forsook needle and thread, and put them all away, with his measures and goose, in a cupboard, and for ever after lived happily and contentedly with his three sons.

But now I must tell you what became of the Goat, whose fault it was that the three brothers were driven away. It was so ashamed of its bald head that it ran into a Fox's hole and hid itself. When the Fox came home he saw a pair of great eyes looking at him in the darkness, which so

frightened him that he ran back, and presently met a Bear, who, perceiving how terrified Reynard appeared, said to him, "What is the matter, Brother Fox, that you make such a face?"

"Ah!" he replied, "in my hole sits a horrible beast, who glares at me with most fiery eyes."

"Oh! we will soon drive it out," said the Bear; and going up to the hole, he peeped in himself; but as soon as he saw the fiery eyes he also turned tail, and would have nothing to do with the terrible beast, and so took to flight. On his way a Bee met him, and soon saw he could not feel much through his thick coat; and so she said, "You are making a very rueful face, Mr. Bear; pray, where have you left your merry one?"

"Why," answered Bruin, "a horrible beast has laid himself down in Reynard's house, and glares there with such fearful eyes, we cannot drive him out."

"Well, Mr. Bear," said the Bee, "I am sorry for you; I am a poor creature whom you never notice, but yet I believe I can help you."

So saying, she flew into the Fox's hole, and, settling on the clean-shaved head of the Goat, stung it so dreadfully that the poor animal sprang up and ran madly off; and nobody knows to this hour where it ran to.

THE GODFATHER

A CERTAIN poor man had so many children that he had already asked all the world and his wife to stand godfathers and godmothers to them; and when yet another child was born, he knew not where to find any one to ask.

In great perplexity he went to sleep, and dreamed that he should go out of his door and ask the first person he met to be godfather.

As soon as he awoke the next morning he resolved to follow out his dream; so he went out and asked the first person he met. This was a man who gave him a little glass

of water, saying, "This is a miraculous water, with which you can restore the sick to health; only you must observe where the disease lies. If it is near the head, give the patient some of the water, and he will become well again; but if it is near the feet, all your labour will be in vain—the sick person must die."

The man was now able to say at any time whether such a one would recover, and through this ability he became famous, and earned quite a fortune. Once he was summoned to the child of the King, and as soon as he entered he saw the disease was situated near the head, and so he healed it with the water.

This happened a second time also, but at the third time the malady affected the feet, and he knew at once the child would die.

Not long after this event the man determined to visit the Godfather, and tell him all his adventures with the water. But when he came to the house, behold, most wonderful doings were going on within! On the first stair were a Dustpan and a Broom quarrelling and beating one another, and he asked them where the master lived. The Broom replied, "A stair higher." On the second stair he saw a number of Fingers lying, and he asked them where the master lived. One of the Fingers replied, "A stair higher." On the third stair lay a heap of Bowls, who showed him up a stair higher yet; and on this fourth stair he found some Fish frying themselves in a pan over the fire, who told him to go still yet a stair higher. When he had mounted this fifth stair, he came to a room and peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw the Godfather there with a pair of long horns on.

As soon as the poor man opened the door and went in, the Godfather got very quickly into a bed and covered himself up. Then the man said, "Ah, Mr. Godfather, what wonderful doings are these I see in your house? When I mounted the first stair there were a Broom and a Dustpan quarrelling and beating one another."

"How very simple you are!" replied the Godfather; "they were my boy and maid talking to one another."

"But on the second stair I saw some Fingers lying."

"Why, how absurd you are!" said the other; "these were roots of plants."

"But on the third stair I found a heap of Bowls," said the man.

"Why, you silly fellow," replied the Godfather; "those were cabbages!"

"But on the fourth stair I saw Fish frying themselves in a pan;" and as the man spoke the Fish came and served up themselves on a dish.

"And when I mounted the fifth stair I peeped through the keyhole of a door, and there I saw *you*, O Godfather, and you wore two very long horns."

"Hollo! that is not true!" exclaimed the Godfather; which so frightened the man that he ran straight off, or nobody knows what the Godfather would have done to him!

THE LITTLE ELVES

FIRST STORY

THERE was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his town, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board.

The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked that not a stitch was wrong—just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual, and so much that the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped

out, and when he arose the next morning he prepared with fresh spirit; but there was no need—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board.

He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also, when he awoke, he found already made, and so it continued : what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was even becoming a prosperous man.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife, before going to bed, “What say you to stopping up this night to see who it is that helps us so kindly?” His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them.

As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, “The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies, I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each.”

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result. At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang :

“ Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we’ll no longer be; ”

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

SECOND STORY

Once upon a time there was a poor servant-girl, who was both industrious and cleanly, for every day she dusted the house and shook out the sweepings on a great heap before the door. One morning, just as she was going to throw them away, she saw a letter lying among them, and, as she could not read, she put her broom by in a corner, and took it to her master. It contained an invitation from the Elves, asking the girl to stand godmother to one of their children. The girl did not know what to do; but at last, after much consideration, she consented—for the little men will not easily take a refusal.

So there came three Elves, who conducted her to a hollow mountain where they lived. Everything was very small, of course, but all more neat and elegant than I can tell you. The mother lay in a bed of ebony studded with pearls, and the coverings were all wrought with gold; the cradle was made of ivory, and the bath was of gold. The girl stood godmother, and afterwards wished to return home, but the little Elves pressed her earnestly to stay three days longer. So she remained, passing the time in pleasure and play, for the Elves behaved very kindly to her. At the end of the time she prepared to return home, but first they filled her pockets full of gold, and then led her out of the hill.

As soon as she reached the house, she took the broom, which still stood in the corner, and went on with her sweeping; and presently out of the house came some strange people, who asked her who she was, and what she was doing there. Then she found out that it was not three

days, as she had supposed, but seven years, that she had passed with the little Elves in the hill, and that her former master had died in her absence.

THIRD STORY

The little Elves once stole a child out of its cradle, and put in its place a changeling, with a clumsy head and red eyes, who would neither eat nor drink. The mother, in great trouble, went to a neighbour to ask her advice; and she advised her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, and boil water in two egg-shells. If the changeling was made to laugh, then its fate was sealed. The woman did all the neighbour said; and as she set the egg-shells over the fire, the creature sang out :

“ Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
Cooking in an egg-shell never did I see; ”

and then it burst into a horse-laugh. While it was laughing, a number of little Elves entered, bringing the real child, whom they placed on the hearth, and then took away the changeling with them.

HOW SIX MEN TRAVELLED THROUGH THE WORLD

^{the}
^{sh}**T**HERE was once a man who understood a variety of arts. He had served in the army, where he had behaved very bravely; but when the war came to an end he received his discharge, and three dollars only for his services.

“ Wait a bit ! this does not please me,” said he. “ If I find the right people, I will make the King give me the treasures of the whole kingdom.”

Thereupon, inflamed with anger, he went into a forest, where he found a man who had just uprooted six trees,

as if they were straw, and he asked him whether he would be his servant and travel with him. "Yes," replied the man; "but I will first take home to my mother this bundle of firewood;" and taking up one of the trees, he wound it round the other five, and, raising the bundle upon his shoulder, bore it away.

Soon he returned, and said to his master, "We two shall travel well through the world!" They had not gone far before they came up with a hunter, who was kneeling upon one knee and preparing to take aim with his gun. The master asked what he was going to shoot, and he replied, "Two miles from hence sits a fly upon the branch of an oak-tree, whose left eye I wish to shoot out."

"Oh, come with me," said the man; "for, if we three are together, we must pass easily through the world."

The huntsman consented and went with him, and soon they arrived at seven windmills, whose sails were going round at a rattling pace, although right or left there was no wind and not a leaf stirring. At this sight the man said, "I wonder what drives these mills, for there is no breeze!" and they went on. But they had not proceeded more than two miles when they saw a man sitting upon a tree, who held one nostril while he blew out of the other. "My good fellow," said our hero, "what are you driving up there?"

"Did you not see," replied the man, "two miles from hence, seven windmills? It is those which I am blowing, that the sails may go round."

"Oh, then come with me," said our hero; "for, if four people like us travel together, we shall soon get through the world."

So the blower got up and accompanied him, and in a short while they met with another man standing upon one leg, with the other leg unbuckled and lying by his side.

The leader of the others said, "You have done this, no doubt, to rest yourself?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I am a runner, and in order that I may not spring along too quickly I have unbuckled one of my legs, for when I wear both I go as fast as a bird can fly."

"Well, then, come with me," said our hero; "five



such fellows as we are will soon get through the world."

The five heroes went on together, and soon met a man who had a hat on, which he wore quite over one ear. The captain of the others said to him, "Manners! manners! Don't hang your hat on one side like that; you look like a simpleton!"

"I dare not do so," replied the other; "for, if I set my hat straight, there will come so sharp a frost that the birds in the sky will freeze and fall dead upon the ground."

"Then come with me," said our hero; "for it is odd if six fellows like us cannot travel quickly through the world."

These six new companions went into a city where the King had proclaimed that whoever should run a race with his daughter, and bear away the prize, should become her husband; but if he lost the race he should also lose his head.

This was mentioned to our hero, who said that he would have his servant run for him; but the King told him that in that case he must agree that his servant's life, as well as his own, should be sacrificed if the wager were lost. To this he agreed and swore, and then he bade his runner buckle on his other leg, and told him to be careful and to make sure of winning. The wager was, that whoever first brought back water from a distant spring should be victor.

Accordingly, the runner and the Princess both received a cup, and they both began to run at the same moment. But the Princess had not proceeded many steps before the runner was quite out of sight, and it seemed as if but a puff of wind had passed.

In a short time he came to the spring, and, filling his cup, he turned back again, but had not gone very far before, feeling tired, he set his cup down again and lay down to take a nap. He made his pillow of a horse's skull which lay upon the ground, thinking, from its being hard, that he would soon awake.

Meantime the Princess, who was a better runner than many of the men at Court, had arrived at the spring, and was returning with her cup of water when she perceived her opponent lying asleep. In great joy she exclaimed, "My enemy is given into my own hands!" and, emptying

his cup, she ran on faster still. All would now have been lost, if, by good luck, the huntsman had not been standing on the castle, looking on with his sharp eyes.

When he saw the Princess was gaining the advantage, he loaded his gun and shot so cleverly that he carried away the horse's skull under the runner's head, without doing the man any injury. This awoke him, and, jumping up, he found his cup empty and the Princess far in advance. However, he did not lose courage, but ran back again to the spring, and, filling his cup, returned home ten minutes earlier than his opponent. "See you," said he, "now I have used my legs, the former was not worth calling running."

The King was disgusted, and his daughter not less, that a common soldier should carry off the prize, and they consulted together how they should get rid of him and his companions. At last the King said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear; I have found a way to prevent their return."

Then he called to the six travellers, and, saying to them, "You must now eat and drink and be merry," he led them into a room with a floor of iron, doors of iron, and the windows guarded with iron bars. In the room was a table set out with choice delicacies, and the King invited them to enter and refresh themselves, and as soon as they were inside he locked and bolted all the doors. That done, he summoned the Cook, and commanded him to keep a fire lighted beneath till the iron was red-hot.

The Cook obeyed, and the six champions, sitting at table, soon began to feel warm, and at first thought it arose from eating; but as it kept getting warmer and warmer, they rose to leave the room, and found the doors and windows all fast. Then they perceived that the King had some wicked design in hand, and wished to suffocate them. "But he shall not succeed!" cried the man with the hat. "I will summon such a frost as shall put to shame and crush this fire;" and, so saying, he put his hat on straight, and immediately such a frost fell that all the heat disappeared, and even the meats upon the dishes began to freeze.

When two hours had passed, the King thought they would be stifled, and he caused the door to be opened,

and went in himself to see after them. But, as soon as the door was opened, there stood all six fresh and lively, and requested to come out to warm themselves, for the cold in the room had been so intense that all the dishes were frozen! In a great passion the King went down to the Cook and scolded him, and asked why he had not obeyed his instructions. The Cook, however, pointing to the fire, said, "There is heat enough there, I should think;" and the King was obliged to own there was, and he saw clearly that he should not be able to get rid of his visitors in that way.

The King now began to think afresh how he could free himself, and he caused the master to be summoned, and said, "Will you not take money, and give up your right to my daughter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"Well, my lord King," replied the man, "just give me as much as my servant can carry, and you are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the King very much, and our hero said that he would come and fetch the sum in fourteen days. During that time he collected all the tailors in the kingdom, and made them sew him a sack, which took up all that time. As soon as it was ready, the Strong Man; who had uprooted the trees, took the sack upon his shoulder and carried it to the King.

At the sight of him, the King said, "What a powerful fellow this must be, carrying this great sack upon his shoulders!" and, sorely frightened, he wondered how much gold he would slip in. The King, first of all, caused a ton of gold to be brought, which required sixteen ordinary men to lift; but the Strong Man, taking it up with one hand, shoved it into the sack, saying, "Why do you not bring more at a time? This scarcely covers the bottom of the sack!"

Then by degrees the King caused all his treasures to be brought, which the Strong Man put in, and yet they did not half fill his sack. "Bring more—more!" said he; "these are only a couple of crumbs."

Then they were obliged to bring seven thousand wagons

laden with gold, and all these the man pushed into his sack—gold, wagons, oxen and all. Still it was not full, and the Strong Man offered to take whatever they brought, if they would but fill his sack. When everything that they could find was put in, the man said. "Well, I must make an end to this; and, besides, if one's sack is not quite full, why, it can be tied up so much the easier!" and, so saying, he hoisted it upon his back and went away, and his companions with him.

When the King saw this one man bearing away all the riches of his kingdom, he got into a tremendous passion, and ordered his cavalry to pursue the six men, and at all risks to bring back the Strong Man with the sack. Two regiments accordingly pursued them quickly, and shouted out to them, "You are our prisoners! Lay down the sack of gold, or you will be hewn to pieces!"

"What is that you are saying?" asked the Blower; "you will make us prisoners! But first you shall have a dance in the air!" So saying, he held one nostril, and blew with the other the two regiments right away into the blue sky, so that one flew over the hills on the right side and the other on the left. One sergcant begged for mercy: he had nine wounds and was a brave fellow undeserving of such disgrace. So the Blower sent after him a gentle puff which brought him back without harming him, and then sent him back to the King with a message that, whatever number of knights he might yet send, all would be blown into the air like the first lot.

When the King heard this message, he said, "Let the fellows go; they will meet with their deserts!" So the six companions took home all the wealth of that kingdom, and, sharing it with one another, lived contentedly all the rest of their days.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON

ONCE upon a time there was a very old, old Man, whose eyes were dim, his ears useless for hearing, and his knees trembled. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often he spilled his food over the tablecloth, sometimes down his clothes. His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old Man sit behind the oven in a corner, and gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either; so that the poor Man grew sad, and his eyes were moistened with tears.

Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the ground and broke all to pieces, so that the young Wife scolded him, but he made no reply, and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish for a couple of pence, and out of that he had now to feed; and one day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little Grandson, of four years old, upon the ground, fitting together some pieces of wood. "What are you making?" asked the old Man.

"I am making a wooden trough," replied the child, "for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big."

At these words the Man looked at his Wife a little while, and presently they began to cry, and henceforth they let the old Grandfather sit at table with them and always take his meals there, and they did not even say anything if he spilled a little upon the cloth.

THE DISCREET HANS

HANS' mother asked, "Whither are you going, HANS?" "To Grethel's," replied he. "Behave well, HANS," "I will take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, HANS."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good-day," replied Grethel. "What treasure do you bring

to-day?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel presented Hans with a needle. "Good-bye," said he. "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the needle, stuck it in a load of hay, and walked home behind the wagon.

"Good-evening, mother." "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what have you given her?" "Nothing: she has given me something." "What has Grethel given you?" "A needle," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "In the load of hay." "Then you have behaved stupidly, Hans; you should put needles in your coat-sleeve." "To behave better, do nothing at all," thought Hans.

"Whither are you going, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I will take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good-day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a knife. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the knife, put it in his sleeve, and went home.

"Good-evening, mother." "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what did you take to her?" "I took nothing: she has given to me." "And what did she give you?"

"A knife," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "In my sleeve." "Then you have behaved foolishly again, Hans; you should put knives in your pocket." "To behave better, do nothing at all," thought Hans.

"Whither are you going, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I will take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day, Grethel." "Good-day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a young goat. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the goat, tied its legs, and put it in his pocket.

Just as he reached home it was suffocated. "Good-evening, mother." "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what did you take

to her?" "I took nothing: she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A goat," "Where did you put it, Hans?" "In my pocket." "There you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have tied the goat with a rope." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good-day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a piece of bacon. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans took the bacon, tied it with a rope, and swung it to and fro so that the dogs came and ate it up. When he reached home he held the rope in his hand, but there was nothing on it.

"Good-evening, mother," said he. "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's, mother." "What did you take there?" "I took nothing: she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A piece of bacon," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "I tied it with a rope, swung it about, and the dogs came and ate it up." "There you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have carried the bacon on your head." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good-day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a calf. "Good-bye," said Hans. "Good-bye." Hans took the calf, set it on his head, and the calf kicked his face.

"Good-evening, mother." "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "What did you take her?" "I took nothing: she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A calf," said Hans. "And what did you do with it?" "I set it on my head, and it kicked my face." "Then you acted stupidly, Hans;

you should have led the calf home, and put it in the stall."

"To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother."

"Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care: good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good-day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel said, "I will go with you, Hans." Hans tied a rope round Grethel, led her home, put her in the stall, made the rope fast; and then he went to his mother.

"Good-evening, mother." "Good-evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "What did you take her?" "I took nothing." "What did Grethel give you?" "She gave nothing: she came with me." "And where have you left her, then?" "I tied her with a rope, put her in the stall, and threw in some grass." "Then you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have looked at her with friendly eyes." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans; and then he went into the stall, and made sheep's eyes at Grethel.

And after that Grethel became Hans' wife.

THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN

In olden times, when the angels went about this world in the form of men, it happened that one of them out walking, saw night coming upon him before he had found shelter. Feeling very tired, he looked about him and perceived that there stood on the road close by, two houses opposite to one another, one of them large and handsome, the other miserably poor.

The large one belonged to a rich man, and the small one to a poor man. Consequently, the angel made up his mind to lodge with the former, knowing that it would be less burdensome to him than to the poor man to entertain a guest. Accordingly he knocked at the door, and the rich man opened the window to ask the stranger what he

sought. "I am seeking a night's lodging," replied the angel.

Thereupon the rich man scanned the stranger from head to foot. It did not take him long to perceive that he wore ragged clothes, and seemed like a person who would not have much money in his pocket, so he shook his head and said, "I cannot take you in; my rooms are full of herbs and seeds; and if I were to shelter every one who knocks at my door, I might soon take the beggar's staff into my own hand. You must seek lodging elsewhere."

So saying, he shut his window down. The good angel immediately turned his back upon him, and went over to the little house. He had scarcely had time to knock, when the door was opened, and the poor man bade the wanderer welcome, saying, "Stop here this night with me; it is too dark for you to go farther to-day."

The kind reception pleased the angel very much, and he walked in; and the wife of the poor man also bade him welcome, holding out her hand and saying, "Make yourself at home; though it is not much that we have, we will give it to you with all our heart."

Then she placed some potatoes on the fire, and, while they were boiling, she milked her goat, so that they might have something to drink with them. When the table was laid, the good angel sat down and ate with them; and the rude fare tasted well, for those who partook of it were happy. When they had finished, it was nearly bedtime, and the wife, calling her husband aside, said to him, "Let us sleep to-night on straw, my dear, that this poor wanderer may have our bed whereon to rest himself, for he has been walking all day long, and is most likely very tired."

"With all my heart," replied her husband, "I will offer it to him;" and, going up to the angel, he begged him to accept the use of their bed that he might rest his limbs thoroughly. The good angel at first refused this kind offer, but at last he yielded to their entreaties, and then the host and his wife made a straw couch upon the ground.

The next morning they arose early, and cooked their guest a breakfast of the best food they had in the house.

When the sun shone through the window he got up too, and after eating with them, prepared to set out again. He paused in the doorway on his way out, and turning round, said to his hosts, "Because you have been so compassionate and pious, you may wish three times, and I will grant what you desire."

The poor man replied, "Ah, what better can I wish for in the first place than eternal happiness, and in the second, that we two may have health, and strength, and our daily bread, so long as we live. But I know not what to wish for in the third place."

"Why not wish for a new house in place of this old one?" asked the angel.

"Oh, yes! I should like that," said the man; "if I might keep on this spot."

Then the good angel fulfilled his wishes, changing their old house into a new one on the spot, and, giving them once more his blessing, he went out of the house.

It was broad daylight when the rich man arose, and when he looked out of the window, he saw a handsome new house of red brick where formerly an old hut had stood. The sight made him open his eyes, and calling his wife up, he asked, "Tell me what has happened: only yesterday evening an old miserable hut was standing opposite, and to-day there is a fine new house! Run out, and hear how this has happened!"

The wife went and asked the poor man, who told her the story of the stranger. He said that on the evening before a wanderer had come, seeking a night's lodging, and in the morning, as he was taking his leave, he had granted them three wishes—eternal happiness, health and food all their lives, and a fine new house. As soon as she had heard this tale, the wife of the rich man ran home and told her husband all that had passed, and he exclaimed, "Ah! had I only known it! the stranger came here first, and would have passed the night with us, had I not sent him away."

"Be quick, then" returned his wife, "and mount your horse. Perhaps you may overtake the man, and then you also must ask three wishes for yourself."

The rich man followed this advice, and soon overtook the good angel. He spoke softly and winningly, begging the angel not to take it ill that he had not let him in at first; he had gone to seek the key of the house door, and on his return had found the stranger gone; but if the angel happened to come back the same way at any time, he would be glad if he would call again.

The angel promised that he would come on his return. Then the rich man asked if he might not have three wishes like his neighbour. "Certainly," said the angel, "you may, but it will not be good for you, and it were better you did not wish."

But the rich man seemed to think he might easily obtain something which would tend to his happiness, if he only knew that the wish would be fulfilled. So the angel at length said, "Ride home, and the three wishes which you shall make shall be granted."

The rich man had now what he desired, and as he rode homewards, began to consider what he should wish. He was so deep in thought, that he let his rein fall loose. Presently his horse began to jump, and he was jerked about so much that he could fix his mind on nothing.

Patting his horse on the neck, he said, "Be quiet, Bess!" but it only began frisking more than ever, so that at last he became savage, and cried impatiently, "I wish you would break your neck!"

No sooner had he said this, than down fell the horse upon the ground, and broke its neck. Thus the first wish was fulfilled.

But the rich man, being covetous by nature, would not leave the saddle behind. Cutting it off, he slung it over his back, and went homeward on foot.

"You have still two wishes," thought he to himself, and so was comforted. However, as he slowly passed over the sandy common, the sun scorched him terribly, for it was midday, and he soon became vexed and passionate. Moreover, the saddle hurt his back; and he could not make up his mind what to wish for. "If I should wish for all the treasures and riches in the world," said he to himself, "hereafter something or other will happen to me, I know,

but I will so manage that nothing at all shall remain for me to wish for."

Then sighing, he continued, "Ah! if I had been the clownish peasant who also had three wishes, and knowing how to help himself chose first much beer, then as much beer as he could drink, and for the third a cask of beer more."

Many times he thought he knew what to wish, but a moment after it would appear too small. Then suddenly it flashed across his mind how comfortable his wife would be at that moment, sitting at home in a cool room, in her fine dress. He became so angry, that without knowing it, he said aloud, "I wish she was sitting on this saddle and could not get off it, instead of me having it slipping about on my back."

No sooner had he spoken these words than the saddle disappeared from his back, and he realised that he had now only one wish left. He began to run, intending to lock himself up in his room, as soon as he got home, to consider there something great for his last wish. Hastening inside the house, to his astonishment he found his wife sitting on the saddle in the middle of the room, and crying and shrieking because she could not get off.

However, he said consolingly, "Be contented, I will wish for all the riches in the world; only keep sitting there for a time." But his wife shook her head, and said, "Of what use are all the riches in the world to me, if I am forced to sit upon this saddle continually? You have wished me on it, and you must wish me off."

So, very much against his will, the rich man was forced to utter as his third wish, that his wife might be freed from the saddle, and immediately it was done. Thus he gained nothing from his wishes but vexation, trouble, scolding, and a lost horse. The poor couple, on the other hand, lived contented and pious to the end of their lives.

OLD MOTHER FROST

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and industrious, and the other ugly and lazy. She behaved most kindly, however, to the ugly one, because she was her own daughter; and made the other do all the hard work, and live like a kitchen-maid. The poor maiden was forced out daily on the high-road, and had to sit by a well and spin so much that the blood ran from her fingers.

Once it happened that her spindle became quite covered with blood, so, kneeling down by the well, she tried to wash it off, but, unhappily, it fell out of her hands into the water. She ran crying to her stepmother and told her misfortune; but she scolded her terribly, and behaved very cruelly, and at last said, "Since you have let your spindle fall in, you must yourself fetch it out again!"

Then the maiden went back to the well not knowing what to do, and, in her distress of mind, she jumped into the well to fetch the spindle out. As she fell she lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself again she found herself in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining, and many thousands of flowers blooming around her.

She got up and walked along till she came to a baker's, where the oven was full of bread, which cried out, "Draw me, draw me, or I shall be burned. I have been baked long enough." So she went up, and taking the bread-peel drew out one loaf after the other.

Then she walked on farther and came to an apple-tree whose fruit hung very thick and which exclaimed "Shake us, shake us; we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain and when none were left on she gathered them all together in a heap and went farther.

At last she came to a cottage, out of which an old woman was peeping who had such very large teeth that the maiden was frightened and ran away. The old woman,



however, called her back, saying, "What are you afraid of, my child? Stop with me : if you will put all things in order in my house, then shall all go well with you; only you must take care that you make my bed well and shake it tremendously so that the feathers fly; then it snows upon earth. I am 'Old Mother Frost.'"

As the old woman spoke so kindly, the maiden took courage, and consented to engage in her service. Now everything made her very contented, and she always shook the bed so industriously that the feathers blew down like flakes of snow; therefore her life was a happy one, and there were no evil words; and she had roast and baked meat every day.

For some time she remained with the old woman; but all at once she became very sad, and did not herself know what was the matter. At last she found she was homesick; and, although she fared a thousand times better than when she was at home, still she longed to go. So she said to her mistress, "I wish to go home, and if it does not go so well with me below as up here, I must return." The mistress replied, "It appeared to me that you wanted to go home, and, since you have served me so truly, I will fetch you up again myself."

So saying, she took her by the hand and led her before a great door, which she undid; and when the maiden was just beneath it a great shower of gold fell, and a great deal stuck to her, so that she was covered over and over with gold. "That you must have for your industry," said the old woman, giving her the spindle which had fallen into the well.

Thereupon the door was closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth not far from her mother's house; and as she came into the court the cock sat upon the house, and called :

"Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Our golden maid's come home again."

Then she went in to her mother, and, because she was so covered with gold, she was well received.

The maiden related all that had happened; and, when the mother heard how she had come by these great riches, she wished her ugly, lazy daughter to try her luck. So she was forced to sit down by the well and spin; and in order that her spindle might become bloody, she pricked her finger by running a thorn into it; and then, throwing the spindle into the well, she jumped in after it.

Then, like the other, she came upon the beautiful meadow, and travelled on the same path. When she arrived at the baker's, the bread called out, "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burned. I have been baked long enough." But she answered, "I have no wish to make myself dirty about you," and so went on. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which called out, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe." But she answered, "You do well to come to me; perhaps one will fall on my head;" and so she went on farther. When she came to "Old Mother Frost's" house she was not afraid of the teeth, for she had been warned; and so she engaged herself to her.

The first day she set to work in earnest, was very industrious, and obeyed her mistress in all she said to her, for she thought about the gold which she would present to her. On the second day, however, she began to idle; on the third, still more so; and then she would not get up of a morning. She did not make the beds either as she ought, and the feathers did not fly. So the old woman got tired, and dismissed her from her service, which pleased the lazy one very well; for she thought, "Now the gold shower will come."

Her mistress led her to the door, but when she was beneath it, instead of gold a tubful of pitch was poured down upon her. "That is the reward for your service," said "Old Mother Frost," and shut the door to. Then came Lazybones home, but she was quite covered with pitch; and the cock upon the house, when he saw her, cried:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo !
Our dirty maid's come home again."

But the pitch stuck to her, and, as long as she lived, would never come off again.

THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

THERE was once upon a time a father who called his three sons to him, and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat, and then addressed them thus: "I am very old, and my end draweth nigh, but I wish to show my care for you before I die. Money I have not, and what I now give you appears of little worth; but do not think that, for if each of you use his gift carefully, and seek some country where such a thing is not known, your fortunes will be made."

Soon after, the father died, and the eldest son set out on his travels with his cock, but wherever he came such a creature was already well known. In the towns he saw it from afar, sitting upon the church-steeples, and turning itself round with the wind; and in the villages he heard more than one crow, and nobody troubled himself about another, so that it did not seem as if he would ever make his fortune by it!

At last, however, it fell out that he arrived on an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, nor even how to divide their time. They knew certainly when it was evening and morning, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, they could not comprehend the time! "See," said he to them, "what a proud creature it is, what a fine red crown it wears on its head; and it has spurs like a knight! Thrice during the night it will crow at certain hours, and the third time it calls you may know the sun will soon rise; but, if it crows by day, you may prepare then for a change of weather."

When he returned home with his money, his brothers were astonished, and the second said he would also go out and see what luck his scythe would bring him. But at first it did not seem likely that fortune would favour him, for all the countrymen he met carried equally good scythes upon their shoulders.

At last, however, he also came to an island whose people were ignorant of the use of scythes, for when a field of corn was ripe, they planted great cannons and shot it down! In this way, it was no uncommon thing that many of them shot quite over it; others hit the ears instead of the stalks, and shot them quite away, so that a great quantity was always ruined, and the most doleful lamentations ensued. But our hero, when he arrived, mowed away so silently and quickly, that the people held their breath and noses with wonder, and willingly gave him what he desired, which was a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

On his return the third brother set out with his cat to try his luck, and it happened to him exactly as it had done to the others : so long as he kept on the old roads he met with no place which did not already boast its cat; indeed, so many were there that the new-born kittens were usually drowned.

At last he voyaged to an island where, luckily for him, cats were unknown animals; and yet the mice were so numerous that they danced upon the tables and chairs, whether the master of the house were at home or not. These people complained continually of the plague, and the King himself knew not how to deliver them from it; for in every corner the mice were swarming, and destroyed what they could not carry away in their teeth. The cat, however, on its arrival, commenced a grand hunt; and so soon cleared a couple of rooms of the troublesome visitors, that the people begged the King to buy it for the use of his kingdom. The King gave willingly the price that was asked for this strange and wonderful animal, and the third brother returned home with a still larger treasure than the others, in the shape of a mule laden with gold.

Meanwhile the cat was having capital sport in the royal palace with the mice, and bit so many that the dead were not to be numbered. At last it became very thirsty with the hot work, and stopped, and, raising its head, cried, "Meow, meow!" At the unusual sound, the King, together with all his courtiers, were much frightened, and in terror they ran out of the castle. There the King held a

council what it were best to do, and at length it was resolved to send a herald to the cat, to demand that it should quit the castle, or force would be used to make it.

"For," said the councillors, "we would rather be plagued by the mice, to which we are accustomed, than surrender ourselves a prey to this beast."

A page was accordingly sent to the cat to ask whether it would quit the castle in peace; but the cat, whose thirst had all the while been increasing, replied nothing but "Meow, meow!" The page understood it to say, "No, no!" and brought the King word accordingly. The councillors agreed then that it should feel their power, and cannons were brought out and fired, so that the castle was presently in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was, it sprang out of the window, but the besiegers ceased not until the whole was levelled with the ground.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

ONCE upon a time in the depth of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the clouds, a Queen sat at her palace window, which had an ebony black frame, stitching her husband's shirts.

While she was thus engaged, and looking out at the flakes, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And because the red looked so well upon the white, she thought to herself, "Had I now but a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!"

Soon afterwards a little daughter was born to her, who was as white as snow, and red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony, and thence she was named "Snow-White"; but when the child was born, the mother died.

About a year afterwards the King married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty that she could not bear any one to be prettier than herself. She possessed a wonderful mirror, and when she stepped before it and said—

" Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all? "

it replied—

" Thou art the fairest, lady Queen."

Then she was pleased, for she knew that the mirror spoke truly.

Little Snow-White, however, grew up and became pretty and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as the noon-day, and fairer far than the Queen herself. When the Queen now asked her mirror—

" Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all? "

it replied—

" Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween."

This answer so frightened the Queen that she became quite yellow with envy. From that hour, whenever she perceived Snow-White, her heart was hardened against her, and she hated the maiden.

Her envy and jealousy increased, so that she had no rest day nor night, till at length she said to a Huntsman, " Take the child away into the forest; I will never look upon her again. You must kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue for a token."

The Huntsman listened, and took the maiden away; but when he drew out his knife to kill her, she began to cry, saying, " Ah, dear Huntsman, give me my life! I will run into the wild forest, and never come home again."

This speech softened the Huntsman's heart, and her beauty so touched him that he had pity on her, and said, " Well, run away then, poor child; " but he thought to himself, " The wild beasts will soon devour you." Still, he felt as if a stone had been taken from his heart, because

her death was not by his hand. Just at that moment a young boar came roaring along to the spot, and as soon as he caught sight of it the Huntsman pursued it, and, killing it, took its tongue and heart, and carried them to the Queen for a token of his deed.

But now the poor little Snow-White was left motherless and alone, and overcome with grief; she was bewildered at the sight of so many trees, and knew not which way to turn. Presently she set off running, and ran over stones and through thorns; and wild beasts bellowed as she passed them, but they did her no harm. She ran on till her feet refused to go farther, and as it was getting dark, and she saw a little house near, she entered in to rest.

In this cottage everything was very small, but more neat and elegant than I can tell you. In the middle stood a little table with a white cloth over it, and seven little plates upon it, each plate having a spoon and a knife and a fork, and there were also seven little mugs. Against the wall were seven little beds ranged in a row, each covered with a white counterpane. Little Snow-White, being both hungry and thirsty, ate a morsel of bread and meat from each plate and drank a little out of each mug, for she did not wish to take away the whole share of any one.

After that, because she was so tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried another, but that was too long; a fourth was too short, a fifth too hard, but the seventh was just the thing, and, tucking herself up in it, she went to sleep, first commending herself to God.

When it became quite dark the lords of the cottage came home, seven Dwarfs, who dug and derved for ore in the mountains. They first lighted seven little lamps, and perceived at once—for they illuminated the whole apartment—that somebody had been in, for everything was not in the order in which they had left it.

The first Dwarf asked, "Who has been sitting on my chair?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who has been nibbling at my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been at my meat?" The fifth, "Who has been meddling with my fork?" The sixth grumbled out, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh

said, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?" Then the first, looking round, began again. "Who has been lying in my bed?" he asked, for he saw that the sheets were tumbled. At these words the others came, and looking at their beds, cried out too, "Someone has been lying in our beds!"

But the seventh little man, running up to his, saw Snow-White sleeping in it; so he called his companions, who shouted with wonder, and held up their seven lamps, so that the light fell upon the maiden.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed they, "what a beauty she is!" and they were so much delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to her repose, and the seventh Dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept with each of his fellows one hour, and so passed the night.

As soon as morning dawned Snow-White awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw the seven little men; but they were very friendly, and asked her what she was called. "My name is Snow-White," was her reply.

"Why have you entered our cottage?" they asked.

Then she told them how her stepmother would have had her killed, but the Huntsman had spared her life; and how she had wandered about the whole day until at last she had found their house. When her tale was finished, the Dwarfs said, "Will you see after our household—be our cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit for us, and keep everything in neat order? If so, we will keep you here, and you shall want for nothing."

And Snow-White answered, "Yes, with all my heart and will;" and so she remained with them, and kept their house in order. In the mornings the Dwarfs went into the mountains and searched for ore and gold, and in the evenings they came home and found their meals ready for them.

During the day the maiden was left alone, and therefore the good Dwarfs warned her and said, "Be careful of your stepmother, who will soon know of your being here; therefore let nobody enter the cottage."

The Queen, meanwhile, supposing she had eaten the heart and tongue of her stepdaughter, did not think but that she was above all comparison the most beautiful of

every one around. One day she stepped before her mirror, and said—

“ Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all? ”

and it replied—

“ Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.”

This reply frightened her, for she knew that the mirror spoke the truth, and she perceived that the Huntsman had deceived her, and that Snow-White was still alive. Now she thought and thought how she should accomplish her purpose, for so long as she was not the fairest in the whole country, jealousy left her no rest.

At last a thought struck her, and she dyed her face and clothed herself as a pedlar woman, so that no one could recognise her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills to the seven Dwarfs, knocked at the door of the hut, and called out, “ Fine goods for sale! beautiful goods for sale! ”

Snow-White peeped out of the window, and said, “ Good-day, my good woman. What have you to sell? ” “ Fine goods, beautiful goods! ” she replied, “ stays of all colours; ” and she held up a pair which was made of variegated silks. “ I may let in this honest woman, ” thought Snow-White; and she unbolted the door and bargained for one pair of stays. “ You can't think, my dear, how it becomes you! ” exclaimed the old woman. “ Come, let me lace it up for you.”

Snow-White suspected nothing, and let her do as she wished, but the old woman laced her up so quickly and so tightly that all her breath went, and she fell down like one dead. “ Now, ” thought the old woman to herself, hastening away—“ now am I once more the most beautiful of all! ”

Not long after her departure, at eventide, the seven Dwarfs came home, and were much frightened at seeing their dear little maid lying on the ground, and neither moving nor breathing, as if she were dead. They raised her up, and when they saw she was laced too tight they cut the stays in pieces, and presently she began to breathe again, and by little and little she revived.

When the Dwarfs now heard what had taken place, they said, "The old pedlar woman was no other than your wicked mother-in-law : take care of yourself, and let no one enter when we are not with you."

Meanwhile the old Queen had reached home, and, going before her mirror, she repeated her usual words—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied as before—

"Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between."

As soon as it had finished, all her blood rushed to her heart, for she was frightened to hear that Snow-White was yet living. "But now," thought she to herself, "will I contrive something which shall destroy her completely."

Thus saying, she made a poisoned comb, by arts which she understood, and, then disguising herself, she took the form of an old widow. She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and, knocking at the door, called out, "Good wares to sell to-day!" Snow-White peeped out, and said, "You must go farther, for I dare not let you in."

"But still you may look," said the old woman, drawing out her poisoned comb and holding it up. The sight of this pleased the maiden so much that she allowed herself to be persuaded, and opened the door. As soon as she had made a purchase, the old woman said, "Now, let

me for once comb you properly," and Snow-White consented, but scarcely was the comb drawn through the hair when the poison began to work, and the maiden soon fell down senseless. "You pattern of beauty," cried the wicked old Queen, "it is now all over with you;" and so saying, she departed.

Fortunately, evening soon came, and the seven Dwarfs returned, and as soon as they saw Snow-White lying like dead upon the ground, they suspected the old Queen, and soon discovering the poisoned comb, they immediately drew it out, and the maiden very soon revived and related all that had happened. Then they warned her again against the wicked stepmother, and bade her to open the door to nobody.

Meanwhile the Queen, on her arrival home, had again consulted her mirror, and received the same answer as twice before. This made her tremble and foam with rage and jealousy, and she swore Snow-White should die, if it cost her her own life. Thereupon she went into an inner secret chamber where no one could enter, and there made an apple of the most deep and subtle poison. Outwardly it looked nice enough, and had rosy cheeks which would make the mouth of every one who looked at it water; but whoever ate the smallest piece of it would surely die.

As soon as the apple was ready, the old Queen again dyed her face and clothed herself like a peasant's wife, and then over the seven mountains to the seven Dwarfs she made her way. She knocked at the door, and Snow-White stretched out her head, and said, "I dare not let any one enter; the seven Dwarfs have forbidden me."

"That is hard for me," said the old woman, "for I must take back my apples; but there is one which I will give you."

"No," answered Snow-White; "no, I dare not take it."

"What! are you afraid of it?" cried the old woman. "There, see, I will cut the apple in halves; do you eat the red cheeks, and I will eat the core." (The apple was so artfully made that the red cheeks alone were poisoned.) Snow-White very much wished for the beautiful apple,

and when she saw the woman eating the core she could no longer resist, but, stretching out her hand, took the poisoned part. Scarcely had she placed a piece in her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground.

Then the Queen, looking at her with glittering eyes, and laughing bitterly, exclaimed, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! This time the Dwarfs cannot reawaken you."

When she reached home and consulted her mirror :

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

it answered—

"Thou art the fairest, lady Queen.

Then her envious heart was at rest, as peacefully as an envious heart can rest.

When the little Dwarfs returned home in the evening, they found Snow-White lying on the ground, and there appeared to be no life in her body : she seemed to be quite dead. They raised her up, and searched if they could find anything poisonous, unlaced her, and even uncombed her hair, and washed her with water and with wine; but nothing availed—the dear child was really and truly dead. Then they laid her upon a bier, and all seven placed themselves around it, and wept and wept for three days without ceasing.

Afterwards they would bury her; but she looked still fresh and lifelike, and even her red cheeks had not deserted her, so they said to one another, "We cannot bury her in the black ground," and they ordered a case to be made of transparent glass. In this one could view the body on all sides, and the Dwarfs wrote her name with golden letters upon the glass, saying that she was a King's daughter. Now they placed the glass case upon the ledge of a rock, and one of them always remained by it watching. Even the beasts bewailed the loss of Snow-White; first came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove.

For a long time Snow-White lay peacefully in her case, and changed not, but looked as if she were only asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and black-haired as ebony. By and by it happened that a King's son was travelling in the forest, and came to the Dwarf's house to pass the night. He soon perceived the glass case upon the rock, and the beautiful maiden lying within, and he read also the golden inscription.

When he had examined it, he said to the Dwarfs, "Let me have this case, and I will pay what you like for it."

But the Dwarfs replied, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world."

"Then give it to me," said the Prince, "for I cannot live without Snow-White. I will honour and protect her so long as I live."

When the Dwarfs saw he was so much in earnest, they pitied him, and at last gave him the case, and the Prince ordered it to be carried away on the shoulders of his attendants. Presently it happened that they stumbled over a rut, and with the shock the piece of poisoned apple which lay in Snow-White's mouth fell out. Very soon she opened her eyes, and, raising the lid of the glass case, she rose up and asked, "Where am I?"

Full of joy, the Prince answered, "You are safe with me;" and he related to her what she had suffered, and how he would rather have her than any other for his wife; and he asked her to accompany him home to the castle of the King his father. Snow-White consented, and when they arrived there the wedding between them was celebrated as speedily as possible, with all the splendour and magnificence proportionate to the happy event.

By chance the old stepmother of Snow-White was also invited to the wedding, and, when she was dressed in all finery to go, she first stepped in front of her mirror, and asked—

"Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

and it replied—

"Thou wert the fairest, oh lady Queen;
The Prince's bride is more fair, I ween."

At these words the old Queen was in a fury, and was so terribly mortified that she knew not what to do with herself. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but she could not resist the wish for a sight of the young Queen, and as soon as she entered she recognised Snow-White, and was so terrified with rage and astonishment that she remained rooted to the ground. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought in with a pair of tongs and set before her, and these she was forced to put on and to dance in till she fell down dead.

THE HANDLESS MAIDEN

A CERTAIN Miller had fallen by degrees into great poverty, until he had nothing left but his mill and a large apple-tree. One day, when he was going into the forest to cut wood, an old man, whom he had never seen before, stepped up to him and said, "Why do you trouble yourself with chopping wood? I will make you rich, if you will promise me what stands behind your mill."

The Miller thought to himself that it could be nothing but his apple-tree; so he said "Yes," and concluded the bargain with the strange man. The other, however, laughed derisively, and said, "After three years I will come and fetch what belongs to me;" and then he went away.

As soon as the Miller reached home, his wife came to him and said, "Tell me, husband, whence comes this sudden flow of gold into our house? All at once every chest and cupboard is filled, and yet no man has brought any in; I cannot tell how it has happened."

The Miller, in reply told her, "It comes from a strange lord whom I met in the forest, who offered me great treasure, and I promised him, in return, what stands behind the mill: for we can very well spare the great apple-tree."

"Ah, my husband," exclaimed his wife, "it is the Evil Spirit whom you have seen. He did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was behind the mill sweeping the yard."

The Miller's daughter was a beautiful and pious maiden, and during all the three years lived in the fear of God. When the time was up, and the day came when the Evil One was to fetch her, she washed herself quite clean and made a circle around herself with chalk. Quite early came the Evil One, but he could not approach her; so, in a rage, he said to the Miller, "Take away from her all water, that she may not be able to wash herself, else have I no power over her." The Miller did so, for he was afraid. The next morning came the Evil One again, but she had wept upon her hands; so that they were quite clean. Then he was baffled again, and in his anger he said to the Miller, "Cut off both her hands, or else I cannot now obtain her." The Miller was horrified, and said, "How can I cut off the hands of my own child?" But the Evil One pressed him, saying, "If you do not, you are mine, and I will take you yourself away!" At last the Miller promised, and he went to the maiden and said, "My child, if I do not cut off both your hands, the Evil One will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised him. Now help me in my trouble, and forgive me for the wickedness I am about to do you."

She replied, "Dear father, do with me what you will; I am your daughter."

Thereupon she laid down both her hands, and her father cut them off. For the third time now the Evil One came; but the maiden had let fall so many tears upon her arms, that they were both quite clean. So he was obliged to give her up, and after this lost all power over her.

The Miller now said to her, "I have received so much good through you, my daughter, that I will care for you most dearly all your life long."

But she answered, "Here I cannot remain. I will wander forth into the world, where compassionate men will give me as much as I require."

Then she had her arms bound behind her back, and at sunrise departed on her journey, and walked the whole

day long till night. At that time she arrived at a royal garden, and by the light of the moon she saw a tree standing there bearing most beautiful fruits; but she could not enter, for there was water all round. Since, however, she had walked the whole day without tasting a morsel, she was tormented by hunger, and said to herself, "Ah, would I were there, that I might eat of the fruit, else shall I perish with hunger." So she kneeled and prayed to God, and all at once an angel came down, who made a passage through the water, so that the ground was dry for her to pass over. Then she went into the garden, and the angel with her. There she saw a tree full of beautiful pears, but they were all numbered; so she stepped up and ate one to appease her hunger, but no more. The gardener perceived her do it, but because the angel stood by he was afraid, and thought the maiden was a spirit; so he remained quiet, and did not address her. As soon as she had eaten the pear she was satisfied, and went and hid herself under the bushes.

The next morning the King to whom the garden belonged came down, and, counting the pears, found that one was missing; and he asked the gardener whither it was gone. The gardener replied, "Last night a spirit came, who had no hands, and ate the pear with her mouth." The King then asked, "How did the spirit come through the water?—and whither did it go after it had eaten the pear?"

The gardener answered, "One clothed in snow-white garments came down from heaven and made a passage through the waters, so that the spirit walked over on dry land. And because it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and neither called out nor questioned it; and as soon as the spirit had finished the fruit, she returned as she came."

The King said, "If it be as you say, I will this night watch with you."

As soon as it was dark the King came into the garden, bringing with him a priest, who was to address the spirit, and all three sat down under the tree. About midnight the maiden crept out from under the bushes, and again ate with her mouth a pear off the tree, whilst the angel

clothed in white stood by her. Then the priest went towards her, and said, "Art thou come from God or from earth? Art thou a spirit or a human being?"

She replied, "I am no spirit, but a poor maiden, deserted by all, save God alone."

The King said, "If you are forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake you;" and he took her with him to his royal palace, and, because she was so beautiful and pious, he loved her with all his heart, ordered silver hands to be made for her, and made her his bride.

After a year had passed by, the King was obliged to go to war; so he commended the young Queen to the care of his mother, and told her to write him word if she had a child born; and to pay her special attention.

Soon afterwards was born a boy; so the old mother wrote a letter to her son, containing the joyful news. The messenger, however, rested on his way by a brook, and, being weary with his long journey, fell asleep.

Then came the Evil One, who had always been trying to do some evil to the Queen, and changed the letter for another, wherein it was said that the Queen had brought a changeling into the world. As soon as the King had read this letter, he was frightened and much troubled; nevertheless he wrote an answer to his mother, that she should take great care of the Queen until his arrival. The messenger went back with this letter, but rested again at the same spot and went to sleep.

Then the Evil One came a second time, and put another letter in his pocket, wherein it was said the Queen and her child should be killed. When the old mother received this letter, she was struck with horror, and could not believe it. So she wrote another letter to the King; but she received no other answer, for the Evil One again placed a false letter in the messenger's pocket, and in this last it said that she should preserve the tongue and eyes of the Queen for a sign that she had fulfilled the order.

The old mother was sorely grieved to shed innocent blood, so she caused a calf to be fetched by night, and cut out its tongue and eyes. Then she said to the Queen, "I cannot let you be killed, as the King commands; but

you must remain here no longer. Go forth with your child into the wide world, and never return here again."

Thus saying, she bound the child upon the young Queen's back, and the poor wife went away, weeping bitterly. Soon she entered a large forest, and there she fell upon her knees and prayed to God; and the angel appeared, and led her to a little cottage, and over the door was a shield inscribed with the words, "Here may every one live freely."

Out of the house came a snow-white maiden, who said, "Welcome, Lady Queen!" and led her in. Then she took the little child from the Queen's back, and gave it some nourishment, and laid it on a beautifully-covered bed. Presently the Queen asked, "How do you know that I am a queen?" And the maiden answered, "I am an angel sent from God to tend you and your child;" and in this cottage she lived seven years and was well cared for, and through God's mercy to her, on account of her piety, her hands grew again as before.

Meanwhile the King had come home again, and his first thought was to see his wife and child. Then his mother began to weep, and said, "You wicked husband, why did you write to me that I should put to death two innocent souls?" And, showing him the two letters which the Evil One had forged, she continued, "I have done as you commanded;" and she brought him the tokens—the two eyes and the tongue.

Then the King began to weep so bitterly for his dear wife and son that the old mother pitied him, and said, "Be comforted, she lives yet! I caused a calf to be slain, from whom I took these tokens; but the child I bound on your wife's back, and I bade them go forth into the wide world, and she promised never to return here because you were so wrathful against her."

"So far as heaven is blue," exclaimed the King, "I will go; and neither will I eat nor drink until I have found again my dear wife and child, if they have not perished of hunger by this time."

Thereupon the King set out, and for seven long years sought his wife in every stony cleft and rocky cave, but

found her not; and he began to think she must have perished.

And all this time he neither ate nor drank, but God sustained him.

At last he came into a large forest, and found there the little cottage whereon the child was with the words, "Here may every one live freely." Out of the house came the white maiden, and she took him by the hand; and, leading him in, said, "Be welcome, great King! Whence comest thou?"

He replied, "For seven long years have I sought everywhere for my wife and child; but I have not succeeded."

Then the angel offered him meat and drink, but he refused both, and would only rest a little while. So he lay down to sleep, and covered his face with a napkin.

Now went the angel into the chamber where sat the Queen, with her son, whom she usually called "SORROWFUL," and said to her, "Come down with your child: your husband is here." So she went to where he lay, and the napkin fell from off his face; so the Queen said, "SORROWFUL, pick up the napkin, and cover again your father's face." The child did as he was bid; and the King, who heard in his slumber what passed, let the napkin again fall from off his face.

At this the boy became impatient, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face? Have I indeed a father on the earth? I have learned the prayer, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' and you have told me my father was in heaven—the good God. How can I talk to this wild man? He is not my father."

As the King heard this he raised himself up, and asked the Queen who she was. The Queen replied: "I am your wife, and this is your son SORROWFUL." But when he saw her human hands, he said, "My wife had silver hands." "The merciful God," said the Queen, "has caused my hands to grow again;" and the angel, going into her chamber, brought out the silver hands and showed them to him.

Now he perceived that they were certainly his dear wife and child; and he kissed them gladly, saying, "A

heavy stone is taken from my heart;" and, after eating a meal together with the angel, they went home to the King's mother.

Their arrival caused great rejoicings everywhere : and the King and Queen celebrated their marriage again, and ever afterwards lived happily together to the end of their lives.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD BOY

A LONG time ago, there lived a little shepherd boy, who was famous for his wisdom. He gave such clever answers to all the questions he was asked, that every one talked about him. Even the King had heard of this wonderful boy, but he would not believe that he was so clever, and commanded him to be brought to court. When he came, his majesty said. "I am going to ask you three questions, and if you answer all three intelligently, I will bring you to the palace to live with me as my own child."

"What are the questions?" asked the boy.

"Tell me how many drops of water are in the ocean?" said the King, first.

"Your majesty," began the little shepherd, "if all the waters on the earth be commanded to stop flowing into the ocean, while I count the drops, then I shall tell you how many there are."

Having listened carefully to this answer, the King asked next, "How many stars are in the sky?"

"I must have a large sheet of paper," said the boy. Then he took up the paper, and with a pin made so many holes in it, that they dazzled the eyes of every one who tried to count them. He handed it to the king with the words, "In the sky, there are as many stars as there are holes in this paper; please command them to be counted." Of course, no one was able to count them and the King passed on to the third question.

"How many seconds are there in eternity?" he asked.

"Far away in Lower Pomerania there is an adamantine

mountain. It is one mile in height, the same in breadth, and the same in length. Once in every thousand years a bird lights on this hill and rubs it with its beak. When it has rubbed the whole hill away, then the first second of eternity may be supposed to have passed."

"I am pleased with the way in which you have answered the three questions. You have shown great wisdom, and you shall live with me in future as my own child," said the King.

CATHERINE AND FREDERICK

ONCE upon a time there was a youth named Frederick, and a girl called Catherine, who had married and lived together as a young couple.

One day Fred said, "I am now going into the fields, dear Catherine, and by the time I return let there be something hot upon the table, for I shall be hungry, and something to drink too, for I shall be thirsty."

"Very well, dear Fred, said she, "go at once, and I will make all right for you."

As soon, then, as dinner-time approached, she took down a sausage out of the chimney, and, putting it in a frying-pan with batter, set it over the fire. Soon the sausage began to frizzle and spit while Catherine stood by holding the handle of the pan and thinking; and among other things she thought that while the sausage was getting ready she might go into the cellar and draw some beer.

So she took a can and went down into the cellar to draw the beer, and while it ran into the can, she bethought herself that perhaps the dog might steal the sausage out of the pan, and so up the cellar stairs she ran; but too late, for the rogue had already got the meat in his mouth and was sneaking off. Catherine, however, pursued the dog for a long way over the fields; but the beast was quicker than she, and would not let the sausage go, but bolted off at a great rate.

"Off is off!" said Catherine, and turned round, and,

being very tired and hot, she went home slowly to cool herself.

All this while the beer was running out of the cask, for Catherine had forgotten to turn the tap off, and so as soon as the can was full the liquor ran over the floor of the cellar until it was all out. Catherine saw the misfortune at the top of the steps.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed, "what shall I do that Fred may not find this out?" She considered for a while, and at last remembered that a sack of fine malt yet remained from the last brewing, in one corner, which she would fetch down and strew about in the beer.

"Yes," said she, "it was spared at the right time to be useful to me now in my necessity;" and down she pulled the sack so hastily that she overturned the can of beer for Fred, and away it mixed with the rest on the floor. "It is all right," said she; "where one is, the other should be;" and she strewed the malt over the whole cellar. When it was done she was quite overjoyed at her work, and said, "How clean and neat it does look, to be sure!"

At noontime Fred returned. "Now, wife, what have you ready for me?" said he. "Ah, my dear Fred," she replied, "I would have fried you a sausage, but while I drew the beer the dog stole it out of the pan, and while I hunted the dog the beer all ran out, and as I was about to dry up the beer with the malt, I overturned your can; but be contented, the cellar is quite dry again now."

"Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" said Fred, "you should not have done so! To let the sausage be stolen, and the beer run out, and over all to shoot our best sack of malt!"

"Well, Fred," said she, "I did not know that; you should have told me."

But the husband thought to himself, "If one's wife acts so, one must look after things one's self." Now, he had collected a tolerable sum of silver dollars, which he changed into gold, and then he said to his wife, "See here, there are yellow counters, which I will put in a pot and bury in the stable under the cow's stall; but mind that you do not meddle with it, or you will come to some harm."

Catherine promised to mind what he said; but, as soon

as Fred was gone, some hawkers came into the village with earthenware for sale, and amongst others they asked her if she would purchase anything. "Ah, good people," said Catherine, "I have no money, and cannot buy anything; but if you can make use of yellow counters, I will buy something."

"Yellow counters! Why not? Let us look at them," said they.

"Go-into the stable," she replied, "and dig under the cow's stall, and there you will find the yellow counters. I dare not go myself."

The rogues went at once, and soon dug up the shining gold, which they quickly pocketed; and then they ran off, leaving behind them their pots and dishes in the house. Catherine thought she might as well make use of the new pottery, and, since she had no need of anything in the kitchen, she set out each pot on the ground, and then put others on the top of the palings round the house for ornament. When Fred returned, and saw the fresh decorations, he asked Catherine what she had done.

"I have bought them, Fred," said she, "with the yellow counters which lay under the cow's stall. But I did not dig them up myself; the pedlars did that."

"Ah, wife, what have you done?" replied Fred. "They were not counters, but bright gold, which was all the property we possessed. You should not have done so."

"Well, dear Fred," replied his wife, "you should have told me so before. I did not know that."

Catherine stood considering for a while, and presently she began, "Come, Fred, we will soon get the gold back again; let us pursue the thieves."

"Well, come along," said Fred, "we will try at all events; but take butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat on our journey."

"Yes, Fred," said she, and soon made herself ready; but, her husband being a good walker, she lagged behind.

"Ah," thought she, "this is my luck; for when we turn back I shall be a good bit forward." Presently she came to a hill, on both sides of which there were very deep ruts.

"Oh, see!" said she, "how the poor earth is torn,

flayed, and wounded; it will never be well again all its life!" And out of compassion she took out her butter and greased the ruts over right and left, so that the wheels might run more easily through them, and, while she stooped in doing this, a cheese rolled out of her pocket down the mountain. Catherine said when she saw it, "I have already made the journey up, and I am not coming down after you: another shall run and fetch you."

So saying, she took another cheese out of her pocket, and rolled it down; but, as it did not return, she thought, "Perhaps they are waiting for a companion, and don't like to come alone;" and down she bowled a third cheese. Still all three stayed, and she said, "I cannot think what this means; perhaps it is that the third cheese has missed his way: I will send a fourth, that he may call him as he goes by." But this one acted no better than the others, and Catherine became so anxious that she threw down a fifth and a sixth cheese also, and they were the last.

For a long time after this she waited, expecting they would come, but when she found they did not, she cried out, "You are nice fellows to send after a dead man! you stop a fine time! But do you think I shall wait for you? Oh, no! I shall go on, and you can follow me; you have younger legs than I."

So saying, Catherine walked on and came up with Fred, who was waiting for her, because he needed something to eat. "Now," said he, "give me quickly what you brought." She handed him the dry bread. "Where are the butter and cheese?" cried her husband. "Oh, Fred dear," she replied, "with the butter I have smeared the ruts, and the cheeses will soon come; one ran away, and I sent the others after it to call it back!"

"It was silly of you to do so," said Fred; "to grease the roads with butter, and to roll cheeses down the hill!"

"If you had but told me so," said Catherine vexatiously.

So they ate the dry bread together, and presently Fred said, "Catherine, did you make things fast at home before you came out?"

"No, Fred," said she; "you did not tell me."

"Then go home and lock up the house before we go

farther. Bring back something to eat, and I will stop here for you."

Back went Catherine, thinking, "Ah! Fred will like something else to eat. Butter and cheese will not please; I will bring with me a bag of dried apples, and a mug of vinegar to drink." When she had put these things together she bolted the upper half of the door, but the under door she raised up and carried away on her shoulder, thinking that certainly the house was well protected if she took such good care of the door. Catherine walked along now very leisurely, for said she to herself, "Fred will have all the longer rest!" and as soon as she reached him she gave him the door, saying, "There, Fred; now you have the house door, you can take care of the house yourself."

"Oh! my goodness," exclaimed the husband, "what a clever wife I have! She has bolted the top door, but brought away the bottom part, where any one can creep through! Now it is too late to go back to the house, but since you brought the door here you may carry it onwards."

"The door I will willingly carry," replied Catherine, "but the apples and the vinegar will be too heavy; so I shall hang them on the door, and make that carry them!"

Soon after they came into a wood, and looked about for the thieves, but they could not find them, and when it became dark they climbed up into a tree to pass the night. But scarcely had they done this, when up came the fellows who carry away what won't go with them, and find things before they are lost.

They laid themselves down right under the tree upon which Fred and Catherine were, and making a fire, prepared to share their booty.

Then Fred slipped down on the opposite side, and collected stones, with which he climbed the tree again to beat the thieves with. The stones, however, did them no harm, for the fellows called out, "Ah, it will soon be morning, for the wind is shaking down the chestnuts." All this while Catherine still had the door upon her shoulder, and as it pressed very heavily, she thought the dried apples were in fault, and said to Fred, "I must throw down these apples."

"No, Catherine," said he, "not now; they might betray us." "Ah, I must though; they are so heavy."

"Well, then, do it in the hangman's name!" cried Fred.

As they fell down the rogues said, "Ah, the birds are pulling off the leaves."

A little while after Catherine said again, "Oh, Fred, I must pour out the vinegar, it is so heavy."

"No, no!" said he, "it will betray us."

"Ah, but I must, Fred; it is very heavy," said Catherine.

"Well, then, do it in the hangman's name!" cried Fred.

So she poured out the vinegar, and as it dropped on them, the thieves said, "Ah, the dew is beginning to fall."

Not many minutes after Catherine found, the door was still quite as heavy, and said again to Fred, "Now I must throw down this door."

"No, Catherine," said he, "that would certainly betray us."

"Ah, Fred, but I must; it presses me so terribly."

"No, Catherine dear; do hold it fast," said Fred.

"There—it is gone!" said she.

"Then let it go in the hangman's name!" cried Fred, while it fell crashing through the branches. The rogues below thought the Evil One was descending the tree, and ran off, leaving everything behind them. And early in the morning Fred and his wife descended, and found all their gold under the tree.

As soon as they got home again, Fred said, "Now, Catherine, you must be very industrious, and work hard."

"Yes, my dear husband," said she; "I will go into the fields to cut corn." When she was come into the field she said to herself, "Shall I eat before I cut, or sleep first before I cut?" She determined to eat, and soon became so sleepy over her meal that when she began to cut she knew not what she was doing, and cut off half her clothes—gown, petticoat, and all. When, after a long sleep, Catherine awoke, she got up half-stripped, and said to herself, "Am I myself or am I not? Ah! I am not myself." By and by night came on, and Catherine ran into the

village, and, knocking at her husband's window, called, "Fred !"

"What is the matter?" cried he.

"I want to know if Catherine is indoors?" said she.

"Yes, yes !" answered Fred; "she is certainly within, fast asleep."

"Then I am at home," said she, and ran away.

Standing outside, Catherine found some thieves, wanting to steal, and going up to them she said, "I will help you."

At this the thieves were very glad, not doubting but that she knew where to light on what they sought. But Catherine, stepping in front of the houses, called out, "Good people, what have you that we can steal?" At this the thieves said, "You will do for us with a vengeance!" and they wished they had never come near her; but in order to rid themselves of her they said, "Just before the village, the parson has some roots lying in his field; go and fetch us some."

Catherine went as she was bid, and began to grub for them, and soon made herself very dirty with the earth. Presently a man came by and saw her, and stood still, for he thought it was the Evil One who was grovelling so among the roots. Away he ran into the village to the parson, and told him the Evil One was in his field, rooting up the turnips. "Woe's me !" said the parson, "I have a lame foot, and I cannot go out to exorcise him."

"Then I will carry you a pick-a-back," said the man, and took him up.

Just as they arrived in the field, Catherine rose and drew herself up to her full height.

"Oh ! it is the Evil One !" cried the parson, and both he and the man hurried away; and, behold ! the parson ran faster with his lame legs, through fear and terror, than the countryman could with his sound legs !

THE TWELVE HUNTERS

A CERTAIN King's son, unknown to his father, was betrothed to a Maiden whom he loved very much, and once while he was sitting by her side, happy and contented, news came that his father was very ill, and desired to see him before his end. So the Prince said to his beloved, "I must go away and leave you; I will give you this ring for a memorial. When I become King, I will return and take you home with me."

So saying, he rode off; and when he arrived, he found his father at the point of death. The old King said to him, "My dearest son, I have desired to see you once more before I died, that I may have your promise to marry according to my wishes;" and he named to him a certain Princess whom he was to make his bride. The young Prince was so grieved that he did not know what he was saying, and so promised his father that he would fulfil his wish. Soon afterwards the old King closed his eyes in death.

When the time of mourning for the late King was over, the young Prince, who had succeeded to the throne, was called upon to fulfil the promise which he had given to his father, and the Princess was betrothed to him accordingly. By chance the Maiden heard of this, and grieved so much about the faithlessness of her beloved that she fast faded away. Then her father said to her, "My dear child, why are you sad? Whatever you wish for you shall have."

For a few minutes she considered, and at last said, "Dear father, I wish for eleven maidens exactly like myself in figure and stature."

Her father told her that if it were possible her wish should be carried out, and he ordered a search to be made in his country until eleven maidens were found resembling exactly his daughter in figure and stature. When they came to the Maiden she had twelve hunters' dresses made all exactly alike, and each of the maidens had to put on one, while she herself drew on the twelfth.

Thereupon she took leave of her father, and rode away with her companions to the Court of her former betrothed, whom she loved so much. There she inquired if he needed any Huntsmen, and if he would not take them all into his service. The King looked at her without recognising her, and as they were such handsome people he consented to take them, and so they became the twelve royal Huntsmen.

The King, however, possessed a Lion who was such a wonderful beast that he knew all hidden and secret affairs. So one evening he said to the King, "Do you suppose that you have got twelve Huntsmen?" "Yes," replied he; "twelve Huntsmen." "You are mistaken there," replied the Lion; "they are twelve maidens."

"That can never be true," said the King. "How will you prove it to me?"

"Order some peas to be strewn in your anteroom," said the Lion, "and you will at once see; for men have a firm tread when walking on peas, and do not slip; but maidens trip and stumble and slide, and make the peas roll about."

This advice pleased the King, and he ordered peas to be strewn.

Now, there was a servant of the King's who was kind to the Huntsmen; and, as he heard that they were to be put to this trial, he went and told them all that had passed, and that the Lion wished to show the King that they were maidens. The Maiden thanked him, and told her companions to compel themselves to tread firmly on the peas. When, therefore, the next morning the King summoned the twelve Hunters, and they came into the anteroom, they trod firmly upon the peas with so sturdy a step that not one rolled or moved in the least. Afterwards, when they had left the room, the King said to the Lion, "You have deceived me; they walk like men!"

The Lion replied, "They knew that they were to be put to the proof, and so summoned all their strength. Let twelve spinning-wheels be now brought into the anteroom, and, when they come to pass them, they will be pleased at the sight thereof as no man would be."

This advice also pleased the King, and he caused the twelve spinning-wheels to be placed in the room.

But the servant who was kind to the Hunters went and disclosed the plan to the Maiden, who instructed her eleven attendants to take no notice whatever of the spinning-wheels. The following morning the King summoned his Hunters, and they passed through the anteroom without once looking round at the spinning-wheels. So the King said to the Lion again, "You have deceived me; these are men, for they have not noticed the wheels."

The Lion replied as before, "They knew that they should be put on trial, and they have behaved accordingly;" but the King would believe the Lion no more.

After this the twelve Hunters followed the King customarily in his sporting, and the longer he had them the more he seemed to like them. Now it happened that once as they were going out to the hunt, news came that the Princess who had been betrothed to the young King was on her way to his Court. As soon as the true betrothed heard this, she was so much overcome that all her strength forsook her, and she fell heavily to the ground.

The King soon perceived that something had happened to his best Huntsman, and ran up to help him just as his glove was drawn off. He then saw upon one finger the ring which he had given to his first love, and as he looked in the face of the supposed Huntsman, he recognised her. At this sight his heart was so touched that he kissed her, and, as she opened her eyes, he said, "You are mine, and I am thine, and no power on earth shall make it otherwise."

The King then sent a messenger to the Princess, begging her to return to her own country, for he had already a bride.

Soon afterwards the wedding was celebrated, and the Lion came again into favour, because, after all, he had spoken the truth.

THE FOX AND GODMOTHER-WOLF

A CERTAIN She-Wolf had brought a whelp into the world, and invited the Fox to stand godfather. "For," said she, "he is a near relative, and possesses a good understanding and much cleverness, so that he can instruct my son, and help him on in the world." The Fox appeared to be very honourable, and said to the Wolf, "My worthy fellow-godparent, I thank you much for the honour you show me, and I will so conduct myself that you shall be quite satisfied."

At the feast he made himself very sociable and merry : and, when it was over, he said to the Wolf, "My dear lady, it is our duty to care for the child, and therefore he must have plenty of good food, that he may grow strong. I know a sheepfold whence we can easily fetch somewhat."

This speech pleased the Wolf, and she went with the Fox to the farmyard, and there he showed her the place, and said, "You can creep in there unseen, and meanwhile I will go round to the other side and see if I can pick up a hen."

The Fox, however, did not go as he said, but ran away and stretched himself upon the ground, near the edge of the forest, to rest. The Wolf crept in to the stall, where lay a dog, who began to bark, so that the labourers ran in, and, surprising the Wolf, poured a panful of burning coals over her skin. At last she escaped, and slipped away out of the stall, and found the Fox lying near the forest.

The Fox made a very wry face, and said, "Ah, my dear godmother, how badly I have fared! The peasants fell upon me, and have nearly broken all my bones, and, if you do not wish me to perish here where I lie, you must carry me away!"

The poor Wolf could scarcely move herself; but yet, out of her great concern for the Fox, she took him upon her back, and carried home, slowly enough, the really strong and unhurt godfather. When they reached home, the Fox cried out to the Wolf, "Farewell, my dear god-

mother; may you relish your scorching ! ” and, so saying, he laughed in her face, and quickly bolted off !

THE DRUMMER

ONE evening a young Drummer was walking all alone on the seashore, and as he went along he perceived three pieces of linen lying on the sand. “ What fine linen ! ” said he ; and, picking up one of the pieces, he put it in his pocket and went home, thinking no more of his discovery. By and by he went to bed, and just as he was about to fall asleep, he fancied he heard someone call his name. He listened, and presently distinguished a gentle voice, calling, “ Drummer, Drummer ! awake ! ” He could see nothing, for it was quite dark; but he felt, as it were, something flitting to and fro over his bed.

“ What do you want ? ” he asked at length.

“ Give me back my shirt,” replied the voice, “ which you found yesterday on the seashore.”

“ You shall have it again if you tell me who you are.”

“ Alas ! I am the Daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a Witch who has confined me on the glass mountain. Every day I am allowed to bathe with my two sisters in the sea; but I cannot fly away again without my shirt. Yester-eve my sisters escaped as usual but I was obliged to stay behind, so I beg you to give me my shirt again.”

“ Rest happy, poor child ! ” replied the Drummer; “ I will readily give it back; ” and, feeling for it in his pocket, he handed it to her. She hastily snatched it and would have hurried away, but the Drummer exclaimed, “ Wait a moment; perhaps I can help you ! ”

“ That you may do,” said the voice, “ if you climb up the glass mountain and free me from the Witch; but you cannot get there, nor yet ascend, were you to try.”

“ Where there’s a will there’s a way,” said the Drummer. “ I pity you, and I fear nothing; but I do not know the way to the glass mountain.”

"The path lies through the large forest, where the Giants are," said the child; "more I dare not tell you;" and so saying she flew away.

At break of day the Drummer arose, and, hanging his drum round him, walked straight away without fear into the forest. After he had traversed some distance without perceiving any Giant, he thought to himself he would awake the sleepers; and so, steadying his drum, he beat a roll upon it, which disturbed all the birds so much that they flew off. In a few minutes a Giant raised himself from the ground, where he had been lying asleep on the grass, and his height was that of a fir-tree. "You wretched wight!" he exclaimed, "what are you drumming here for, awaking me out of my best sleep?"

"I am drumming," he replied, "to show the way to the many thousands who follow me."

"What do you want here in my forest?" asked the Giant.

"They are coming to make a path through, and rid it of such monsters as you," said the Drummer.

"Oho? I shall tread them down like ants."

"Do you fancy you will be able to do anything against them?" said the Drummer. "Why, if you bend down to catch any of them, others will jump upon your back; and then when you lie down to sleep, they will come from every bush and creep upon you. And each one has a steel hammer in his girdle, with which he means to beat out your brains."

The Giant was terribly frightened to hear all this, and he thought to himself, "If I meddle with these crafty people they will do me some injury. I can strangle wolves and bears, but these earthworms I cannot guard against." Then, speaking aloud, he said, "Here, you little fellow, I promise for the future to leave you and your comrades in peace; and if you have a wish tell it to me, for I will do anything to please you."

"Well then," replied the Drummer, "you have got long legs, and run quicker than I, so carry me to the glass mountain, and I will beat a retreat-march to my companions, so that for this time you shall not be disturbed."

"Come hither, you worm," said the Giant; "set your-

self on my shoulder, and I will bear you whither you desire."

The Giant took him up, and the Drummer began to beat with all his might and main. "That is the sign," thought the Giant, "for the others to go back." After a while a second Giant started up on the road, and took the Drummer from the shoulders of the first, and put him in his button-hole. The Drummer took hold of the button, which was as big as a plate, to hold on by, and looked round in high spirits. By and by they met with a third Giant, who took him out of the button-hole and placed him on the rim of his hat. Here the Drummer walked round and round observing the country; and, perceiving in the blue distance a mountain, he supposed it to be the glass mountain, and so it was. The Giant took only a couple more strides and arrived at the foot of the mountain, where he set down the Drummer. The latter desired to be taken to the summit, but the Giant only shook his head and went away, muttering something in his beard.

So there the poor Drummer was left standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three hills had been placed on each other, and, withal, as smooth as a mirror, so that he knew not how he should ascend it. He began to climb, but it was in vain; he slipped back every step. "Oh, that I were a bird!" he exclaimed. "But of what use was wishing? Wings never grew for that." While he ruminated, he saw at a little distance two men hotly quarrelling. He went up to them and found that their dispute related to a saddle, which lay on the ground before them, and for the possession of which they were contending. "What fools you are," he exclaimed, "to quarrel about a saddle for which you have no horse."

"The saddle is worth fighting about," replied one, "for whoever sits upon it, may wish himself where he will, and may go even to the end of the world if he so desire. The saddle belongs to us in common; but it is now my turn to ride, and this other will not let me."

"I will quickly end your quarrel!" exclaimed the Drummer, walking a few steps forward, and planting a white wand in the ground. "Run both of you to that point, and whoever gets there first shall ride first."

The two men started off at once, but they had scarcely gone two steps when the Drummer sat himself hastily down on the saddle, and, wishing himself on the top of the glass mountain, was there before one could turn his hand round. On the summit was a large plain, whereon stood an old stone mansion, and before its door a fish-pond, and behind, a dark wood. The Drummer saw neither man nor beast; all was still, but the noise of the wind among the trees; while, close above his head, the clouds were rolling along. He stepped up to the door of the house and knocked thrice, and after the third time, an old Woman, with red eyes and a brown face, opened it.

She had spectacles upon her nose, and looked at him very sharply before she asked what his business was.

"Entrance, a night's lodging, and provisions," replied the Drummer boldly.

"That you shall have, if you promise to perform three tasks!" said she.

"And why not?" he replied. "I am not afraid of work, be it ever so hard!"

So the old Woman let him come in, and gave him supper, and afterwards a good bed.

The next morning when the Drummer arose, the old Woman handed him a thimble off her withered finger, and said, "Now, go to work and empty the pond out there with this thimble, but you must finish it before night; and, besides that, you must take out all the fishes, and range them according to their species upon the bank."

"That is a queer job!" said the Drummer; but, going to the pond, he began to thimble out the water. He worked all the morning; but what could he do with a single thimble, if he had kept at work for a thousand years? When noonday came he stopped and sat down; for, as he thought, "It is no use, and all the same whether I work or not." Just then a Girl came from the house, and brought him a basket of provisions. "What do you want," she asked, "that you sit there so sorrowful?"

The Drummer looked up, and, seeing that the speaker was very beautiful, he replied, "Alas! I cannot perform the first task, and how I shall do the others I cannot tell!"



I have come here to seek a King's daughter, who lives hereabouts; but I have not found her, and I must go farther."

"Stop here!" said the Girl; "I will assist you out of your trouble. You are tired, so lay your head in my lap, and go to sleep; when you awake again the work will be done!"

The Drummer needed no second telling; and, as soon as his eyes were closed, the Maiden pressed a wishing-ring which she had and said, "Out water, out fishes." Immediately the water rose in the air like a white vapour, and rolled away with the other clouds; while the fishes all jumped out, and arranged themselves on the banks according to their size and species.

By and by the Drummer awoke, and saw, to his astonishment, his work completed. "One of the fishes," said the Maiden, "does not lie with his companions, but quite alone; and so, when the old Woman comes this evening and sees all that is done, she will ask why this fish is left out, and you must take it up and throw it in her face, saying, 'That is for you, old Witch.'"

So when it was evening, the old Woman came and asked the question, and he immediately threw the fish in her face. She did not appear to notice it, but only looked silently and maliciously at him: The next morning she said to him, "You got off too easy yesterday; I must give you a harder task. To-day you must cut down all my trees, split the wood into faggots, and range them in bundles, and all must be ready by night."

With these words she gave him an axe, a mallet, and two wedges; but the first was made of lead, and the others of tin. When, therefore, he began to chop, the axe doubled quite up, while the mallet and wedges stuck together. He knew not what to do; but at noon the Maiden came again with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay your head in my lap," said she, "and when you awake the work will be done." Thereupon she turned her wishing-ring, and at the same moment the whole forest fell down with a crash; the timber split of itself, and laid itself together in heaps, as if innumerable giants were at work. As soon as the

Drummer awoke, the Maiden said to him, "See, here is all your wood properly cut and stacked with the exception of one bough, which, if the old Woman, when she comes this evening, asks the reason of, give her a blow with it, and say, 'That is for you, old Witch.'"

Accordingly, when the old Woman came, she said, "See, how easy the work is; but for whom is this bough left out?"

"For you, old Witch!" he replied, giving her a blow. But she appeared not to feel it, and, laughing fiendishly, said to him, "To-morrow you shall lay all the wood in one pile, and kindle and burn it."

At daybreak he arose again and began to work; but how could a single man pile up a whole forest? The work proceeded very slowly. The Maiden, however, did not forget him in his troubles, and brought him as usual his midday meal, after eating which he laid his head in her lap and slept. On his awaking he found the whole pile burning in one immense flame, whose tongues of fire reached up to heaven. "Attend to me," said the Maiden to him. "When the Witch comes, she will demand something singular, but do what she desires without fear, and you will take no harm; but if you are afraid, the fire will catch and consume you. Lastly, when you have fulfilled her demands, take her with both hands and throw her into the midst of the flames."

Thereupon the Maiden left him, and presently the old Woman slipped in, crying, "Hu! hu! how I freeze! But there is fire to warm me and my old bones; that is well; but," she continued, turning to the Drummer, "there is a log which will not burn; fetch it out for me. Come, if you do that, you shall be free and go where you will, only be brisk."

The Drummer plunged into the flames without a moment's consideration; but they did him no harm, not even singeing a single hair. He bore the faggot off and laid it beside the old Witch; but, as soon as it touched the earth it changed into the beautiful Maiden, who had delivered him from his troubles, and he perceived at once, by her silken shining robes, that she was the King's daughter.



The old Woman laughed fiendishly again, and exclaimed, "Do you think you have her? Not yet, not yet!" And, so saying, she would have seized the Maiden; but the Drummer, catching her with both his hands, threw her into the middle of the burning pile, and the flames closed in around her, as if rejoicing in the destruction of such a Witch.

When this was done the Maiden looked at the Drummer, and, seeing that he was a handsome youth, and that he had ventured his life to save hers, she held out her hand to him, and said, "You have dared a great deal for me, and I must do something for you; promise me to be true and faithful, and you shall be my husband. For wealth we shall not want; we have enough here in the treasure which the old Witch has gathered together."

Thereupon she led him into the house and showed him chests upon chests, which were filled with treasures. They left the gold and silver, and took nothing but diamonds and pearls; and then, as they no longer wished to remain on the glass mountain, the Drummer proposed that they should descend on the wishing-saddle. "The old saddle does not please me," said the Maiden, "and I need only turn the ring on my finger and we shall be at home."

"Well, then, wish ourselves at the city gate," replied the Drummer; and in the twinkling of an eye they were there. "I will go and take the news to my parents first," said the Drummer; "wait here for me, for I shall soon be back."

"Ah! I pray you, then, take care not to kiss your parents, when you arrive, on the right cheek, else will you forget everything, and I shall be left here all alone in this field." "How can I forget you?" said he, and promised her faithfully to return in a very short time. When he entered his father's house nobody knew him, he was so altered, for the three days which he had imagined he had spent on the glass mountain were three long years. He soon recalled himself to their remembrance, and his parents hung round his neck, so that, moved by affection, he entirely forgot the Maiden's injunctions, and kissed them on both cheeks. Every thought concerning the

Princess at once faded from his mind, and, emptying his pockets, he laid handfuls of precious stones upon the table. The parents could not tell what to do with so much wealth, till at length they built a noble castle, surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows, and fit for a prince to inhabit. When it was done the Mother of the Drummer said to him, "I have looked out for a wife for you, and you shall be married in three days' time."

Now, the Drummer was quite content with all that his Parents proposed; but the poor Princess was very disconsolate. For a long time after he first left her she waited for him in the fields; but, when evening fell she believed that he had kissed his Parents on the right cheek, and forgotten all about her. Her heart was full of grief, and she wished herself in some solitary forest that she might not return to her father's Court. Every evening she went to the city and passed by the Drummer's house, but although he saw her many times he never recognised her. One day, however, she heard the people talking of the wedding of the Drummer, and she thereupon resolved to make a trial if she could regain his love. As soon as the first festival-day was appointed, she turned her wishing-ring, saying, "A dress as shining as the sun." Immediately the dress lay before her, and seemed as if woven out of the purest sunbeams! Then, as soon as the guests had assembled, she slipped into the hall, and everybody admired her beautiful dress; but most of all the Bride-elect, who had a passion for fine dresses, and went up to her and asked if she would sell it. "Not for money," she replied; "but for the privilege of sleeping for one night next to the chamber of the Bridegroom."

The Bride-elect could not resist her wish for the dress, and so she consented; but first of all she mixed in the sleeping-draught of the Bridegroom a strong potion, which prevented him from being awakened. By and by, when all was quiet, the Princess crept to the chamber door, and, opening it slightly, called gently :

"Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;

Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee :
Drummer ! Drummer ! O list to me ! ”

She cried all in vain; the Drummer did not awake, and when day dawned the Princess was forced to leave. The second evening she turned her wishing-ring, and said, “ A dress as silvery as the moon.” As soon as she had spoken, it lay before her; and when she appeared in it at the ball, the Bride-elect wished to have it as well as the other, and the Princess gave it to her for the privilege of passing another night next the chamber of the Bridegroom. And everything passed as on the first night.

The servants in the house, however, had overheard the plaint of the strange Maiden, and they told the Bridegroom about it. They told him, also, that it was not possible for him to hear anything about what was said because of the potion which was put into his sleeping-draught.

The third evening the Princess turned her ring and wished for a dress as glittering as the stars. As soon as she appeared in the ballroom thus arrayed, the Bride-elect was enchanted with its beauty, and declared rapturously, “ I must and will have it.” The Maiden gave it up, like the former, for a night's sleep next the Bridegrooms' chamber. This time he did not drink his wine as usual, but poured it out behind the bed; and so, when all the house was quiet, he heard a gentle voice repeating:

“ Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee :
Drummer ! Drummer ! O list to me ! ”

All at once his memory returned, and he exclaimed, “ Alas ! alas ! how could I have treated you so heartlessly; but the kisses which I gave my Parents on the right cheek, in the excess of my joy, have bewildered me.” He jumped

up, and taking the Princess by the hand, led her to the bedside of his Parents. "This is my true Bride," said he; "and if I marry the other I shall do a grievous wrong." When the Parents heard all that had happened, they gave their consent; thereupon the lights in the hall were rekindled, the drums and trumpets refetched, the friends and visitors invited to come again, and the true wedding was celebrated with great pomp and happiness.

But the second Bride received the three splendid dresses, and was as well contented as if she had been married !

THE WATER OF LIFE

A LONG time ago a certain king fell very ill, so ill that nobody thought he could live. He had three sons, and they were all so grieved at their father's illness, that they often went out and wept. Once an old man met them thus in the garden of the palace, and asked what was wrong. When they told him their father was so ill that they were afraid nothing could save him, he said, "I know something that would save his life; it is the Water of Life. One drink of it would save his life; but it is very hard to procure."

On hearing this the eldest son said, "I will find it," and he lost no time in going to the sick king to beg him to let him go in search of the Water of Life, which seemed to be the only thing that could save him. "No," said the king; "I had rather die than be the cause of placing you in danger."

But he was not to be dissuaded from going, "For," thought he, "if I bring my father this wonderful water, I shall be his dearest son, and he will make me his heir;" and at length the king yielded.

So the prince set out, and, after he had travelled some distance, his path led him into a deep valley overhung with rocks and woods; and as he looked around, he saw above him on one of the rocks, a little dwarf, who called out to him, "Whither away so fast, prince?"

"What is that to you, ugly creature?" sneered the prince as he continued on his way.

The little dwarf fell into a great rage at his rudeness, and laid a spell of ill-luck upon him, so that, as he rode on, the valley became narrower and narrower, till at last there was so little room for his horse to pass through that he could not go a step farther, and when he looked round with the idea of returning by the way he had come, he found that the passage behind had closed also, and shut him quite up. He next tried to make his way on foot, but this he was unable to do, and so he was forced to remain spell-bound in this narrow space.

Meantime, the king, his father, was lingering on from day to day in hope of his return; and now the second son said, "Father, grant me permission to go in search of this Water;" for he thought to himself, "My brother has certainly died on the way, and the kingdom will fall to me if I have good luck in my search."

The king was at first very unwilling to comply with his wish, but he begged so hard that at last he let him go. Then the second son set out, and, following the same road which his brother had taken, met the same dwarf, who stopped him at the same spot, and said as before, "Prince, whither hastest thou so fast?"

"Attend to your own business, meddler!" answered the prince scornfully, and rode off.

Then the dwarf put the same enchantment upon him, and when he came, like his brother, to the narrow pass in the mountains, he could neither move forward nor backward. Thus are punished all proud, silly people, who think themselves too wise to take advice.

When the second prince had stayed away so long that all hope of his return had been lost, the youngest said he would go in search of the Water of Life, and trusted he would soon return to make his father well again. The dwarf was waiting at the same spot, as he came along, and said, "Prince, whither away so fast?" and the prince said, "I go in search of the Water of Life for my father, who is so ill that I am afraid he will die: can you help me?"

"Do you know where the Water is to be found?" asked the Dwarf.

"No," answered the prince.

"Then since you so politely replied to my question, and sought for advice, I will tell you how to procure it, and where. The Water you seek springs from a well in an enchanted castle; as a means of safety I will give you an iron wand and two little loaves of bread; with the wand you must strike the iron door of the castle three times, and it will open, when you will see two hungry lions inside gaping for their prey. Throw them the bread, and without pausing run past them. Then go on to the well and take some of the Water of Life, for if you tarry after the clock strikes twelve, the door will shut upon you for ever."

The prince thanked the dwarf for his friendly aid, and, taking the wand and the bread, went travelling on and on over sea and land, till he came to the enchanted castle, where he found everything to be as the dwarf had told him.

The door flew open at the third stroke of the wand, and throwing the loaves to the lions, he passed on through the castle, till he came to a beautiful hall. Here he saw several knights sitting in a trance; and pulling off their rings he put them on his own fingers. In another room he discovered on a table a sword and a loaf of bread, and he took these also.

Hastening on, he suddenly came to a room in which there was a beautiful young lady seated upon a couch. She welcomed him joyfully, and said if he would set her free from the spell that bound her he might come back in a year and marry her, and a kingdom should be his. Then she told him that he would find the Water of Life in a well in the palace gardens, and bade him make haste to draw what he wanted before the clock struck twelve.

On he went, through beautiful gardens, till he came to a delightful shady spot, where stood a couch. As he felt very tired, it occurred to him that he might rest here for a while and gaze on the lovely scenes around him. He had no sooner laid himself down that he fell into such a deep sleep that he did not wake up till the clock was striking a quarter to twelve.

Suddenly realising how late he was, he sprang from the couch, rushed to the well, filled a cup that was standing by him full of Water, and ran through the castle without a single pause. He arrived at the iron door only just in time, for as he passed out, the clock struck twelve, and the door closed so quickly behind him that it tore away a piece of his heel.

Nevertheless he was glad to find himself so far safe as to have the Water of Life to take home to his father. On the way back he passed the little dwarf, who, when he saw the sword and the loaf, said, "You have indeed seized a noble prize; you can, at one blow, slay whole armies with that sword, and the bread will never fail."

Now, the young prince at this moment remembered that he could not go home without his brothers; so he said, "Dear dwarf, have you seen my two brothers who set out in search of the Water of Life before me, and never returned?"

"Yes!" said the dwarf, "I have shut them up by a charm between two mountains, because they were proud and ill-behaved, and scorned to ask advice."

The prince pleaded hard for his brothers' release, and at last the dwarf, after much hesitation, set them free, after saying to the youngest brother, "Beware of them, for they have bad hearts."

He, however, in spite of the dwarf's words, was overjoyed at seeing them again, and told them all that had happened to him. He described how he had found the Water of Life, and had brought a cupful of it with him. Then he told them that he had set a beautiful princess free from a spell that bound her; and how she had commanded him to come back in a year, when she would marry him and give him the kingdom.

All three set out for home together, and on their way came to a country so laid waste by war and famine that it was feared all must die for want. The prince, however, brought out the bread which the dwarf had said would never fail, and all the kingdom ate some of it; and with the wonderful sword he slew the enemy's army, and, leaving the kingdom in peace and plenty, the brothers passed on,

the youngest prince befriending two other countries in the same way.

They had to go part of the way by boat, and during their voyage the two eldest said to each other, "Our brother has got the Water which we could not find, and our father will make him heir to the kingdom and deprive us of our right." Indeed, so full of envy were they, and so anxious for revenge, that no sooner was their brother fast asleep than they poured the Water of Life out of the cup and secured it for themselves, filling his cup with bitter sea-water in its place.

In due course they came to their journey's end, and the youngest son brought his cup to the sick king, thinking that he would now have a speedy recovery. Scarcely, however, had his father tasted the bitter sea-water than he became worse, and then the elder sons came in and laid the blame on the youngest, saying that he wanted to poison their father. They declared that they had found the Water of Life, and when one of them held the liquid to his lips, he no sooner began to drink than he felt his sickness leave him, and he became as strong and healthy as in his young days.

The elder brothers now began to mock the young prince, saying, "Well, brother, you found the Water of Life, did you? Is it not a pity that, with all your cleverness, you did not manage to keep your eyes open? You have had the trouble, and we shall have the reward, you see. Moreover, next year one of us will take away your beautiful princess, if you do not take care. Now, you had better understand that there is no use your saying anything about this to our father, for he has lost all faith in what you say, and if you tell tales, you shall lose your life into the bargain."

The old king's anger at his youngest son did not become any less, for he thought that he really had intended to kill him, so he brought the matter before his court and asked what should be done, and at length it was settled that the prince should be put to death. He knew nothing of this till one day when out hunting with the king's chief huntsman, he noticed that his companion looked unusually sad, and asked him what was the matter.

"I cannot tell you; I have not the courage," was the answer. But the prince pleaded, "Only say what it is, and I promise to forgive you."

"Alas!" said the huntsman, "the king has ordered me to shoot you."

The prince started back, exclaiming, "Let me live, and I will change dresses with you; you can take my royal coat to show my father."

"With all my heart," said the huntsman; "I am glad of any means of saving you, for I could not have shot you." Then he took the prince's coat, giving him his own in its place, and went away through the wood.

Not long after, three grand embassies came to the old king's court, with rich gifts of gold and precious stones for his youngest son. They had been sent from the three kings to whom he had lent his sword and loaf of bread, thereby ridding them of their enemy and of the ravages of famine. This so touched the old king's heart, that he began to think his son might after all be innocent, and said to his courtiers, "Oh! that my son were still alive! My heart is well-nigh broken at having caused him to be put to death."

"He still lives," said the huntsman; "when the time came I could not shoot him, but let him go in peace and brought home his royal coat to lead you to believe that I had done the deed."

On hearing this the king was overwhelmed with joy, and immediately caused a proclamation to be made throughout his kingdom, that his son might now return to his court with perfect safety.

Meanwhile the princess, eagerly waiting the return of her deliverer, caused a road to be made of shining gold leading up to her palace. When this glittering pathway was ready, she told her courtiers that whoever rode straight up to the gate upon it was her lover, whom they must let in as soon as he knocked; but they were to send away every one who rode on one side of it, for they could feel certain that he was not the right one.

Now, soon after this, the eldest prince made up his mind to go to the princess, and tell her he was the one who had

set her free, and that he had come to claim her for his wife. So he set out, and as he came near the palace and saw the golden road, he stopped to look at it, saying to himself, "It is a pity to ride over this beautiful road;" and, turning aside, he rode on the right of it till he came to the gate, where the guards promptly told him to go about his business, for he was an impostor.

The second prince set out on the same errand; and he, too, stopped to look at the golden road, and with the remark, "What a pity it is that anything should tread here!" turned aside and rode on the left of it. When he came to the gate and told his errand, the guards said he was not the true prince, and like his brother, he found his plan come to nothing.

Now, when the full year was come, the third brother left the wood, where he had been hiding in dread of his father's anger, and set out in search of his betrothed bride. All the way he was thinking of his princess, and went so quickly, that he rode his horse straight over the golden road, without once noticing what he was riding on. As he came to the gate, it flew open, and the princess welcomed him with joy, calling him her deliverer, and saying that he should now be her husband and lord of the kingdom.

When the marriage was over, the princess told him she had heard of his father's wish to have him home again. In course of time, he went to visit the king, and told him how his brothers had cheated and robbed him, and how he had suffered all these wrongs out of love to him. The old king was very angry at his wicked sons when he learned the true state of matters; but, before he could have them punished, they made their escape over the wide seas, and were never heard of again.

THE PINK

ONCE upon a time there lived a Queen who had been denied children for many years, but every morning she went into the garden and prayed to God that He would grant her a son or a daughter. And once an Angel came down and said to her, "Be satisfied! you shall have a son gifted with this power: whatsoever he wishes for in this world shall be given unto him."

The Queen went directly to the King and told him the joyful message; and when the time arrived, a son was born, and the King rejoiced exceedingly.

Now, the Queen went every morning into the park with her child, and washed it at a clear spring which flowed there. One day she fell asleep with the child on her lap, and the old Cook, who knew that the child possessed wishing powers, took it from her; and, killing a fowl, sprinkled the blood upon the Queen's apron and clothes.

Then he carried the child to a secret place, where a nurse took charge of it, and then ran to the King and stated that the Queen had allowed her son to be torn from her by the wild beasts. The King, when he saw the blood upon her apron, believed the tale, and fell into such a rage that he caused a high tower to be built, into which neither sun nor moon shone, and therein he shut up his wife, to stay there for seven years without meat or drink, and so perish. But two white doves flew daily twice to her with food during the whole seven years.

But the Cook thought to himself, "Since this child has the gift of wishing, it may bring me into misfortune if I stop here;" and so he left the castle and went to the child, who had already grown so much that he could speak. He told the child to wish for a noble house, with a garden, and all appurtenances; and scarcely were the words out of his mouth before all appeared.

After a time had elapsed the Cook said to the boy, "It is not good for you to be so alone; therefore wish for a beautiful maiden to bear you company." This also the boy did,

and immediately there stood before him one more beautiful than any painter could depict. The two children played together, and grew to love each other much, while the old Cook went daily to hunt like any gentleman.

By and by, however, the thought occurred to him that perhaps the young Prince might wish to be with his father, and so bring him into great trouble, and to prevent that he took the maiden aside one day, and said to her, "To-night, when the boy sleeps, stick this dagger into his heart, and cut out his tongue; and if you do not do it your own life shall be sacrificed."

So saying, he went out as usual, and when he returned the next day she had not done it, and excused herself by saying, "What! shall I take the life of an innocent youth who has never yet injured any one?"

"If you do not," said the Cook, "your own life shall pay the forfeit!"

Afterwards, when he was gone out, the maiden had a little calf fetched and killed, and its heart and tongue taken out, which she laid upon a plate, and, when she saw the old Cook return, she told the youth to get into bed and draw the covering over him.

Soon the old wretch came in and asked, "Where are the heart and tongue of the boy?" The maiden reached him the plate; but the Prince threw off the covering and cried, "You old sinner! why would you have killed me? Now I will pronounce your sentence. You shall become a black poodle-dog, and wear a golden chain round your neck, and swallow live coals so that you shall breathe out fire."

As soon as he had spoken these words the Cook took the form of a poodle-dog, and had a golden chain round his neck, and when he ate live coals a flame burst out of his mouth. The King's son remained in the palace a short time, but soon remembered his mother, and wondered if she were yet alive. And at last he said to the maiden, "I must go home to my father, and if you will go with me I will take care of you."

"Alas!" she replied, "the way is too far. And what shall I do in a strange land where I am unknown?"

But the young Prince would not depart without her, and when he found her inflexible he wished her into a beautiful pink, and carried her away in that form. The dog had to run behind, and so they travelled to their native land. Then he went to the tower where his mother dwelt, and as it was so lofty he wished for a ladder which reached to the top. Then he mounted, and, looking in, called, "Dearest mother, lady Queen, are you yet alive, or are you dead?"

The Queen replied, "I have just eaten, and am satisfied;" for she thought it was the dove who spoke.

But the Prince said, "I am your dear son, whom the wild beasts were said to have stolen from your lap; but I am yet alive, and will soon rescue you."

So saying, he went down, and came to his father's palace, and caused himself to be announced as a huntsman who desired to enter the King's service. The King answered that he might do so if he could procure any venison, but he himself had not been able to find any in any part of his territories. Then the huntsman promised to procure him as many deer as he could use for the royal table, and caused all the others to be summoned to accompany him.

So they went out, and the young Prince bade them enclose a large circle to open at one end, in the middle of which he placed himself and began to wish. Soon two hundred and odd head of game ran into the circle, at which the huntsmen began to shoot. All these were heaped upon sixty carts and driven home to the King, who once more, after a long interval, was enabled to garnish his table with venison.

The King, therefore, received the game with great satisfaction, and ordered that on the following day his whole Court should dine with him at a great festival. When they were assembled he said to the young huntsman, "Since you are so clever, you must sit next me;" but he replied, "May it please your Majesty to excuse me. I am but a poor huntsman."

The King, however, was resolved, and said, "You must sit next me;" and as the Prince did so he thought of his dear mother, and wished that one of the King's courtiers

might inquire whether the Queen were yet alive, or had perished in the tower. Scarcely had he so wished when the marshal began to speak, saying, "May it please your Majesty, here are we living in great happiness, but how fares our lady the Queen in the tower? Is she still alive, or dead?"

But the King said, "She suffered my beloved son to be torn away by wild beasts, and I will hear nothing of her."

At these words the huntsman got up and said, "My dear and gracious father, she is still alive, and I am her son, for the wild beasts did not take me away, but that wretch the Cook took me out of her lap when she was asleep, and sprinkled the blood of a hen over her apron."

Thereupon he took up the dog with the golden necklace, and said, "This is the wretch!" And he ordered live coals to be brought, which he was forced to eat in the presence of all, so that the flames burst out of his mouth. Then he changed him back into his right form again, and there stood the Cook with his white apron on and his knife by his side.

As soon as the King recognised him he became terribly angry, and ordered him to be thrown into the deepest dungeon of the castle. Then the young Prince asked his father whether he would see the maiden who had treated him so tenderly, and had saved his life at the peril of her own; and the King replied, "Yes, most willingly."

"I will show you her first in the form of a flower," said the Prince, and searching in his bosom, he took out the pink and placed it upon the royal table, and all confessed they had never seen so beautiful a flower. "Now I will show you the real maiden," said the Prince, and wishing again, she stood before all, and appeared more beautiful than any artist could have painted.

After this, the King sent two men of the household and two attendants up into the tower to fetch the Queen and bring her to the royal table. But as soon as she was led in she ceased to eat, and murmured, "The all-gracious and all-merciful God who preserved me in the tower will soon release me!" For three days after this she lingered, and then she died happily; and, when she was buried, two

white doves followed her, which were those which had brought her food in the tower, and after her burial they hovered above her grave in the form of two angels from heaven.

But the old King grieved at heart for her for some time, and at length died, and the young King then married the beautiful maiden whom he had cherished in his bosom as a flower; but whether they yet live is not known to me.

THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers, who every day sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until at last their need was so great that they were in danger of death from starvation, having nothing to bite or break.

So they said to one another, "We cannot go on in this way; we had better go forth into the wide world and seek our fortunes." With these words they got up and set out, and travelled many a long mile over green fields and meadows without happening with any luck.

One day they arrived in a large forest, and in the middle of it they found a hill, which, on their nearer approach, they saw was all silver. At this sight the eldest brother said, "Now I have met with my expected good fortune, and I desire nothing better." And, so saying, he took as much of the silver as he could carry, and turned back again to his house.

The others, however, said, "We desire something better than mere silver;" and they would not touch it, but went on farther. After they had travelled a couple of days longer, they came to another hill, which was all gold. There the second brother stopped, and soon became quite dazzled at the sight. "What shall I do?" said he to himself. "Shall I take as much gold as I can, that I may have enough to live upon, or shall I go farther still?" At last he came to a conclusion, and, putting what he could in his pockets, he bade his brother good-bye and returned home.

The third brother said, however, "Silver and gold will I not touch; I will seek my fortune yet; perhaps something better than all will happen to me."

So he travelled on alone, and after three days he came to a forest, which was a great deal more extensive than the one he had passed through with his brothers; and so much so that he could not find the end; and, moreover, he was almost perished with hunger and thirst. He climbed up a high tree to discover if he could by chance find an outlet to the forest; but so far as his eyes could reach there was nothing but tree-tops to be seen. His hunger now began to trouble him very much, and he thought to himself, "Could I now only for this once have a good meal, I might get on." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he saw, to his great astonishment, a napkin under the tree, spread over with all kinds of good food, very grateful to his senses. "Ah, this time," thought he, "my wish is fulfilled at the very nick;" and, without any consideration as to who brought or who cooked the dishes, he sat himself down and ate to his heart's content. When he had finished, he thought it would be a shame to leave such a fine napkin in the wood, so he packed it up as small as he could, and carried it away in his pocket.

After this he went on again, and as he felt hungry towards evening, he wished to try his napkin; and, spreading it out, he said aloud, "I should like to see you again spread with cheer;" and scarcely had he spoken when as many dishes as there was room for stood upon the napkin. At the sight he exclaimed, "Now you are dearer to me than a mountain of silver and gold, for I perceive you are a wishing-cloth;" but, however, he was not yet satisfied, but would go farther and seek his fortune.

The next evening he came up with a Charcoal-burner, who was busy with his coals, and who was roasting some potatoes at his fire for his supper. "Good-evening, my black fellow," said our hero; "how do you find yourself in your solitude?" "One day is like another," replied he, "and every night potatoes. Have you a mind for some? If so, be my guest."

"Many thanks," replied the traveller; "but I will not

deprive you of your meal; you did not reckon on having a guest. But, if you have no objection, you shall yourself have an invitation to supper." "Who will invite me?" asked the Charcoal-burner. "I do not see that you have got anything with you, and there is no one in the circuit of two hours' walk who could give you anything."

"And yet there shall be a meal," returned the other, "better than you have ever seen."

So saying, he took out his napkin, and, spreading it on the ground, said, "Cloth, cover thyself!" and immediately meats boiled and baked, as hot as if just out of the kitchen, were spread about. The Charcoal-burner opened his eyes wide, but did not stare long, but soon began to eat away, cramming his black mouth as full as he could. When they had finished, the man, smacking his lips, said, "Come, your cloth pleases me; it would be very convenient for me here in the wood, where I have no one to cook. I will strike a bargain with you. There hangs a soldier's knapsack, which is certainly both old and shabby, but it possesses a wonderful virtue, and, as I have no more use for it, I will give it you in exchange for your cloth."

"But first I must know in what this wonderful virtue consists," said the traveller.

"I will tell you," replied the other. "If you tap thrice with your fingers upon it, out will come a corporal and six men, armed from head to foot, who will do whatsoever you command them."

"In faith," cried our hero, "I do not think I can do better; let us change;" and, giving the man his wishing-cloth, he took the knapsack off its hook, and strode away with it on his back.

He had not gone very far before he wished to try the virtue of his bargain; so he tapped upon it, and immediately the seven warriors stepped before him, and the leader asked his commands. "What does my lord and master desire?"

"March back quickly to the Charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth again," said our hero.

The soldiers wheeled round to the left, and before very long they brought what he desired, having taken it from

the Collier without so much as asking his leave. This done, he dismissed them, and travelled on again, hoping his luck might shine brighter yet. At sunset he came to another Charcoal-burner, who was also preparing his supper at the fire, and asked, "Will you sup with me? Potatoes and salt, without butter, is all I have; sit down if you choose!"

"No," replied the traveller; "this time you shall be my guest;" and he unfolded his cloth, which was at once spread with the most delicate fare. They ate and drank together, and soon got very merry; and when their meal was done, the Charcoal-burner said, "Up above there on that board lies an old worn-out hat, which possesses the wonderful power, if one puts it on and presses it down on his head, of causing, as it were, twelve field-pieces to go off, one after the other, and shoot down all that comes in their way. The hat is of no use to me in that way, and therefore I should like to exchange it for your cloth."

"Oh! I have no objection to that," replied the other; and, taking the hat, he left his wishing-cloth behind him; but he had not gone very far before he tapped on his knapsack, and bade the soldiers who appeared fetch it back from his guest.

"Ah," thought he to himself, "one thing happens so soon upon another, that it seems as if my luck would have no end." And his thoughts did not deceive him; for he had scarcely gone another day's journey when he met with a third Charcoal-burner, who invited him, as the others had, to a potato supper.

However, he spread out his wishing-cloth, and the feast pleased the Charcoal-burner so well, that he offered him, in return for his cloth, a horn, which had still more wonderful properties than either the knapsack or hat; for, when one blew it, every wall and fortification fell down before its blast, and even whole villages and towns were overturned. For this horn he gladly gave his cloth, but he soon sent his soldiers back for it; and now he had not only that, but also the knapsack, the hat, and the horn.

"Now," said he, "I am a made man, and it is high time that I should return home and see how my brothers get on."

When he arrived at the old place, he found his brothers had built a splendid palace with their gold and silver, and were living in clover. He entered their house; but because he came in with a coat torn to rags, the shabby hat upon his head, and the old knapsack on his back, his brothers would not own him. They mocked him, saying, "You pretend to be our brother. Why, he despised silver and gold, and sought better luck for himself; he would come accompanied like a mighty king, not as a beggar!" and they hunted him out of doors.

This treatment put the poor man in such a rage, that he knocked upon the knapsack so many times till a hundred and fifty men stood before him in rank and file. He commanded them to surround his brothers' house, and two of them to take hazelsticks and thrash them both until they knew who he was.

They set up a tremendous howling, so that the people ran to the spot and tried to assist the two brothers; but they could do nothing against the soldiers. By and by the King himself heard the noise, and he ordered out a captain and troop to drive the disturber of the peace out of the city; but the man, with his knapsack, soon gathered together a greater company, who beat back the captain and his men, and sent them home with bleeding noses. At this the King said, "This vagabond fellow shall be driven away;" and the next day he sent a larger troop against him; but they fared no better than the first.

The beggar, as he was called, soon ranged more men in opposition, and, in order to do the work quicker, he pressed his hat down upon his head a couple of times; and immediately the heavy guns began to play, and soon beat down all the King's people, and put the rest to flight.

"Now," said our hero, "I will never make peace till the King gives me his daughter to wife, and he places me upon the throne as ruler of his whole dominion."

This vow which he had taken he caused to be communicated to the King, who said to his daughter, "*Must* is a hard nut to crack: what is there left to me but that I do as this man desires? If I wish for peace, and to keep the crown upon my head, I must yield."

So the wedding was celebrated; but the Princess was terribly vexed that her husband was such a common man, and wore not only a very shabby hat, but also carried about with him everywhere a dirty old knapsack. She determined to get rid of them; and day and night she was always thinking how to manage it. It struck her suddenly that perhaps his wonderful power lay in the knapsack; so she flattered and caressed him, saying, "I wish you would lay aside that dirty knapsack; it becomes you so ill that I am almost ashamed of you."

"Dear child," he replied, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I possess it I do not fear the greatest power on earth;" and he further told her all its wonderful powers. When he had finished, the Princess fell on his neck as if she would kiss him; but she craftily untied the knapsack, and, loosening it from his shoulders, ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped upon it, and ordered the warriors who appeared to bind fast her husband and lead him out of the royal palace.

They obeyed; and the false wife caused other soldiers to march behind, who were instructed to hunt the poor man out of the kingdom. It would have been all over with him had he not still possessed the hat, which he pressed down on his head as soon as his hands were free; and immediately the cannons began to go off, and demolished all before them. The Princess herself was at last obliged to go and beg pardon of her husband. He at last consented to make peace, being moved by her supplications and promises to behave better in future; and she acted so lovingly, and treated him so well for some time after, that he entrusted her with the secret that although he might be deprived of the knapsack, yet so long as he had the hat no one could overcome him.

As soon as she knew this, she waited until he was asleep and then stole away the hat, and caused her husband to be thrown into a ditch. The horn, however, was still left to him; and in a great passion he blew upon it such a blast that in a minute down came tumbling the walls, forts, houses, and palaces, and buried the King and his daughter in the ruins. Luckily he ceased to blow for want of breath;

for had he kept it up any longer all the houses would have been overturned, and not one stone left upon another. After this feat nobody dared to oppose him, and he set himself up as King over the whole country.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor Miller who had a very pretty daughter, and one day it chanced that, while speaking to the King, he said, "I have a daughter who can spin gold from straw."

"That is an accomplishment I should like to possess," said the King? "If your daughter is so very clever a young lady, bring her to my palace, and I will set her a task."

Accordingly, the Miller fetched his daughter, and the King, leading her into a room full of straw, showed her a wheel and shuttle.

"Now," said he, "begin at once, and spin this straw into gold by the morning, or you shall be put to death;" then he went out, and, shutting the door, made it fast.

The poor girl sat quite still, not knowing in the least what to do, as she was quite unable to spin straw into gold, and at last, being very frightened, she began to cry.

Suddenly the door opened, and into the room stepped a little Man, who said, "Good-evening, my child. Why are you weeping so bitterly?"

"Alas!" said the Miller's daughter, "I have to spin this straw into gold, and cannot."

"What will you give me if I spin it for you?" asked the stranger.

"My kerchief," said the girl.

The little Man took the kerchief, sat down to the wheel, and in a few minutes the shuttle was full. Then he filled another and another until, by morning, all the straw had been spun into gold.

Directly day broke, the King paid his visit, and the sight of the gold made him more greedy than ever. He ordered the girl to be taken to a larger room which held much

more straw, and this he commanded her to spin into gold by the next morning, on pain of losing her life.

The girl was once more reduced to despair, and could do nothing but cry, when again the door opened and the little Man stood before her.

"What will you give me," said he, "if I turn this straw into gold for you?"

"The ring from my finger," she answered.

The stranger agreed to this, took the ring, set the wheel humming, and soon finished the task.

When the King paid his visit in the morning, he was delighted; but his greed was not satisfied, and he placed the girl in a still larger room filled with straw, saying, "If you spin all this into gold by daylight, you shall be my wife;" for he thought that, though of humble birth, no wife could be richer.

Again the stranger made his appearance, and asked what she would give him if he undertook the task for her.

"I have nothing more to give," said the Miller's daughter.

"Promise, then," said he, "that when you become Queen you will give me your first-born."

After a time, the poor girl, not knowing what else to do, agreed. The little Man turned the straw into gold, and the King was so pleased at the sight of so much wealth, that he immediately ordered a wedding feast, and married the Miller's daughter.

A year afterwards she brought a pretty child into the world, and the Manikin came to claim his reward. The poor Queen, who had forgotten all about him, offered him all her jewels if he would let her keep the child; but he refused. Then she cried so piteously that he said, "I will give you three days' grace. If by that time you can guess my name, you may keep your infant."

The first day the Queen tried such names as Caspar, Melchor, Balzor, and all the others she knew; but to each he replied, "I am not called that."

The second day she sent out messengers to collect all the funniest names, and, when the little Man appeared, she tried him with, "Bandy-legs," "Mutton-chop," and

"Ripping-beast"; but to each one he replied, "I am not called that."

The third day a messenger said that, while standing on a hill close to a forest, he saw a tiny house in which burned a fire, and round the fire a little man hopped on one leg, and sang :

" To-day I bake, to-morrow I brew,
The day after I shall fetch the Queen's baby.
Nobody knows how nice it is
To be called Rumpelstilz ! "

When the Manikin came and asked what he was called, the Queen gave two or three wrong names, and then said, " Perhaps you are called Rumpelstilz? "

" The devil told you ! " screamed the little Man, and in his rage he struck his right foot so deep in the earth that he fell, and, catching hold of his left foot to save himself, split himself in two.

THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, whose father and mother died when she was very young. Her godmother lived in a small cottage at the opposite end of the village, and obtained a living by spinning, weaving, and sewing. She brought the orphan child to live with her and taught her to work. The girl's life passed happily thus, till the age of fifteen.

When she was just at that age, her godmother fell ill, and called her to the bedside. " My dear daughter," she said, " I feel my end approaching. I leave you this cottage, which will protect you from wind and weather. Also I leave you the spindle, shuttle, and needle, to enable you to earn your living."

Then she laid her hands on the girl's head and blessed her, saying, " So long as you remember God, everything

will prosper with you." A few moments after, she closed her eyes in death. The poor girl wept bitterly as she paid her godmother the last respects.

Then she sadly returned to the cottage to live alone in the future. But her time was spent industriously, spinning, weaving, and sewing, and the blessing of God rested upon everything she did. When she wove a piece of cloth or did any sewing, she always found a purchaser, who paid her so well that she had enough for herself and a little for her poorer neighbours.

Now, the king of the country in which the girl lived had a son, who, in course of time, made up his mind to look for a bride. He was not allowed to take a poor wife, and he refused to take a rich one. "She who is at once the richest and the poorest, shall be my bride," he said; and he set out to look for such a one.

When he came to the village where the girl lived, he asked, as was his custom, who was the richest and poorest maiden in the village. The people gave him first the name of the richest, and then told him that the poorest was the girl living in the cottage at the end of the village.

The young prince turned his horse's head in the direction of the rich maiden's home first. He found her sitting before her door in full dress. As soon as she saw him approaching she rose and made him a very low curtsy; but he merely bowed to her, and then, without speaking a word, turned his horse about, and rode away to the house of the poor maiden.

He did not find her standing at the door, for she was sitting in the kitchen spinning. Bringing his horse to a standstill, he looked through the window into the kitchen, and observed how industriously the girl was engaged at her spinning-wheel. Just at that moment she happened to look up, but as soon as she caught sight of the prince peeping at her, she blushed as red as a rose, and immediately turned to her work again.

She spun very industriously till the prince rode away, but it is just possible that the thread was not even. However, she was no sooner sure that he was gone than she walked across to the window and opened it, saying, "It is

so hot in this kitchen !” There she remained as long as the white feathers in the prince’s hat could be seen.

When she went back to her work, she could not keep a line, which her godmother used to hum while she was working, from coming into her head. So she began to sing it.

“ Spindle spindle, off you go,
And bring a lover home.”

These were the words; and, scarcely had she said them, than the spindle sprang from her hands, out by the door. Rising quickly, to see where it would roll, the girl was astonished to see it go dancing merrily over the field, leaving a golden thread behind it. It was out of sight in a short time, and then the maiden, having no other spindle, took the shuttle in her hand and began to weave.

Meanwhile the spindle still danced on, and just as the thread was coming to an end it reached the king’s son. “ What is this ? ” cried he. “ The spindle seems to be showing me the way ! ” Thereupon, turning his horse’s head round, he rode back, guided by the golden thread. At the same time the girl, sitting down, began to sing:

“ Shuttle, shuttle, off you go,
And bring a lover home.”

Immediately the shuttle sprang out of her hands and out by the door. Once outside, it began to weave a carpet more beautiful than was ever before seen. On the borders were roses and lilies in full bloom, and in the middle, against a golden ground, green vine-branches grew; hares and rabbits, too, were shown skipping about, and fawns and does rubbing their heads against trees; and on the boughs of the trees were sitting pretty birds, which lacked nothing but the gift of song. All this pattern the shuttle wove so quickly that it seemed to grow by itself.

Now, seeing that the shuttle, too, had run away, the maiden sat down to her sewing; and while she stitched, sang :

"Needle, needle, oh, so fine,
Fit the house for wooer mine."

The needle at once flew out of her fingers and began to glance in and out all about the room quick as lightning. It seemed as though invisible hands were at work in the house, for, in a few minutes, the kitchen was transformed. The table and bench were covered with green cloths, the chairs with velvet, and the walls were hung with silken curtains.

Scarcely had the needle put the last stitch in the curtains, when the maiden, happening to look out of the window, caught sight of the white feathers on the hat of the prince. He was coming towards her cottage drawn by the golden thread of the spindle. He dismounted near the door, and walked over the carpet into the cottage. As soon as he entered, the maiden stood up in her shabby clothes, her cheeks glowing like a rose.

"You are at once the poorest and the richest maiden," said the prince to her. "Come with me, and you shall be my bride."

She said nothing, only held out her hand. The prince caught it, and giving her a kiss, led her out of the cottage and seated her on his horse. He took her to the king's castle, where the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. The spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were afterwards placed in the treasure-chamber in the castle, and held in great esteem.

THE GOLD CHILDREN

ONCE upon a time there was a poor Man and his Wife who had nothing in the world but their hut, and they lived from hand to mouth by catching fish. But once it happened that the man, sitting by the water's edge, threw in his net and drew out a Golden Fish. And while he was looking at the fish with great wonderment, it exclaimed, "Do you hear, Fisherman? throw me back into the water, and I will change your hut into a fine castle."

But the Fisherman replied, "What use is a castle to me if I have nothing to eat?" "That is taken care about," rejoined the Fish, "for in the castle you will find a cupboard which, on opening, you will see full of dishes of the most delicate food, and as much as you like."

"Well, if that be so," said the Man, "you shall soon have your wish."

"Yes," said the Fish, "but there is one condition: that you disclose to nobody in the world, whoever he may be, from whence your luck comes, for if you speak a single word about it, all will be lost."

The Man threw the wonderful Fish back into the water and went home, and where formerly stood his hut was a large castle. The sight made him open his eyes, and stepping in, he found his Wife dressed out in costly clothes, sitting in a magnificent room. She appeared very much pleased, and said, "Husband, how has all this happened? This is very nice!"

"Yes," replied her Husband, "it pleases me also; but now I am tremendously hungry, so give me something to eat."

His wife said, "I have got nothing, and I am sure I do not know where to find any food in this new house!"

"Oh! there is a great cupboard; open that," said the Husband: and as soon as she did so, behold! there were cakes, meat, fruit and wine. At the sight of these the Wife laughed exultingly, and cried, "What else can you wish for now, my dear?" and she and he commenced eating and drinking at once.

But, when they had had enough, the Wife asked, "Now, my husband, whence comes all this?" "Ah," he replied, "do not ask me! I dare not tell you, for if I let out the secret to any one our fortune will fly."

"Well, if I may not know, I am sure I do not want," replied she; but she was not in earnest, and let him have no peace night or day, teasing and tormenting him so long, till at last, in a fit of impatience, he let out that all their fortune came from a Golden Fish which he had caught and set at liberty again. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when all the fine castle, with its cupboard, dis-

appeared, and they found themselves again in their old hut.

Now was the Man obliged to take up with his old trade of fishing, and fortune so favoured him that he pulled out a second time the Golden Fish. "Alas!" said the Fish, "let me go again, and I will give you back your castle, with the cupboard of meat and wine; only keep it secret, and reveal not on any account from whence they spring, or again you will lose all."

"I will take care," replied the Fisherman, and threw the Fish into the water. At home immediately everything was in its former splendour, and the Wife rejoiced at her good fortune; but her curiosity could not rest, and after a couple of days she began to plague her Husband again to tell her the source of their prosperity.

For a long time the Man held his tongue, but at length he got into such a passion that he broke out and told the secret. At the same moment the castle disappeared, and they found themselves in the old hut. "There, are you satisfied now?" said the Man to his Wife; "now we may feel the pangs of hunger again." "Ah," she replied, "I would rather not have wealth at all than not know whence it comes; for then I have no peace of mind."

The Man went fishing again, and in a few days he was lucky enough to pull up the Golden Fish for the third time. "Well, well," said the Fish, "I see I am fated to fall into your hands, so take me home and cut me into six pieces: two of which you must give to your Wife to eat, two to your horse, and two you must put in the ground, and then you will be blessed."

The Man took home the Fish and did as it had said, and it happened that from the two pieces which he sowed in the ground two golden lilies grew up; from the eating of the two pieces by the mare, two golden foals were born; and from the Wife's eating of her share, she brought forth two golden children.

The children grew up beautiful and fair, and with them the two lilies and the two foals; and one day the children said to their father, "We will mount our golden steeds and travel in the world."

But he replied sorrowfully, "How shall I manage, when you are out, to know how you are getting on?"

"The two golden lilies," said they, "will remain here, and by them you can see how we prosper: are they fresh, so are we well; do they droop, so are we ill; do they die, so are we dead."

With these words they rode away, and soon came to an inn wherein were many people, who, when they saw the two golden children, laughed at them mockingly. One of them, when he heard the jeers, was ashamed, and would not go onward, but turned round and went home to his father; while the other rode on till he came to a large forest. Just as he was about to ride into it, the people said to him, "You had better not go there, for the forest is full of robbers, who will act badly to you, and certainly when they see you are golden, and your horse too, they will kill you."

But the youth would not be frightened, and said, "I must and will go."

Then he took bears' skins, and covered with them himself and his horse, so that nothing golden could be seen, and, this done, he rode confidently into the wood. When he had ridden a little way he heard a rustling among the bushes, and soon distinguished voices talking to one another. One said, "Here comes one!" but another said, "Let him alone; he's only a bear-hunter, and as poor and cold as a church mouse. What should we do with him?"

So the Gold Child rode without danger through the forest, and came to no harm. Next it happened that he came to a village, wherein he saw a maiden so beautiful that he thought there could be no one more so in the world. He conceived a great love for her, and went to her and asked her whether she would be his wife. The maiden was very much pleased, and consented, saying, "Yes, I will become your wife, and be faithful to you all your life."

Then they celebrated the wedding together, and just as they were in the middle of their festivities the father of the bride returned, and when he saw that his daughter was married, he asked in great astonishment where the bridegroom was. They showed him the Golden Child, who still wore his bear-skins around him, and the father exclaimed,

"Never shall a bear-hunter marry my daughter!" and he would have murdered him. The bride begged for his life, saying, "He is my husband, and I love him with all my heart;" and she begged so piteously that her father at last spared him.

The father, however, was always thinking about this man, and one morning he rose early in order to look at his daughter's husband, and see whether he were a common and ragged beggar or no. But when he looked, behold there was a magnificent Golden Man in the bed, while the thrown-off bearskins lay upon the ground. So the father went away thinking, "What a good thing it was I restrained my passion or I should have made a grand mistake."

The same night the Gold Child dreamed that he hunted a fine stag, and when he awoke in the morning he said to his bride, "I must be off to the hunt!" She was grieved, and begged him to stay, and said, "A great misfortune may easily happen to you;" but he answered, "I must and will go!"

So he rode away into the forest and soon met a proud stag, just as he had dreamed. He aimed at it and would have shot, but the stag sprang off. Then he followed it over hedges and ditches without wearying the whole day, and at evening it disappeared from his sight. When now the Gold Child looked round, he stood before a little house, wherein dwelt a Witch. He knocked at the door, and a little old woman came and asked, "What are you doing so late in the midst of this forest?"

"Have you not seen a stag?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied; "I know the stag well;" and just then a little dog which was indoors barked loudly at the stranger. "Will you be quiet, you rascally dog?" he cried, "or I will shoot you dead." At this the Witch exclaimed in a great passion, "What! will you kill my dog?" and bewitched him at once, so that he lay there like a stone. His poor wife meanwhile waited for him in vain, and soon she thought, "Ah! what I feared in the anguish of my heavy heart has fallen upon him."

But at home the other brother stood by the golden

lilies, and suddenly one of them fell off. "Ah!" said he, "some great misfortune has happened to my brother! I must be off and see if, haply, I can save him."

But the father said, "Stop here. If I lose you too, what will become of me?"

"I must and will go!" said the youth. So he mounted his golden horse, and rode away till he came to the large forest where his brother lay in the form of a stone. Out of her house came the old Witch, called to him, and would have enchanted him too, but he went not near her, but said, "I will shoot you down if you do not restore to me my brother."

She was frightened, but still she acted very unwillingly, and, touching the stone with her fingers, the Gold Child took again his human form. The two Gold Children were overjoyed when they saw one another again, and kissed and embraced, and rode together out of the forest. There they parted—the one returned to his bride and the other to his father. When the latter arrived, his father said to him, "I knew that you had saved your brother, for the golden lily all at once revived, and now flourishes again." After this time they lived contentedly and happily, and all went well with them till the end of their lives.

THE RABBIT'S BRIDE

ONCE there was a woman and her daughter who lived in a garden full of fine cabbages, but a Rabbit came in and ate them up. The woman said one day to her daughter, "Go into the garden and hunt that Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit! do not eat all the cabbages."

"Come with me, Mary," it said, "and sit upon my bushy tail, and go with me to my bushy house."

Mary would not; and the next day the Rabbit came again, and ate the cabbages, and the woman said to the daughter, "Go into the garden and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit! do not eat all the cabbages."

"Come with me, then, Mary," said the Rabbit; "sit upon my bushy tail, and come with me to my bushy house."

Mary would not; and the third day the Rabbit came again, and ate the cabbages, and the woman said again to her daughter, "Go into the garden and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit! eat not all our cabbages."

"Come with me, then, Mary," said the Rabbit; "sit upon my bushy tail, and come with me to my bushy house."

So Mary this time sat herself upon the Rabbit's tail, and he carried her out to his hut, and said, "Now cook me green lettuces and bran, while I will ask the wedding guests." Soon all the visitors came. (Who, then, were the wedding guests? That I cannot tell you, except as another has told me: they were all Rabbits, and the Crow was there as the parson to marry the bride and bridegroom, and the Fox as the clerk, and the altar was under a rainbow.)

But Mary was sad, because she was alone; and the little Rabbit came and said, "Get up, get up! the wedding folks are merry and pleased."

Mary said "No," and wept; and the little Rabbit went away, but soon returned, and said, "Get up, get up! the wedding folks are hungry."

The Bride said "No!" again, and still cried. The little Rabbit went away, but soon came back, and said again, "Get up, get up! the wedding folks are waiting for you."

Mary said "No!" again, and the little Rabbit went away; but she made a doll of straw with her own clothes, and gave it a red lip, and set it on the kettle with bran, and went home to her mother. Once more came the little Rabbit, and said, "Get up, get up!" and, going towards the doll, he knocked it on the head, so that it fell over on one side.

Then the little Rabbit thought his bride was dead, and went away very sad and sorrowful.



THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER

THERE was once a little Brother who took his Sister by the hand, and said, "Since our own dear mother's death we have not had one happy hour; our stepmother beats us every day, and, if we come near her, kicks us away with her foot. Our food is the hard crusts of bread which are left, and even the dog under the table fares better than we, for he often gets a nice morsel. Come, let us wander forth into the wide world."

So the whole day long they travelled over meadows, fields, and stony roads, and when it rained the Sister said, "It is heaven crying in sympathy."

By evening they came into a large forest, and were so wearied with grief, hunger, and their long walk, that they laid themselves down in a hollow tree and went to sleep. When they awoke the next morning, the sun had already risen high in the heavens, and its beams made the tree so hot, that the little boy said to his Sister, "I am so thirsty, if I knew where there was a brook I would go and drink. Ah! I think I hear one running;" and so saying, he got up, and taking his Sister's hand, they went in search of the brook.

The wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, and had witnessed the departure of the two children; so, sneaking after them secretly, as is the habit of witches, she had enchanted all the springs in the forest.

Presently they found a brook which ran trippingly over the pebbles, and the Brother would have drunk out of it, but the Sister heard how it said, as it ran along, "Who drinks of me will become a tiger!"

So the Sister exclaimed, "I pray you, Brother, drink not, or you will become a tiger, and tear me to pieces!" So the Brother did not drink although his thirst was so great, and he said, "I will wait till the next brook."

As they came to the second, the Sister heard it say, "Who drinks of me becomes a wolf!" The Sister ran up crying, "Brother, do not, pray do not drink, or you will

become a wolf and eat me up!" Then the Brother did not drink, saying, "I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink. You may say what you will; my thirst is much too great."

Just as they reached the third brook, the Sister heard the voice saying, "Who drinks of me will become a fawn—who drinks of me will become a fawn!" So the Sister said, "Oh, my Brother! do not drink, or you will be changed to a fawn, and run away from me!" But he had already kneeled down and drunk of the water, and, as the first drops passed his lips, his shape became that of a fawn.

At first the Sister cried over her little changed Brother, and he wept too, and kneeled by her very sorrowful; but at last the maiden said, "Be still, dear little Fawn, and I will never forsake you;" and, undoing her golden garter, she put it round his neck, and weaving rushes, made a white girdle to lead him with.

This she tied to him, and, taking the other end in her hand, she led him away, and they travelled deeper and deeper into the forest.

After they had walked a long distance they came to a little hut, and the maiden, peeping in, found it empty, and thought, "Here we can stay and dwell."

Then she looked for leaves and moss to make a soft couch for the Fawn; and every morning she went out and collected roots and berries and nuts for herself, and tender grass for the Fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and played happily around her. In the evening, when the Sister was tired and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the back of the Fawn, which served for a pillow, on which she slept soundly. Had but the Brother regained his own proper form, their life would have been happy indeed.

Thus they dwelt in this wilderness, and some time had elapsed, when it happened that the King of the country held a great hunt in the forest; and now resounded through the trees the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, and the lusty cries of the hunters, so that the little Fawn heard them, and wanted very much to join.

"Ah!" said he to his Sister, "let me go to the hunt;

I cannot restrain myself any longer." And he begged so hard that at last she consented.

"But," said she to him, "return again in the evening, for I shall shut my door against the wild huntsmen, and, that I may know you, do you knock, and say, 'Sister, let me in,' and if you do not speak I shall not open the door."

As soon as she had said this, the little Fawn sprang off, quite glad and merry in the fresh breeze. The King and his huntsmen perceived the beautiful animal, and pursued him; but they could not catch him, and when they thought they had him for certain, he sprang away over the bushes and got out of sight.

Just as it was getting dark, he ran up to the hut, and, knocking, said, "Sister mine, let me in." Then she undid the little door and he went in, and rested all night long upon his soft couch.

The next morning the hunt was commenced again, and as soon as the little Fawn heard the horns and the tally-ho of the sportsmen, he could not rest, and said, "Sister dear, open the door; I must be off." The Sister opened it, saying, "Return at evening, mind, and say the words as before."

When the King and his huntsmen saw again the Fawn with the golden necklace, they followed him close, but he was too nimble and quick for them. The whole day long they kept up with him, but towards evening the huntsmen made a circle round him, and one wounded him slightly in the foot behind, so that he could only run slowly.

Then one of them slipped after him to the little hut, and heard him say, "Sister dear, let me in," and saw that the door was opened and immediately shut behind. The huntsman, having observed all this, went and told the King what he had seen and heard, and he said, "On the morrow I will once more pursue him."

The Sister, however, was terribly frightened when she saw that her Fawn was wounded, and, washing off the blood, she put herbs upon the foot, and said, "Go and rest upon your bed, dear Fawn, that the wound may heal." It was so slight, that the next morning he felt nothing of it, and when he heard the hunting cries outside, he exclaimed, "I cannot stop away—I must be there, and none shall

catch me so easily again ! ” The Sister wept very much, and told him, “ Soon they will kill you, and I shall be here all alone in this forest, forsaken by all the world : I cannot let you go.”

“ I shall die here in vexation,” answered the Fawn, “ if you do not; for when I hear the horn I think I shall jump out of my skin.”

The Sister, finding, she could not prevent him, opened the door with a heavy heart, and the Fawn jumped out, quite delighted, into the forest. As soon as the King perceived him, he said to his huntsmen, “ Follow him all day long till the evening, but let no one do him an injury.” When the sun had set, the King asked his huntsmen to show him the hut, and as they came to it he knocked at the door, and said, “ Let me in, dear Sister.”

Then the door was opened, and, stepping in, the King saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever before seen. She was frightened when she saw, not her Fawn, but a man step in who had a golden crown upon his head.

But the King, looking at her with a friendly glance, reached her his hand, saying, “ Will you go with me to my castle, and be my dear wife? ” “ Oh, yes,” replied the maiden; “ but the Fawn must go too : him I will never forsake.” The King replied, “ He shall remain with you as long as you live, and shall want for nothing.” In the meantime the Fawn had come in, and the Sister, binding the girdle to him, again took it in her hand, and led him away with her out of the hut.

The King took the beautiful maiden upon his horse and rode to his castle, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, and she became Queen, and they lived together a long time; while the Fawn was taken care of, and lived well, playing about the castle garden.

The wicked stepmother, however, on whose account the children had wandered forth into the world, supposed that long ago the Sister had been torn in pieces by the wild beasts, and the little Brother hunted to death in his Fawn’s shape by the hunters. As soon, therefore, as she heard how happy they had become, and how everything prospered with them, envy and jealousy were roused in

her heart and left her no peace; and she was always thinking in what way she could work misfortune to them.

Her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had but one eye, for which she was continually reproached, said, "The luck of being a queen has never yet happened to me." "Be quiet now," said the old woman, "and make yourself contented : when the time comes I shall be at hand." As soon, then, as a beautiful little boy was born, which happened when the King was out hunting, the old witch took the form of a chambermaid, and got into the room where the Queen was lying, and said to her, "The bath is ready, which will restore you and give you fresh strength; be quick, before it gets cold." Her daughter being at hand, they carried the weak Queen between them into the room, and laid her in the bath, and then, shutting the door to, they ran off; but first they had made up an immense fire in the stove, which must soon suffocate the young Queen.

When this was done, the old woman took her daughter, and, putting a cap on her, laid her in the bed in the Queen's place. She gave her, too, the form and appearance of the real Queen as far as she could; but she could not restore the lost eye, and, so that the King might not notice it, she turned her upon that side where there was no eye.

When he came home at evening and heard that a son was born to him, he was much delighted, and prepared to go to his wife's bedside to see how she did; so the old woman called out in a great hurry, "For your life, do not undraw the curtains; the Queen must not yet see the light, and must be kept quiet." So the King went away, and did not discover that a false Queen was laid in the bed.

When midnight came and every one was asleep, the nurse, who sat by herself, wide awake, near the cradle, in the nursery, saw the door open and the true Queen come in. She took the child in her arms and rocked it a while, and then, shaking up its pillow, laid it down in its cradle and covered it over again. She did not forget the Fawn either, but, going to the corner where he was, stroked his back, and then went silently out at the door.

In the morning the nurse asked the guards if any one had passed into the castle during the night, but they answered, "No, we have seen nobody." For many nights afterwards she came constantly, and never spoke a word; and the nurse saw her always, but she would not trust herself to speak about it to the King.

When some time had passed away, the Queen one night began to speak, and said :

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
Twice more will I come, but never again."

The nurse made no reply, but, when she had disappeared, went to the King and told him all. The King exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens! what does this mean? The next night I myself will watch by the child."

In the evening he went into the nursery, and about midnight the Queen appeared, and said :

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn ?
Once more will I come, but never again."

And she nursed the child as she was used to do, and then disappeared. The King dared not speak; but he watched the following night, and this time she said:

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn ?
This time have I come, but never again."

At these words the King could hold back no longer, but sprang up, and said, "You can be no other than my dear wife!" Then she answered, "Yes, I am your dear wife;" and at that moment her life was restored by God's mercy, and she was again as beautiful and charming as ever. She told the King the fraud which the witch and her daughter had practised upon him, and he had them both tried and sentence pronounced against them. The daughter was taken into the forest, where the wild beasts tore her in pieces, but the old witch was led to the fire and miserably burned. And as soon as she was reduced to ashes

the little Fawn was unbewitched, and received again his human form; and the Brother and Sister lived happily together to the end of their days.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

ONCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter, with his wife, and two children by his former marriage—a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite; and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, restless and sorely troubled, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away quite early in the morning into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread. Then we will go to our work and leave them alone; so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them."

"No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do. How can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood?—for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces."

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry—I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out.

The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which

lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down and put as many into his pocket as it would hold; and then going back, he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us;" and so saying, he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else."

Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance, Hansel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah! father," said Hansel, "I am looking back at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the wood, the father told the children to collect some sticks and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold: so Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them, and as the flame burned up high, the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon, each ate the piece of bread; and because they could hear the blows of an axe, they thought their father was near; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro

by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep.

When they awoke it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?"

But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way."

The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in peace; God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way,

Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stooping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path.

"Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father; "keep in the path." "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making an immense fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came, Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived, and no one came to visit the poor children. In the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home."

The moon shone, and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Gethel, "We will soon find the way." But they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and, spreading its wings, flew away; and they followed it until it arrived



at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window-panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?"

So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it.

Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" And the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven;" and they went on eating without interruption.

Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you;" and so saying, she took them both by the hand and led them into her cottage.

A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman behaved very kindly to them; but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread-house in order to entice them in, and as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day.

Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smelling, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Grethel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to

them, and saw how sweetly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite."

Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Next she went to Grethel, and, shaking her till she awoke, said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Grethel got nothing else but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage, and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer.

"Grethel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him."

Oh! how the poor little sister grieved; but she was forced to fetch the water, and fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood, then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough;" and so saying, she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely.

"Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough,

and then we will put in the bread;" but she intended, when Grethel got in, to shut up the oven, and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?"

"You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then, shutting the iron door, she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Grethel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this enchanted forest;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I can see no bridge at all."

"And there is no boat either," said Grethel, "but there swims a white duck. I will ask her to help us over;" and she sang:

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
Grethel and Hansel, here we stand;
There is neither stile nor bridge—
Take us on your back to land."

So the Duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself on and bade his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the Duck; she shall take us

over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and when they had reached the other side safely, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they perceived their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest: and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse; whoever catches her may make a great big cap out of her fur.

DOCTOR KNOW-ALL

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant, whose name was Crab. One day he drove into the city in a cart which was laden with wood, and drawn by two oxen. Before long, he managed to sell his faggots to a learned doctor for two dollars. While he was waiting for the money at the door, the peasant caught a glimpse of the doctor seated very comfortably at dinner, and felt a great desire to become a doctor too. At length, after some hesitation, he asked whether he could not be a doctor.

"Oh, yes!" replied the doctor, "it won't be difficult."

"What must I do?" asked the peasant.

"Buy an A B C book, having cock-a-doodle-doo for its frontispiece; that is what you must do first. Secondly, sell your cart and oxen, and with the money you get for them, buy clothes and other things in keeping with a doctor's appearance. Thirdly, have a sign painted, 'I am Doctor Know-all,' and nail it up over your door."

The peasant did everything as he had been directed. After he had been practising as Doctor Know-all for a while, a certain wealthy baron had some money stolen from him. He was told about Doctor Know-all, where he

lived, and how he would certainly be able to tell where the money had gone. So the baron ordered his carriage and drove to the doctor's house. Here he stopped, and upon Crab appearing, asked if he were Doctor Know-all.

"Yes, I am," replied Crab.

"Well, you must return with me and discover my stolen money," said the baron.

"Very well," said Doctor Know-all, "but my wife must come too."

The baron agreed to this, and gave both of them seats in his carriage.

When they arrived at the castle dinner was ready, and the baron asked Crab to dine with him.

"My wife must come too," said Crab, and they both seated themselves at the table. When the first servant entered with a delicate dish of soup the peasant nudged his wife and said, "That is the first," meaning that it was the first dish that was being served. But the servant imagined that he meant, "He is the first thief."

Now, he really was the thief, so he told his comrades in the kitchen that the doctor knew everything. When the second servant heard his story, he did not want to go in at all, for he also had helped in the theft. However, he could give no proper excuse for not appearing, and when he entered Crab nudged his wife again, and said, "That is the second." So the second also hurried out very much dismayed.

The third fared no better, for Crab said when he entered, "That is the third." The fourth servant brought in a covered dish, and the baron, in order to find out how much the doctor knew, told him to guess what was in the dish. Now, it was a dish of crabs; and the peasant, after staring at it for some time, exclaimed in despair, "Oh! wretched Crab that I am."

When the baron heard him say that, he cried out, "Good! he knows what it is. He is certain to know, also, where my money is."

Now, the servant got a terrible fright, of course, when he saw that the doctor, to all appearances, knew everything; and he signed to him to come outside. All the four

servants who had stolen the money were standing in a group waiting for him.

They confessed that they were the thieves, and eagerly begged him not to tell their master, but to take the stolen money and also a large sum which they would give him as a price for his secrecy. They pointed out the place where the money was hid, and the doctor was so pleased that he promised not to betray them.

Then going into the room again, he sat down at the table with the baron. He pulled his A B C book from his pocket, saying, "I shall now look in my book to learn where the money is hid." A fifth servant who had had some share in the robbery crept into the room and hid in the chimney to hear how much the doctor would tell.

Meanwhile, Crab was sitting turning over the leaves of his book looking for the picture of the cock. He was always missing it, however, and losing patience, he cried, "You must come out, for I know you are there!"

Then the servant in the chimney tumbled out in great fright, thinking that the doctor meant him, and exclaimed, "The man knows all, he knows all."

Whereupon Doctor Know-all showed the baron where his money was hid, but he did not betray the servants; and receiving a large sum as a reward from both sides, he became a very famous man.

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM

THERE was once a Miller who had a beautiful daughter, whom he much wished to see well married. While she was still quite young there came a man who appeared very rich, and the Miller, not knowing anything to his disadvantage, promised his daughter to him.

The maiden, however, did not take a fancy to this suitor, nor could she love him as a bride should; and, moreover, she had no confidence in him, but as often as she looked at him, or thought about him, her heart sank within her. Once he said to her, "You are my bride, yet you

never visit me." The maiden answered, "I do not know where your house is." "It is deep in the shades of the forest," said the man.

Then the maiden tried to excuse herself by saying she should not be able to find it; but the Bridegroom said, "Next Sunday you must come and visit me. I have already invited guests, and in order that you may find your way through the forest, I will strew the path with ashes."

When Sunday came, the maiden prepared to set out; but she felt very anxious and knew not why, and, in order that she might know her way back, she filled her pockets with beans and peas. These she threw to the right and left of the path of ashes, which she followed till it led her into the thickest part of the forest; there she came to a solitary house, which looked so gloomy and desolate that she felt quite miserable. She went in, but no one was there, and the most profound quiet reigned throughout. Suddenly a voice sang :

"Return, fair maid, return to your home,
'Tis to a murderers' den you've come."

The maiden looked round, and perceived that it was a bird in a cage against the wall which sang the words. Once more it uttered them :

"Return, fair maid, return to your home;
'Tis to a murderer's den you've come."

The maiden went from one room to the other, through the whole house, but all were empty, and not a human being was to be seen anywhere. At last she went into the cellar, and there sat a withered old woman, shaking her head. "Can you tell me," asked the maiden, "whether my bridegroom lives in this house?"

"Ah, poor girl," said the old woman, "when are you to be married? You are in a murderers' den. You think to be a bride, and to celebrate your wedding, but you will only wed with Death ! See here, I have a great pot filled

with water, and if you fall into their power they will kill you without mercy, cook and eat you, for they are cannibals. If I do not have compassion and save you, you are lost."

So saying, the old woman led her behind a great cask, where no one could see her. "Be as still as a mouse," said she, "and don't move hand or foot, or all is lost. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will escape; I have long sought an opportunity."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when the wicked band returned, dragging with them a poor girl, to whose shrieks and cries they paid no attention. They gave her some wine to drink—three glasses: one white, one red, and one yellow—and at the last she fell down in a swoon. Meanwhile the poor Bride behind the cask trembled and shuddered to see what a fate would have been hers.

Presently one of the robbers noticed a gold ring on the finger of the girl, and, as he could not draw it off easily, he took a hatchet and chopped off the finger. But the finger, with the force of the blow, flew up and fell behind the cask, right into the lap of the Bride; and the robber, taking a light, went to seek it, but could not find it. Then one of the others asked, "Have you looked behind the cask?"

"Oh! do come and eat," cried the old woman in a fright; "sit down and eat, and leave your search till the morning. The finger will not run away."

"The old woman is right," said the robbers, and, desisting from their search, they sat down to their meal; and the old woman mixed with their drink a sleeping-draught, so that presently they lay down to sleep on the floor and snored away.

As soon as the Bride heard them, she came from behind the cask and stepped carefully over the sleepers, who lay side by side, fearing to awake any of them. Heaven helped her in her trouble, and she got over this difficulty well; and the old woman started up too, and opened the door, and then they made as much haste as they could out of the murderers' den.

The wind had blown away the ashes, but the beans and peas the Bride had scattered in the morning had sprouted

up, and now showed the path in the moonlight. All night long they walked on, and by sunrise they came to the mill, and the poor girl narrated her adventures to her father the Miller.

Now, when the day came that the wedding was to be celebrated, the Bridegroom appeared, and the Miller gathered together all his relations and friends. While they sat at table each kept telling some tale, but the Bride sat silent, listening. Presently the Bridegroom said, "Can you not tell us something, my heart? Do you not know of anything to tell?"

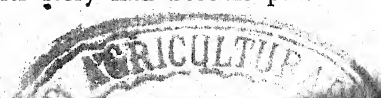
"Yes," she replied, "I will tell you a dream of mine. I thought I went through a wood, and by and by I arrived at a house wherein there was not a human being, but on the wall there hung a bird in a cage, which sang :

"Return, fair maid, return to your home;
'Tis to a murderers' den you've come."

And it sang this twice.—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then I went through all the rooms, and every one was empty and desolate, and at last I stepped down into the cellar, and there sat a very old woman, shaking her head from side to side. I asked her, "Does my Bridegroom dwell in this house?" and she replied, "Ah, dear child, you have fallen into a murderers' den ; your lover does dwell here, but he will kill you."—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then I thought that the old woman hid me behind a great cask, and scarcely had she done so when the robbers came home, dragging a maiden with them, to whom they gave three glasses of wine, one red, one white, and one yellow; and at the third her heart snapped.—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then one of the robbers saw a gold ring on her finger, and because he could not draw it off he took up a hatchet and hewed at it, and the finger flew up and fell behind the cask into my lap. And there is the finger, with the ring ! "

With these words she threw it down before him, and showed it to all present.

The Robber, who during her story had become pale



as death, now sprang up, and would have escaped; but the guests held him, and delivered him up to the judges, and soon afterwards he and his whole band were condemned to death for their wicked deeds.

THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale! Good preserves for sale!"

This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and, sticking his diminutive head out of the window, he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here!" The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now!" exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour;" and, taking the bread out of the cupboard, he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste by no means badly," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy.

Meanwhile the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Hollo! who invited you?"

exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before.

This put the little man in a boiling passion, and, snatching up in his rage a piece of cloth, he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again, he counted no fewer than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this."

In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!" "Ah," said he, "not one city alone; the whole world shall know it!" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed; and, seeing a bird before the door, which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. Directly after, he set out bravely on his travels; and, as he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly.

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good-day, comrade; in faith, you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on my road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor and said, "You vagabond! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am;" and unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow!" and, thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he had a little respect for him. Still, he wished to prove him first; so, taking up a stone, he squeezed it in his hand, so that water dropped out of it.

"Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And, diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now, I think that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you manikin, do that after me."

"Well done!" said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back," and, dipping into his pocket, he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying, he led him to a huge oak-tree, which lay upon the ground, and said, "If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"With all my heart," replied the Tailor. "Do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder; but the Tailor seated himself on a branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very merry, and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, "There rode three tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden could go no farther, and shouted out, "Do you hear? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, "Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself?"

Then they journeyed on farther, and as they came to a

cherry-tree, the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and, bending it down, gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down; and when the Giant let go, the tree flew up in the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without any injury, and the Giant said, "What does that mean? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig?" "My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor. "Do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, "Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stop a night with us." The Tailor consented, and followed him; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down, thinking, "Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner.

When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and, taking a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earliest dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace; and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there the people came and viewed him on all sides, and read upon his belt, "Seven at one blow." "Ah!"

said they, "what does this great warrior here in time of peace? This must be some mighty hero."

So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man, whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. "Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; "I am quite ready to enter into the King's service". Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he were a thousand miles away. "What will happen?" said they to one another. "If we go to battle with him, when he strikes out seven will fall at every blow, and nothing will be left for us to do."

In their rage they came to a resolution to resign, and they all went together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, "We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor, and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared that the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne.

For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sending for the Tailor, he told him that, seeing he was so great a hero, he wished to ask a favour of him. "In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, "there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you, too, in order to render you assistance."

"Ah, that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; "a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." So he replied, "Oh yes, I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow need not fear two."

Thus talking, the little Tailor set out, followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, "Stay you here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then he sprang off into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after a while he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awaking, he pushed his companion, and said, "Why are you beating me?"

"You are dreaming," he replied; "I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. "What is that?" he exclaimed. "What are you knocking me for?"

"I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. So they wrangled for a few minutes; but, being both very tired with their day's work, they soon fell asleep again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant. "That is too bad!" he exclaimed; and, springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who felt equally aggrieved. They set to in such good earnest, that they rooted up trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead upon the ground.

Now the Tailor jumped down, saying, "What a piece of luck they did not uproot the tree on which I sat, or else I must have jumped on another like a squirrel, for I am not given to flying." Then he drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen, and said, "The deed is done; I have given each his

deathstroke; but it was a hard job, for they uprooted trees to defend themselves with; still, all that is of no use when such a one as I come, who killed seven at one stroke."

"Are you not wounded, then?" asked they.

"That is not to be expected: they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could scarcely believe him, till, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood and the uprooted trees around them.

The Tailor now demanded of the King his promised reward; but the King repented his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. "Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he, "you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild a unicorn, which commits great havoc, and which you must first of all catch."

"I fear still less for a unicorn than I do for two Giants! 'Seven at one blow!' that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him as if it would pierce him on the spot. "Softly, softly!" he exclaimed; "that is not done so easily." And, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree.

The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. "Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and, coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he put all in order, and, leading the animal, brought it before the King.

The King, however, would not yet deliver up the promised reward, and made a third request, that, before the wedding, the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is mere child's play." The huntsmen, however, he left behind, to their entire content, for this wild boar had already so often

hunted them, that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar perceived the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and gnashing teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter, and the half of his kingdom.

Had the King known that it was no warrior, but only a Tailor, who stood before him, it would have gone to his heart still more !

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard-measure over your ears !" Then she found of what condition her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, "This night leave your chamber door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal; but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot.

"I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening, at their usual time, they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat, and stitch

up these trousers, or I will be at the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow; two Giants have I slain; a unicorn have I led captive; and a wild boar have I caught; and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber?"

When the servants heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.

THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK

A TAILOR and a Goldsmith were once wandering in company, and one evening, when the sun had sunk behind the hills, they heard the sound of distant music, which became clearer and clearer. The tones were uncommon, but so inspiring, that, forgetting their weariness, the two walked on.

The moon had risen, when they arrived at a hillock on which they perceived a number of little Men and Women, who had joined hands, and were whirling round in a dance with great spirit and delight, and singing thereto in the sweetest manner possible, and so making the music which the travellers had heard. In the middle sat an Old Man, taller than the others, who wore a parti-coloured coat and an iron-grey beard, so long that it reached down to his waist. The two stopped, full of wonder, and looked on at the dancers, when the Old Man beckoned to them to join in, while the circle opened readily to receive them. The Goldsmith, who was deformed, and, like all other hunchbacks, quick enough, stepped in; but the Tailor, feeling shy at first, held back, till, seeing how merry the circle was, he took heart and joined in too. The circle closed again directly, and the Little Folks began to sing and dance in the wildest manner, while the Old Man, taking a broad-bladed knife, which hung at his girdle, sharpened

it, and when it was fit, looked round at the stangers. They became frightened, but they had no time to consider; for the Old Man, seizing the Goldsmith, and then the Tailor, shaved off both their beards and hair with the greatest despatch. Their terror, however, disappeared when the Old Man, having completed this work, tapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say, they had acted well in having endured his sport without resistance. Then he pointed with his finger towards a heap of coals which stood on one side, and showed them by signs that they should fill their pockets with them. Both obeyed, though neither of them could see of what service the coals would be to them; and then they journeyed in quest of a night's lodging. Just as they came to the next valley, the clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve, and at the same moment the singing ceased, all disappeared, and the hill lay solitary in the moonshine.

The two wanderers found a shelter, and making a straw couch, each of them covered himself with his coat, but forgot, through weariness, to take the coal out of their pockets. A heavy weight pressed upon their limbs more than usual, and when they awoke in the morning, and emptied their pockets, they could not trust their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coals, but pure gold. Their hair and beard, too, had also grown during the night to their original length. They were now become quite rich; but the Goldsmith was half as rich again as the Tailor, because, impelled by his covetous nature, he had filled his pockets much fuller.

Now a miserly man, the more he possesses, desires yet an increase; and so it happened that the Goldsmith, after the lapse of a day or two, made a proposition to the Tailor to go and obtain more gold from the Old Man of the Mountain. The Tailor refused, saying, "I have enough, and am satisfied : Now I am become a master-tradesman, and I will marry my object (as he called his sweetheart) and be a happy man." However, he stopped behind a day, in order to please his comrade. In the evening, the Goldsmith slung across his shoulder a couple of bags, that he might be well furnished, and then set out on his road to

the hillock. He found the Little Folks singing and dancing, as on the previous night; and the Old Man, looking at him with a smile, treated him the same as before, and pointed to the heap of coals afterwards. The Goldsmith delayed no longer than was necessary to fill his pockets, and then returned home in high glee, and went to sleep, covered with his coat.

"Although the gold does weigh heavily," said he to himself, "I will bear the burden patiently;" and so he went to sleep with the sweet belief of awaking in the morning a very wealthy man. Judge, therefore, what was his astonishment when, on awaking and arising, he searched in his pockets and drew out only black coals and nothing besides. He consoled himself, however, for his disappointment, by reflecting that he still possessed the gold which he had taken on the previous night; but what was his rage when he discovered that that also was become coal again! He beat his forehead with his coal-begrimed hands, and then found out that his whole head was bald and smooth as his chin! His mishaps were not yet ended, for he perceived that, during the night, a similar hump to that on his back had made its appearance on his breast. He began to weep bitterly at this sight, for he recognised in it the punishment of his covetousness. The good Tailor, who then awoke, comforted the unhappy man as much as he could, and told him that since he had been his companion during his travels, he would share his treasure and remain with him.

The Tailor kept his word; but the poor Goldsmith had to carry all his lifetime two humps, and to cover his bald head with a wig.

CINDERELLA

ONCE upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, "My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you."

Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave; and in the springtime, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

The wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then an unfortunate time began in the poor stepchild's life. "Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlour with us?" said the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must earn it; out with the kitchen-maid!"

So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old grey cloak, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen.

Then she was obliged to work hard from morning till night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her CINDERELLA.

One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair; so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one; "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me," she replied.

So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel-bough touched his hat which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel-branch.

She thanked him very much, and, going to her mother's grave, she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that

her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white Bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then the little Bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride.

When the two stepdaughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her stepmother whether she would allow her.

"You, Cinderella!" said she; "you are covered with dust and dirt—will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?" But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, "I have now shaken into the ashes a tubful of beans; if you have picked them out again in two hours, you shall go."

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back door into the garden, and called out, "You tame pigeons, and turtle-doves, and all birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good beans into the tub, and the bad ones you may eat."

Presently, in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the turtle-doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then began to pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again.

Then the maiden took the tub to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival; but the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at."

As she began to cry, the stepmother said, "If you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw



amongst the ashes in one hour, you shall accompany them;" and she thought to herself, "She will never manage it."

As soon as the two tubs had been shot into the ashes, Cinderella went out at the back door into the garden, and called out as before, "You tame pigeons, and turtle-doves, and all birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good beans into the tubs, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently, in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and soon after them the turtle-doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. Then they began to pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the seeds into the tubs; and scarcely had half an hour passed before all were picked up, and off they flew again.

The maiden now took the tubs to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, "It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and said :

" Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and took her for some foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for of Cinderella they did not dream but that she was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes.

Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and even would not let go her hand; so that when she was asked by others to dance, he said, "She is my partner." They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, "I will go with you,

and see you safe," for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house; so the Prince waited till the father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon-house. Then the step-mother thought, "Could it be Cinderella?"

And they brought an axe wherewith the Prince might cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped quickly out on the other side of the pigeon-house, and had run to the hazel-tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little grey cloak and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her stepmother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and sang as before :

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than the former, and when the maiden appeared at the ball, every one was astonished at her beauty.

The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the house.

Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till the father came, and then said, "The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Cinderella?" and, taking

an axe, he chopped down the tree; but there was no one on it.

When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before; for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel-tree, she had put on once more her old grey cloak.

The third day, when her stepmother and her sisters had again set out, Cinderella went once more to her mother's grave, and said :

“ Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.”

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were of pure gold.

When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, “ She is my partner.” As soon as evening came she wished to go, and, as the Prince followed her, she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened as the maiden ran that her left slipper came off.

The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and of pure gold; so the following morning he went with it to the father, and said, “ My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits.” The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe into it, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, “ Cut off your toe, for if you are queen you need not go any longer on foot.”

The maiden cut it off and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse, and rode off; and as they passed by the grave there sat two little doves upon the hazeltree, singing :

“ Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you.”

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one.

Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe; so she went to the chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching a knife, said, “ Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become queen you need not go any longer on foot.”

She cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride, and rode off; and as they passed the hazel-tree there sat two little doves, who sang :

“ Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small and she behind
Is not the bride for you.”

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quite red; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying “ Neither is this one the right maiden. Have you no other daughter? ”

“ No,” replied the father, “ except little Cinderella, daughter of my deceased wife, who cannot possibly be the bride.” The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the stepmother said, “ Oh, no ! she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen.”

But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curtsied to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and, taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade; and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her

face, and recognising the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, "This is my true bride."

The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed, and white with rage. But the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse, and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel-tree the two little white doves sang :

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And, as they finished, they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained; and the wedding was celebrated with great festivities, and the two sisters were smitten with blindness as a punishment for their wickedness.

HANS MARRIED

ONCE upon a time there lived with his uncle a young country chap whose name was Hans. The uncle wanted very much to marry him to a rich wife. One night he set him beside the grate, in which was burning a big, bright fire. When he had fetched a jug of milk and a large piece of white bread, he gave Hans a shining new penny, saying, "Hans, keep this penny safely, and break your white bread into this milk. Also mind you do not stir from your stool till I return."

"Yes," said Hans, "I will do all you tell me."

Thereupon the uncle went away. Having drawn on a pair of old spotted breeches, he set out for the next village, where he called on a rich farmer's daughter. He asked her if she would marry his nephew Hans, assuring her that he was a prudent and clever young man, who could not fail to please her.

The girl's father, however, was anxious to know how much he could make of the bargain, and asked, "How is

he situated with regard to property? Has he enough to live upon?"

"My dear friend," said the uncle, "my nephew is a youth, who has not only a nice penny in hand, but plenty to eat and drink. Moreover, he can count quite as many specks (meaning money) as I." So saying, he slapped his hand upon his spotted breeches. "Will you," he continued, "take the trouble to go with me? It will take you only an hour's time, and you shall see that everything is as I have said."

The offer appeared so advantageous to the covetous farmer that he would not let it slip. So he said, "If it is so, I have nothing to say against the wedding."

A day was appointed, and the wedding was duly celebrated. A few hours after, the young wife said she would like to go into the fields that she might view the property of her husband.

Hans thereupon drew his spotted smock over his Sunday clothes, explaining to his bride, "I do not wish to spoil my best things!"

Then they went together into the fields, and, every time they came to a place where the meadows and fields divided, Hans pointed with his finger to them, and then laid it on one great spot or another on his smock, saying, "This spot is mine and thine too, my dear! Just take a good look at it." Of course, Hans meant by this, not that his wife should look all over the broad fields, but that she should glance at the smock, which was really his own!

"Did you then go to the wedding?"

"Yes! I was there in full toggery. My headpiece was of snow, and there came the sun and melted it; my clothes were of worsted, and I walked through thorns, so that they were torn off; my shoes were of glass, and I stepped upon a stone, and they cracked and fell to pieces."

THE GIANT WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

THERE was once upon a time a poor woman whose son was born with a caul, and so it was foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he should marry the King's daughter. As it happened, the King soon after came into the village, quite unknown to any one, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, "A few days since a child with a caul was born, which is a sure sign that he will be very lucky; and, indeed, it has been foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he will marry the King's daughter."

The King had a wicked heart, and was disturbed concerning this prophecy, so he went to the parents, and said to them, in a most friendly manner, "Give me up your child and I will take care of him." At first they refused, but the stranger begged for it with much gold, and so at last they consented and gave him the child, thinking, "It is a luck-child, and, therefore, everything must go on well with it."

The King laid the child in a box and rode away till he came to some deep water, into which he threw the box, saying to himself, "From this unsought-for bridegroom have I now freed my daughter."

The box, however, did not sink but floated along like a boat, and not one drop of water penetrated it. It floated at last down to a mill two miles from the King's palace, and in the mill-dam it stuck fast. The miller's boy, who was fortunately standing there, observed it, and drew it ashore with a hook, expecting to find a great treasure. When, however, he opened the box, he saw a beautiful child alive and merry. He took it to the people at the mill, who, having no children, adopted it for their own, saying, "God has sent it to us." They took good care of the child, and it grew up a steady, good lad.

It happened one day that the King went into the mill for shelter during a thunder-storm, and asked the people

whether the boy was their child. "No," they answered; "he is a foundling, who, fourteen years ago, floated into our dam in a box, which the miller's boy drew out of the water." The King observed at once that it was no other than the luck-child whom he had thrown into the water, and so said to them, "Good people, could not the youth carry a letter to my wife the Queen? If so, I will give him two pieces of gold for a reward."

"As my lord the King commands," they replied, and bade the youth get ready.

Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "So soon as this boy arrives with this letter, let him be killed and buried, and let all be done before I return."

The youth set out on his journey with the letter, but he lost himself, and at evening came into a great forest. In the gloom he saw a little light, and going up to it he found a cottage, into which he went, and perceived an old woman sitting by the fire. As soon as she saw the lad she was terrified, and exclaimed, "Why do you come here?—and what would you do?"

"I am come from the mill," he answered, "and am going to my lady the Queen to carry a letter; but because I have lost my way in this forest, I wish to pass the night here."

"Poor boy!" said the woman, "you have come to a den of robbers, who, when they return, will murder you."

"Let who will come," he replied, "I am not afraid; I am so weary that I can go no farther;" and, stretching himself upon a bench, he went to sleep. Presently the robbers entered, and asked in a rage what strange lad was lying there. "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent youth, who has lost himself in the forest, and whom I have taken in out of compassion. He carries with him a letter to the Queen."

The robbers seized the letter and read it, and understood that as soon as the youth arrived he was to be put to death. Then the robbers also took compassion on him, and the captain tore up the letter and wrote another, wherein he

declared that the youth on his arrival was to be married to the Princess. They let him sleep quietly on his bench till the morning, and as soon as he awoke they gave him the letter, and showed him the right road.

When the Queen received the letter she did as it commanded, and caused a splendid marriage feast to be prepared, and the Princess was given in marriage to the luck-child, who, since he was both young and handsome, pleased her well, and they were all very happy. Some little time afterwards the King returned to his palace and found the prophecy fulfilled and his daughter married to the luck-child. "How did this happen?" he asked. "In my letter I gave quite another command."

Then the Queen handed him the letter, that he might read for himself what it stated. The King perceived directly that it had been forged by another person, and he asked the youth what he had done with the original letter that had been entrusted to him. "I know nothing about it," he replied; "it must have been changed in the forest where I passed the night."

Inflamed with rage, the King answered, "Thou shalt not escape so easily; he who would have my daughter, must fetch for me three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; bring thou to me what I desire, then shalt thou receive my daughter."

The King hoped by this means to get rid of him, but he answered, "The three golden hairs I will fetch, for I fear not the Giant;" and so he took leave and began his wanderings.

The road led him by a large town, where the watchman at the gate asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," replied the youth.

"Then you can do us a kindness," said the watchman, "if you tell us the reason why the fountain in our market-place, out of which wine used to flow, now, all at once, does not even give water."

"That you shall know," was the answer; "but you must wait till I return."

Then he went on farther and came to a rather large city; where the watchman asked him, as before, what

trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then you can do us a kindness, if you tell us the reason why a tree, growing in our town, which used to bear golden apples, does not now even have any leaves."

"That you shall know," replied the youth, "if you wait till I return;" and, so saying, he went on farther till he came to a great lake, over which it was necessary that he should pass. The ferryman asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then," said the ferryman, "you can do me a kindness, if you tell me why, for ever and ever, I am obliged to row backwards and forwards, and am never to be released." "You shall learn the reason why," replied the youth; "but wait till I return."

As soon as he got over the water he found the entrance into the Giant's kingdom. It was black and gloomy, and the Giant was not at home; but his old grandmother was sitting there in an immense arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she, looking at him fixedly. "I want three golden hairs from the head of the King of these regions," replied the youth, "else I cannot obtain my bride." "That is a bold request," said the woman, "for if he comes home and finds you here it will be a bad thing for you; but still, you can remain, and I will see if I can help you." Then she changed him into an ant, and told him to creep within the fold of her gown, where he would be quite safe.

"Yes," he said, "that is all very well; but there are three things I am desirous of knowing:—Why a fountain, which used to spout wine, is now dry, and does not even give water.—Why a tree, which used to bear golden apples, does not now have leaves.—And why a ferryman is always rowing backwards and forwards and never gets released."

"Those are difficult questions," replied the old woman; "but do you keep quiet, and pay attention to what the King says when I pluck each of the three golden hairs."

As soon as evening came the Giant returned, and

scarcely had he entered, when he remarked that the air was not quite pure. "I smell!—I smell the flesh of man!" he exclaimed; "all is not right." Then he peeped into every corner, and looked about, but could find nothing. Presently his old grandmother began to scold, screaming, "There now, just as I have dusted and put everything in order, you are pulling them all about again: you are for ever having man's flesh in your nose! Sit down and eat your supper."

When he had finished he felt tired, and the old woman took his head on her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he yawned, then winked, and at last snored. Then she plucked out a golden hair and laid it down beside her.

"Bah!" cried the King, "what are you about?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered the old woman, "and so I plucked one of your hairs."

"What did you dream, then?" asked he.

"I dreamed that a market-fountain, which used to spout wine, is dried up, and does not even give water. What is the matter with it, pray?"

"Why, if you must know," answered he, "there sits a toad under a stone in the spring, which, if any one kills, the wine will gush out as before."

Then the old woman went on combing till he went to sleep again, and snored so that the windows shook. Presently she pulled out a second hair.

"Look here! what are you about?" exclaimed the King in a passion.

"Don't be angry," said she; "I did it in a dream."

"What did you dream this time?" he asked.

"I dreamed that in a certain royal city there grew a fruit-tree, which formerly bore golden apples, but now has not a leaf upon it. What is the cause of it?"

"Why," replied the King, "at the root a mouse is gnawing. But if they kill it, golden apples will grow again; if not, the mouse will gnaw till the tree dies altogether. However, let me go to sleep in peace now; for if you disturb me again you will catch a box on the ears."

Nevertheless the old woman, when she had rocked him

again to sleep, plucked out a third golden hair. Up jumped the King in a fury, and would have illtreated her; but she pacified him, and said, "Who can help bad dreams?"

"What did you dream this time?" he asked, still curious to know.

"I dreamed of a ferryman, who is for ever compelled to row backwards and forwards, and will never be released. What is the reason thereof?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" answered the Giant. "When one comes who wants to cross over, he must give the oar into his hand; then will the other be obliged to go to and fro, and he will be free."

Now, since the old woman had plucked the three golden hairs, and had received answers to the three questions, she let the Giant lie in peace, and he slept on till daybreak.

As soon as he went out in the morning, the old woman took the ant out of the fold of her gown and restored him again to his human form.

"There you have the three golden hairs from the King's head; and what he replied to the three questions, you have just heard."

"Yes, I have heard, and will well remember," said the luck-child; and, thanking the old woman for her assistance in his trouble, he left those regions, well pleased that he had been so lucky in everything. When he came to the ferryman he had to give him the promised answer. But he said, "First row me over, and then I will tell you how you may be freed;" and as soon as they reached the opposite side he gave him the advice, "When another comes this way, and wants to pass over, give him the oar in his hand."

Then he went on to the first city, where stood the barren tree, and where the watchman waited for the answer. So he said to him, "Kill the mouse which gnaws at the root of the tree, and then it will again bear golden apples." The watchman thanked him, and gave him for a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him. Next he came to the other city, where the dry fountain was, and he told the watchman as the Giant had said—"Under a stone in the spring there sits a toad, which you must

uncover and kill, and then wine will flow again as before."

The watchman thanked him, and gave to him, as the other had done, two asses laden with gold.

Now the lucky youth soon reached home, and his dear bride was very glad when she saw him return, and heard how capitally everything had gone with him. He brought the King what he had specially desired—the three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; and when his Majesty saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite pleased, and said, "Now are the conditions fulfilled, and you may have my daughter: but tell me, dear son-in-law, whence comes all this gold? This is, indeed, bountiful treasure."

"I was ferried over a river," he replied, "and there I picked it up, for it lies upon the shore like sand."

"Can I not fetch some as well?" asked the King, feeling quite covetous.

"As much as you like; there is a ferryman who will row you across, and then you can fill your sacks on the other side."

The covetous King set out in great haste upon his journey, and as soon as he came to the river beckoned to the ferryman to take him over. The man came and bade him step into his boat; and as soon as they reached the opposite shore, the ferryman put the oar into his hand and sprang on shore himself.

So the King was obliged to take his place, and there he is obliged to row to, and fro for ever for his sins. And there he still rows, for no one has yet come to take the oar from him.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

THERE was once a poor Widow who lived alone in her cottage with her two children, who, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes which grew before the house, were called Snow-White and Rose-Red. But they were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any that were in the world, only Snow-

White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her Mother to keep house, or reading to her if there was nothing else to do. The two children loved one another dearly, and always took each other's hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share. Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. For the hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near. No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning; and because their Mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them. One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful Child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but, without saying anything, went into the forest; and when the children looked round they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked a couple of steps farther in the dark. Their Mother told them the figure they had seen was, doubtless, one of the angels who watch over good children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their Mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her Mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose-tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and, although the kettle was made of copper, it yet shone like gold because it was scoured so well. In the evenings, when the snowflakes were falling, the Mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door;" and then they used to sit down on

the hearth, and the Mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay their pet lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door, as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her Mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveller outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but, instead, a great fat Bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her Mother's bed. The Bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid! I will do you no harm; but I am half frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the Mother; "come in and lie down before the fire, but take care you do not burn your skin." And then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White; the Bear will not harm you—he means honourably." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb too and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You children!" said the Bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction, and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel-stick, laughing when he grumbled. The Bear bore all their tricks good-naturedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out :

"Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you'll never wed."

When bedtime came and the others were gone, the Mother said to the Bear, "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and the bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him, that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White. "I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs. In the winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light." Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the Mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks, and while doing so they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face, and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did

not know how to free himself. He glared at the Maidens with his fiery-red eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?" "What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You stupid, inquisitive goose!" exclaimed he, "I wanted to split the tree in order to get a little wood for my kitchen; for the little food which we use is soon burned up with great faggots, not like what you rough, greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the wedge sprang out suddenly, and the tree closed so quickly together that I could not draw my beautiful beard out; and here it sticks, and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! Are you dumbfounded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out, but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crack-brained sheep-head that you are!" snarled the Dwarf. "What are you going to call other people for? You are already two too many for me. Can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something;" and, pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she cut off the end of his beard. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which lay between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, and, throwing it over his shoulder, marched off, grumbling and groaning and crying, "Stupid people, to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard! Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went a-fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognised the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red. "You will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf. "But do you not see this fish will pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there angling, and, unfortunately, the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing-line; and so, when a great fish bit

at the bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near, but to no purpose for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond. Luckily, just then the two Maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing-line; but both were too closely entangled for it to be done, so the Maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls, which lay among the rushes, and, without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the Mother sent the two Maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which, here and there, great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and, running up, they saw with horror that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon, then, as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed, in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The Maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude,

and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there. Coming home they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot, on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams and displayed such a variety of colours that the two Maidens stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage. He was continuing to abuse the poor Maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out, "Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures; see, these beautiful precious stones which lie here. Only give me my life: for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? You could not feel me between your big teeth. There are two wicked girls; take them. They would make you nice tender morsels; they are as fat as young quails—eat them."

The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The Maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit and I will accompany you." They recognised his voice, and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a King's son, he said, "and was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. Now he has received the punishment he so richly deserved."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the Prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old Mother also lived for many years happily with her two children; and the rose-trees which

had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.

KING THRUSH-BEARD

A CERTAIN King had a daughter who was beautiful above all belief, but withal so proud and haughty that no suitor was good enough for her, and she not only turned back every one who came, but also made game of them all.

Once the King proclaimed a great festival, and invited thereto from far and near all the marriageable young men. When they arrived they were all set in a row, according to their rank and standing; first the Kings, then the Princes, the Dukes, the Marquesses, the Earls, and last of all the Barons. Then the King's daughter was led down the rows, but she found something to make game of in all. One was too fat. "The wine-tub!" said she. Another was too tall. "Long and lanky has no grace," she remarked. A third was too short and fat. "Too stout to have any wits," said she. A fourth was too pale. "Like Death himself," was her remark; and a fifth, who had a great deal of colour, she called "a cockatoo." The sixth was not straight enough, and him she called "a green log scorched in the oven!"

And so she went on, nicknaming every one of the suitors, but she made particularly merry with a good young King whose chin had grown rather crooked. "Ha, ha!" laughed she, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak;" and after that day he went by the name of Thrush-beard.

The old King, however, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock at and make sport of all the suitors who were collected, became very angry, and swore that she should take the first decent beggar for a husband who came to the gate.

A couple of days after this a player came beneath the windows to sing and earn some bounty if he could. As

soon as the King saw him he ordered him to be called up, and presently he came into the room in all his dirty ragged clothes, and sang before the King and Princess, and when he had finished he begged for a slight recompense.

The King said, "Thy song has pleased so much that I will give thee my daughter for a wife."

The Princess was terribly frightened; but the King said, "I have taken an oath, and mean to perform it, that I will give you to the first beggar." All her remonstrances were in vain; the priest was called, and the Princess was married in earnest to the player. When the ceremony was performed, the King said, "Now, it cannot be suffered that you should stop here with your husband in my house; no! you must travel about the country with him."

So the beggar-man led her away with him, and she was forced to trudge along with him on foot. As they came to a large forest, she asked:

"To whom belongs this beautiful wood?"

The echo replied:

"King Thrush-beard the good!
Had you taken him, so was it thine."

"Ah, silly," said she,

"What a lot had been mine
Had I happily married King Thrush-beard!"

Next they came to a meadow, and she asked, "To whom belongs this meadow so green?"

"To King Thrush-beard," was again the reply.

Then they came to a great city, and she asked, "To whom does this beautiful town belong?"

"To King Thrush-beard," said one.

"Ah, what a simpleton was I that I did not marry him when I had the chance!" exclaimed the poor Princess.

"Come," broke in the Player, "it does not please me,

I can tell you, that you are always wishing for another husband. Am I not good enough for you?"

By and by they came to a very small hut, and she said, "Dear me, to whom can this miserable, wretched hovel belong?"

The Player replied, "That is my house, where we shall live together."

The Princess was obliged to stoop to get in at the door, and when she was inside, she asked, "Where are the servants?" "What servants?" exclaimed her husband. "You must yourself do all that you want done. Now make a fire and put on some water, that you may cook my dinner, for I am quite tired."

The Princess, however, understood nothing about making fires or cooking, and the beggar had to set to work himself, and as soon as they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed. In the morning the husband woke up his wife very early, that she might set the house to rights, and for a couple of days they lived on in this way and made an end of their store. Then the husband said, "Wife, we must not go on in this way any longer, stopping here doing nothing: you must weave some baskets."

So he went out and cut some osiers and brought them home, but when his wife attempted to bend them, the hard twigs wounded her hands and made them bleed. "I see that won't suit," said her husband. "You had better spin; perhaps that will do better."

So she sat down to spin, but the harsh thread cut her tender fingers very badly, so that the blood flowed freely. "Do you see," said the husband, "how you are spoiling your work? I made a bad bargain in taking you! Now I must try and make a business in pots and earthen vessels; you shall sit in the market and sell them."

"Oh, if anybody out of my father's dominions should come and see me in the market selling pots," thought the Princess to herself, "how they will laugh at me!"

However, all her excuses were in vain: she must either do that or die of hunger.

The first time all went well, for the people bought of the Princess, because she was so pretty-looking, and not only

gave her what she asked, but some even laid down their money and left the pots behind. On her earnings this day they lived for some time, as long as they lasted; and then the husband purchased a fresh stock of pots. With these she placed her stall at a corner of the market, offering them for sale.

All at once a drunken hussar came plunging down the street on his horse, and rode right into the midst of her earthenware, and shattered it into a thousand pieces. The accident, as well it might, set her a-weeping, and in her trouble, not knowing what to do, she ran home crying, "Ah, what will become of me? What will my good-man say?"

When she had told her husband, he cried out, "Whoever would have thought of sitting at the corner of the market to sell earthenware? But well I see you are not accustomed to any ordinary work. There, leave off crying; I have been to the King's palace, and asked if they were not in want of a kitchen-maid, and they have agreed to take you, and there you will live free of cost."

Now the Princess became a kitchen-maid, and was obliged to do as the cook bade her, and wash up the dirty things. Then she put a jar into each of her pockets, and in them she took home what was left of what fell to her share of the good things, and of these she and her husband made their meals.

Not many days afterwards it happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, and the poor wife placed herself near the door of the saloon to look on. As the lamps were lit, and guests more and more beautiful entered the room, and all dressed most sumptuously, she reflected on her fate with a saddened heart, and repented of the pride and haughtiness which had so humiliated and impoverished her. From the costly dishes which were carried to and fro, the fragrant smell of which increased her regrets, the servants now and then threw her a few morsels, and these she put into her pocket to carry home.

Presently the King entered, clothed in silk and velvet, and having a golden chain round his neck. As soon as he saw the beautiful maiden standing at the door, he seized

her by the hand and would dance with her; but she, terribly frightened, refused, for she saw it was King Thrush-beard, who had wooed her, and whom she had laughed at. Her struggles were of no avail. He drew her into the ball-room, and there tore off the band to which the pockets under her dress were secured; the jars rolled out and the soup ran over the floor, while the pieces of meat, etc., skipped about in all directions.

When the fine folks saw this sight they burst into one universal shout of laughter and derision, and the poor girl was so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand fathoms below the earth. She ran out at the door and would have escaped; but on the steps she met a man who took her back, and when she looked at him, lo ! it was King Thrush-beard again.

He spake kindly to her, and said, "Be not afraid; I and the musician, who dwelt with you in the wretched hut, are one; for love of you I have acted thus; and the hussar who rode in among the pots was also myself. All this has taken place in order to humble your haughty disposition, and to punish you for your pride, which led you to mock me."

At these words she wept bitterly, and said, "I am not worthy to be your wife; I have done you so great a wrong." But he replied, "Those evil days are past; we will now celebrate our marriage."

Immediately after came the bridesmaids, and put on her the most magnificent dresses; and then her father and his whole court arrived, and wished her happiness on her wedding-day; and now commenced her true joy as Queen of the country of King Thrush-beard.

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters, two of whom had eyes different from those of ordinary people. The eldest was called One-Eye, because she had only one eye, and the peculiar thing about

it was that it was placed in the centre of her forehead. The second was named Two-Eyes, for she had two eyes like other people. The third was called Three-Eyes, because she had three eyes, one of which was placed right in the middle of her forehead.

Now, because Two-Eyes was not in the least different from other people, she was despised and hated by her mother and sisters. "You are no better than common folks, you with your two eyes. You do not belong to us." So they pushed her about, and gave her old shabby clothes to wear, and she had nothing to eat but what they did not want. Thus, in every way they treated her as unkindly as they could.

Once it happened that Two-Eyes had to go out into the fields to look after the goat. She was feeling very hungry, for her sisters had given her even less than usual to eat that morning. Sitting down on the common, she began to cry so hard that her tears were flowing almost like two little brooks from her eyes. By and by she happened to look up in her distress, and lo ! there stood a lady close to her, who asked, "Why do you cry, Two-Eyes?"

"My mother and sisters cannot endure me because I have two eyes like other people," replied Two-Eyes. "They push me into corners, give me old clothes to wear, and I get nothing to eat except what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still hungry. Do you wonder that I cry?"

"Two-Eyes, dry your tears," said the wise lady. "I will tell you something which will save you from being hungry again. Say this to your goat :

Bleat, goat, bleat;
Table, bring meat !

and immediately a little table will stand before you, nicely spread with the most delicate food. You can eat as much as you like and when you have finished you must say :

Bleat, goat, bleat;
Depart, table neat !

and the table will depart directly."

Then the wise lady disappeared, and little Two-Eyes thought that she would see whether all the lady had said was true, for she felt very hungry. So she repeated :

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Table, bring meat ! "

and as she said the words, a table covered with a white cloth appeared before her. On it were placed a knife and fork and a silver spoon, as well as many delicate dishes, which were as warm as if they had been taken from the fire less than a moment before.

Two-Eyes said a short grace before she began to eat, and then helped herself to the food, and made a hearty meal. When she had finished, she said the words the wise lady had taught her:

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Depart, table neat ! "

Immediately the table disappeared with everything that was on it. "This is a delightful way to keep house," cried Two-Eyes in high glee.

When she went home in the evening with her goat, she found a little earthenware dish filled with food, which her sisters had placed ready for her, but she did not touch it. Next morning, too, she went out without touching the food which they had left for her. The first time this happened, and the second, her sisters took no notice, but when the same thing occurred on the third morning, their suspicions were aroused, and they said, "Something is happening to Two-Eyes; she leaves her food every day. She must have found some other way of living."

So, in order to find out what was taking place, they resolved to send One-Eye with her sister, when she drove the goat to the meadow. All the way she was to watch whether any one gave Two-Eyes something to eat. When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye said, "I am coming with you to see whether you take



proper care of the goat, and drive it where it will get plenty of food."

However, Two-Eyes, guessing what One-Eye wanted to find out, drove the goat among the finest grass. Then she said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you." One-Eye sat down, for she was quite tired with her long walk and the heat. So Two-Eyes began to sing :

"Are you asleep, One-Eye ?

One-Eye, are you awake or asleep? "

and she kept on singing until One-Eye really went to sleep.

As soon as she felt quite sure that her sister would not hear, Two-Eyes said quickly :

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Table, bring meat ! "

and when the little table appeared, she ate and drank all that she needed. Then calling out :

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Depart, table neat ! "

she caused the little table to disappear before her sister awoke.

"Come, we will go home now," she said, as One-Eye awoke. "You said you wanted to look after the goat, but he might have run all over the world for you, you slept so soundly."

Thereupon they went home, but as Two-Eyes left her food untouched again, the mother asked One-Eye what had happened. One-Eye could not explain why her sister would not touch her food, so she made the excuse, "I fell asleep when I got out of doors."

The following morning, therefore, the mother told Three-Eyes that she must go out with Two-Eyes, and see who brought her food, for it was certain that someone must. Then Three-Eyes went up to her second sister and said. "I am coming with you to-day, to see if you attend to the goat properly, and drive it into the best field."

Two-Eyes saw through her design, of course, and drove the goat to the best pasture. "Come, let us sit down here, Three-Eyes," she said, "and I will sing to you." Now, Three-Eyes was very tired with the unusual walk in the heat of the sun, and sat down willingly.

Then Two-Eyes began to sing :

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?"

But, instead of finishing as she ought to have done:

"Three-Eyes, are you asleep?"

she sang by mistake :

"Two-Eyes, are you asleep?"

and went on singing every time :

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?
Two-Eyes, are you asleep?"

Then, although Three-Eyes fell asleep, she shut only two of her eyes, for the third one kept open, because it had not been spoken to in the song. Of course, Three-Eyes was cunning enough to pretend to shut it, as if she were fast asleep, but in reality she was blinking with it all the time, and seeing what happened.

No sooner had Two-Eyes made up her mind that Three-Eyes was fast asleep, than she said the old lines :

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Table, bring meat!"

and when her hunger was appeased, told the table to go away, saying :

"Bleat, goat, bleat;
Depart, table neat!"

But Three-Eyes had seen everything. Not knowing this,

Two-Eyes awoke her, saying, "You are a good watcher, sister, falling asleep like that! But come, let us go home."

When they got back Two-Eyes ate nothing, as before; and the eldest sister told her mother that she knew now why Two-Eyes would not eat the food given to her at home. Then she related all that she had seen with the eye in the centre of her forehead, and repeated what Two-Eyes had said.

When the mother heard this, she exclaimed angrily, "Do you think you are going to have better things than we have? If so, you will find yourself mistaken." With that she seized a carving-knife, and killed the goat on the spot.

Then Two-Eyes, almost broken-hearted, went out, and sitting down in the meadow, began to weep bitterly. All at once the wise lady appeared beside her, and asked, "Two-Eyes, why do you cry?"

"My mother has killed the goat. It was the one which you promised would bring me the table every day when I used the rhyme. Now I shall have to suffer hunger and thirst again."

"Two-Eyes," said the wise lady, "take my advice, and ask your mother to give you the inside of the goat which she has killed. You must bury it in front of the house, and then your fortune will be made."

So saying, she disappeared, and Two-Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, give me some part of my goat. I don't want anything you would like for yourselves, only the inside parts, please."

Highly amused at her humble request, the sisters said, laughing, "Well, if you don't want anything else, you may have the inside parts." These Two-Eyes took, and at night buried them in front of the house, as the wise lady had advised her.

Next morning, to every one's astonishment, there was to be seen growing in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree. Its leaves were of silver, and golden fruit was hanging down from the branches. There could be nothing more magnificent nor so precious in the whole world.

The others could not tell how the tree had come there

during the night, but Two-Eyes noticed that it had grown right above the place where she had buried the parts of the goat. However, the mother, without spending any time wondering about the matter, said to One-Eye, "Climb up, my child, and break off some of the fruits for us."

One-Eye climbed up, and pulled down one of the branches, meaning to pluck all the apples on it, but it sprang back out of her hands quite suddenly. It did this every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up.

Then the mother said to Three-Eyes, "Do you climb up, Three-Eyes, for you can see better than One-Eye."

So Three-Eyes climbed the tree, but she had no better success than her sister, for the branches all flew back as she touched them. At last the mother, becoming impatient, climbed the tree herself, but she could not touch the fruit, and like her daughter, always caught at the empty air, when she thought she was taking hold of the apples.

"Let me go up," cried Two-Eyes; "perhaps I may be successful."

Her sisters laughed mockingly at this; and said, "Oh, no doubt you with your two eyes will do better than we could."

But Two-Eyes climbed up, and no sooner had she touched the branches than the apples fell into her hands one by one, so that she was able to bring down a big apronful with her. Her mother took the apples, but did not seem at all thankful, for both she and the two sisters were envious of Two-Eyes because she alone could reach the apples. Then they began to treat her worse than before.

One morning, not long after, the three sisters were standing round the tree, when a young knight appeared in the distance, riding towards them. "Quick, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the other two. "Creep under this cask and hide yourself, so that we need not be ashamed of you."

So saying, they hastily pushed her under an empty cask which was standing close by, and then they threw in after her the golden apples she had just picked.

By this time the knight had almost reached them, and

he appeared a very handsome man. He stopped in astonishment at sight of the tree with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and said to the sisters, "To whom belongs this lovely tree? I will give any price for a branch of it."

Of course One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them, and offered to break off a branch for him. But they could not manage it, for the boughs flew back as soon as they touched them.

"It is very odd, that if the tree belongs to you, you are not able to break a branch off it," said the knight. Nevertheless, the sisters maintained still that the tree was theirs.

However, just at that moment, Two-Eyes rolled some of the golden apples from beneath the cask, for she was angry, because her sisters had not told the truth. The apples rolled right to the feet of the knight, and he asked, in surprise, where they had come from. Then One-Eye and Three-Eyes answered that they had another sister, who did not like to be seen by any stranger, because she had only two eyes like other people.

But the knight was determined to see her, and called out, "Come here, Two-Eyes." In a moment she came from under the cask, dazzling the knight with her great beauty. "Two-Eyes, can you break me off a branch from the tree?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "for the tree is mine." Climbing up without any more delay, and breaking off a bough laden with silver leaves and golden fruit, she handed it to the knight.

"What shall I give you for it, Two-Eyes?" he asked.

"Alas!" answered Two-Eyes, "I have to suffer hunger and thirst, and am in trouble from morning till night. Only take me with you, and I shall be content."

Then the knight lifted Two-Eyes to his saddle, and rode away with her to his father's castle. Here she had beautiful clothes and plenty to eat, and after a time the knight fell so deeply in love with her that he took her for his wife.

As they saw Two-Eyes riding away with the handsome knight, the other sisters felt more jealous than ever. But they consoled themselves saying, "At any rate, we are left with the beautiful tree, and even if we cannot pluck

the fruit, every one who passes will stop to admire it and come to ask us about it." Alas, for their hopes, however! By next morning the tree had vanished.

On the other hand, Two-Eyes looked out of her window next morning, to find to her great joy that the tree had followed her.

For a long time after this Two-Eyes lived in great happiness, without hearing of her sisters. However, one morning two poor women came to the castle to beg for alms. Two-Eyes, after looking at them narrowly for some time, recognised One-Eye and Three-Eyes. They had fallen into such great poverty that they were obliged to wander about, begging their bread from door to door. She welcomed them kindly, and treated them so well, that they both became sorry for the unkindness they had shown her in her childhood, and repented.

HANS IN LUCK

AFTER serving his master for seven years, Hans made up his mind that he would like to go home. So he came to his master and said, "My time is up, sir, and I should like to go to see my mother."

Then the master answered, "You have been such a faithful and good servant, I am going to make your pay handsome." And he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans put the piece of silver carefully into his pocket-handkerchief, and, slinging it over his shoulder, started off homewards. He was walking very lazily, simply dragging one foot after another, when a man came in sight, gaily riding on a splendid horse.

"Oh! what a fine thing it must be to ride on horse-back!" exclaimed Hans. "He sits there as if he were at home in his own chair; he never trips against stones, he saves his shoes, and yet he gets along."

The man on the horse, hearing this, said to Hans, "Why do you go on foot then?"

"I have this load to carry," answered Hans. "It is silver, and so heavy that it hurts my shoulder, and I can scarcely hold up my head."

"Then what do you think of changing with me?" asked the horseman. "You shall give me the silver, and I will give you my horse."

"Oh! with all my heart," exclaimed Hans, "but let me tell you, you will have hard, hard work to drag it along."

The horseman jumped off the horse and helped Hans up. Then he took the silver, and, as Hans caught the bridle, he said to him, "If you want to go very fast at any time, just smack your lips loudly, and cry, 'Jip.'"

No one could be happier than Hans, as he sat on his horse, and rode merrily along. Soon he began to think that he should like to go faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip." Off went the horse as fast as he could, and, of course, Hans was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and if a shepherd, who was passing at the time, driving a cow, had not caught the horse, it would have run away. As soon as Hans began to feel himself again, he got upon his legs. But he felt very sorry for himself, and said to the shepherd:

"Riding is no joke when a man gets a horse that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. I'm done with riding: I like your cow a great deal better than a horse; one can walk along quite comfortably behind her, and besides, one can have milk, butter, and cheese every day. How I should like to have a cow like yours!"

"Well," replied the shepherd, "if you like her so much, I will let you have her, if you give me your horse instead."

"Done!" shouted Hans gaily.

Thereupon the shepherd jumped on the horse and rode away.

As Hans went along driving his cow quietly in front of him, he was thinking what a wonderfully clever bargain he had made. "Whenever I feel thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk, and if I have a piece of bread (and,

of course, I shall be able to get that) I can eat my butter and cheese with it."

At last he came to an inn, where he halted. Here he ate up all the bread he had, and spent his last penny; then he set out to drive his cow towards his home. It was just about noon, and, as the heat was very great, Hans began to feel so hot and tired that his tongue seemed to be sticking to the roof of his mouth. To make matters worse he would have to cross a wide heath, which would take him more than an hour.

"But I can easily find a cure for this parching thirst," he said to himself, and stopped to tie his cow to the stump of a tree. "I will milk my cow;" but though he tried hard, he could not get a drop of milk into his leathern cap. He was still trying, very clumsily, when the cow, getting tired of it, gave him a kick on the head which knocked him senseless on the ground. Fortunately for him a butcher happened to be passing there soon after. This butcher had a pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked as he helped Hans up. When he heard the story of the milking, he handed a flask to Hans, saying, "Drink some of that. That cow of yours is an old beast; she will give you no milk; why, she is good for nothing but the slaughter-house."

"I am an unlucky fellow," groaned Hans. "Who would have thought that she was so useless; and besides, I hate cow-beef; it is not tender enough for me, so what can I do with her? If only it were a pig, it might be of some use; it would at least do for sausages."

"Well, if you wish it, I am willing to change," said the butcher.

"May Heaven reward you for your kindness!" exclaimed Hans; and handing over his cow to the butcher, he took the pig from the wheelbarrow and set out for home with his new bargain.

It seemed to Hans as he went along, that at last he had been well repaid for all the misfortunes he had encountered since leaving his master. Soon he met a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman

stopped to ask him the time, and Hans told him all that had happened, and how many bargains he had made. Then the fellow began to talk about the goose he was carrying. He said he was taking him to a christening, and, holding him up, continued, "Feel how heavy he is, and he is only eight weeks old ! There is plenty of fat on him, I can tell you, and whoever roasts and eats him will be lucky."

"True," replied Hans, as he weighed the goose in his hands, "but my pig also is no trifle."

The countryman's face became very grave, and he shook his head. "I'm afraid, my friend, that pig may get you into a scrape before long," said he. "In the village I came from just now, I heard that the squire has had a pig stolen from his sty; and directly I saw you, I was dreadfully afraid that someone had given you the squire's pig. You know, it will be bad for you if they catch you, for they will certainly throw you into the horse-pond."

Poor Hans ! he was in a sad state when he heard all this. "Good man," cried he, "help me out of this scrape, I beg of you; you know more of this district than I. Give me the goose for my pig, it will be safer with you."

But the countryman did not appear to be very willing to change. "You know I ought to get something extra for doing this. However, I don't like to be too hard on you, as you are in trouble," he said to Hans, as, taking the string in his hand, he began to drive off the pig by a side path. Hans, now free from care, went on his way homewards, carrying his goose. He was thinking as he went, that this also was a splendid bargain.

"I shall have a capital roast," he said to himself, "and then with all the fat, I shall have goose-grease for six months, at least; and over and above that there are all the white feathers: I can put them into my pillow, so that I can sleep soundly without rocking. And then how pleased my mother will be !"

At length he came to the last village, and here he met a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away and singing :

"O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blithe, so merry as I?"

Hans stopped to watch him, and at last said, "You seem very happy, master grinder, you are surely well off."

"Oh, yes," replied the grinder, "without a doubt mine is a golden trade; a good grinder, when he puts his hands in his pockets, always finds money there." Then catching sight of the goose, he said, "Where did you get that beautiful goose?"

"I gave a pig in exchange for it," replied Hans.

"And where did you get the pig?"

"I gave a cow for it."

"And the cow?"

"I did not buy it either, I gave a horse for it."

"But where did you get the horse?"

"I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for it."

"And the silver?"

"I worked hard for seven long years for the silver."

"You have got on very well in the world, as far as you have gone," said the grinder, "but if you could find money whenever you put your hand into your pocket, your fortune would be made."

"And how am I to bring that about?" asked Hans.

"All you have to do is to get a grindstone and turn grinder like me; the fortune will come of itself," was the reply. "Will you buy this one? It is a little the worse for wear; but I would not ask more than the price of your goose for it."

"How can you ask such a question?" exclaimed Hans.

"I shall be the happiest man in the world, to find money whenever I put my hand into my pocket. Take the goose by all means."

The grinder thereupon picked up a common rough stone that was lying near, and handed it to Hans, saying, "This is a splendid stone; if you manage it cleverly you will be able to make an old nail sharp with it."

What a light heart Hans had as he set off with his stone! His eyes sparkled with joy, and the thought in his mind

was, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything I wish for comes to me of itself."

But he had been travelling all day since dawn, and was feeling very tired and hungry. All his money was gone, for he had given away his last penny at the inn. At length he felt that he could go no farther, the stone felt so heavy. He managed, however, to drag himself to the side of a pond, where he laid the stone down very carefully; but as he stooped to take a drink he quite forgot about it, and pushed it a little, and it fell into the water with a splash. Hans stood for a time looking at his stone which was now lying at the bottom of the clear pond. Suddenly, he leaped up with joy, and then falling on his knees thanked Heaven, with tears in his eyes, for taking away his only worry, the heavy stone.

"I can be happy now," he cried; "no being was ever so lucky as I."

After that he walked on towards his mother's house with a merry heart, having got rid of all his troubles.

THE LADY AND THE LION

A MERCHANT, who had three daughters, was once setting out upon a journey. Before he went he asked each daughter what gift he should bring for her. The eldest asked for pearls; the second for diamonds; but the third said, "Dear father, I should like you to bring me a rose."

Now, it seemed almost impossible to find a rose, for it was the middle of winter; but the youngest was his favourite child, and very fond of flowers. Then the father said he would try what he could do, and kissed all three and set off. He bought pearls and diamonds for the two eldest, but he sought everywhere in vain for the rose. When he went into a garden and inquired for such a thing, the people laughed at him, and asked him whether he thought roses grew in snow.

However, as he was journeying home, and thinking what he should get for his youngest daughter, he came to a

fine castle, around which was a garden. In half of this garden the finest flowers were in full bloom, as if it were summer-time, while in the other half everything was desolate and winterly.

"What a lucky find!" exclaimed he, as he called to his servant, and told him to go to a beautiful bed of roses, and bring him one of the flowers. The rose was got, and they were riding away, well pleased, when a fierce lion sprang up.

It roared out, "Whoever dares to steal my roses shall be eaten up alive."

The merchant started and said, "I knew not that the garden belonged to you; can nothing save my life?"

"Nothing!" said the lion, "but a promise that you will give me whatever meets you first on your return home; if you promise me this, I will give you your life, and the rose, too, for your daughter."

But the man was unwilling to do so, and said, "It may be my youngest daughter. She always runs to meet me when I go home."

Then the servant, in a great fright said, "Nevertheless, it may be a cat or a dog that meets you first." So the man yielded, but he took the rose with a heavy heart.

As he came near home, it was his youngest daughter who met him first. She ran to him and kissed him, welcoming him home; and when she saw that he had brought her the rose, she was very happy indeed. But her father was very sad, and began to weep.

"Alas! my dearest child," he said, "this flower has cost me too dear, for I have promised to give you to a wild lion, who will probably tear you in pieces and eat you." Then he told her all that had happened, and said she would not go, let what would happen.

But she comforted him, saying, "Dear father, what you have promised must be fulfilled; I will go to the lion and soothe him, and he will let me return safe home again to you."

The next morning she asked the way she was to go, took leave of her father, and went forth with a bold heart into the wood. Now, the lion was an enchanted prince; by day

he and all his court were lions, but in the evening they took their proper forms again. And when the lady came to the castle, he welcomed her so courteously that she consented to marry him.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, and they lived happily together for a long time. The prince was to be seen in the evening only, and then he held his court ; but every morning he left his bride, and went away by himself till night came again, she knew not whither.

Time passed till one day the prince said to her, " Tomorrow there will be a great feast in your father's house, to celebrate your eldest sister's wedding. If you wish to go to visit her, my lions shall go with you." She was very eager to see her father once more, and set out with the lions. There was great rejoicing in her old home when she arrived, for they had thought her dead long since. But she told them how happy she was, and stayed as long as the festivities lasted, and then went back to the wood.

Not long after she was invited to the wedding of her second sister, and said to the prince, " I will not go alone this time; you must go with me." But he said that would be a very hazardous thing, for if the least ray of the torch-light should fall upon him, he should be changed into a dove, and be obliged to wander about the world for seven long years. But she gave him no rest, and said she would take great care no light should fall upon him.

At last he yielded, and they set out together, taking with them their little child; the prince chose a large hall with thick walls to sit in while the wedding torches were alight; but unluckily no one noticed that there was a crack in the door. As the procession came from the church, they passed before the hall carrying lighted torches, and a very small ray of light fell upon the prince. In a moment he disappeared: and when his wife came in and looked for him, she found only a white dove.

Then he said to her, " Seven years must I fly hither and thither, over the face of the earth ; but every now and then I will let fall a white feather, to show you the way I am going, and if you follow the track you may overtake me and set me free."

When he had finished speaking, he flew out at the door, and she followed; and every now and then a white feather fell, and showed her the way she was to journey. Thus she went wandering on through the wide world, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and seeking no rest for seven years. Then she began to rejoice, thinking that the time was fast coming when all her troubles should cease; yet release was still far off. One day as they were travelling on as usual, she suddenly missed the white feather, and when she lifted up her eyes the dove had disappeared.

"Now," thought she to herself, "no human aid can be of use to me;" so she appealed to the sun, saying, "Thou shinest on the mountain's top, and into the deepest valley; hast thou anywhere seen a white dove?"

"No," said the sun, "I have not seen it; but I will give thee a casket. Open it when thy hour of need comes."

She thanked the sun, and went on her way till even-tide. When the moon arose, she cried unto it, and said, "Thou shinest all night, over field and forest; hast thou anywhere seen a white dove?"

"No," said the moon; "I have not seen it; but I will give thee an egg—break it when need comes."

She thanked the moon, and went on till the night-wind blew; and she raised up her voice to it, and said, "Thou blowest everywhere among the trees and leaves; hast thou not seen the white dove?"

"No," said the night-wind; "but I will ask three other winds; perhaps they have seen it."

Then the east wind and the west wind came, and they, too, said they had not seen it; but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove; it flew to the Red Sea, and has once more become a lion, for the seven years are passed away; and there he is ever at war with a dragon, who is an enchanted princess, seeking to separate him from you."

Then the night-wind said, "I will give thee advice: go to the Red Sea; on the right shore are growing many tall reeds; count them, stop at the eleventh, break it off and smite the dragon with it; and thus wilt thou enable the lion to have the mastery over it, and both will appear

to thee in human form. Then instantly set out with thy beloved prince, and journey home."

So she set out, and found all as the night-wind had said. She plucked the eleventh rod, and smote the dragon, and immediately the lion became a prince, and the dragon a princess again. But she forgot the counsel which the night-wind had given; and the false princess suddenly caught the prince by the arm, and carried him away.

So the unfortunate traveller was again forsaken and forlorn; but she took courage and said, "Wherever the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will journey on till I find him once again."

For a long, long way she went on, till at length she came to the castle where the prince lived; there were festivities going on, and she heard that the wedding was about to be held. "Heaven aid me now!" said she; and she opened the casket which the sun had given her, and found within it a dress as dazzling as the sun itself. She put it on and went into the palace, where the people gazed at her with admiration; and the dress pleased the bride so much that she asked if she would sell it.

"Not for gold and silver," answered she; "but for flesh and blood." The princess asked what she meant, and she answered, "Let me speak with the bridegroom to-night in his chamber; and I will give thee the dress."

After much hesitation the princess agreed; but she told the chamberlain to give the prince a sleeping-draught. At night, when the prince had fallen asleep, she was led into his chamber.

She sat down at his feet and said, "I have followed thee for seven years; I have been to the sun, the moon, and the four winds to seek thee. I have helped thee to overcome the dragon, and wilt thou now forget me quite?" But the prince slept so soundly that her voice seemed to him like the murmuring of the wind among the fir-trees.

At last she was taken away, and had to give up the dress; and when she saw that there was no help for her, she went out into a meadow and sat down and cried. But all at once she bethought herself of the egg that the moon had given her; she broke it open, and out ran a hen and

twelve chickens all of pure gold, who played about, and then nestled under the old one's wings. A lovelier picture could not be imagined. She rose up and drove them before her till the bride saw them from her window, and was so pleased that she asked her if they were for sale.

"Not for gold or silver; but for flesh and blood; let me speak with the bridegroom in his chamber again."

The Princess agreed to what she asked, intending to deceive her as before; but when the prince went to his chamber, he asked the chamberlain why the wind had murmured so in the night. The chamberlain told him all; how he had given him a sleeping-draught, and a poor maiden had come and spoken to him, and was to come again that night. Then the prince asked the sleeping-draught to be left near him, and took care to throw it away.

At night she came again, and began to tell him her sad fortune, and how faithful and true to him she had been. He soon recognised his beloved wife's voice, and sprang up, saying, "You have awakened me as from a dream; for the strange princess had thrown a spell around me, so that I had altogether forgotten you; but Heaven hath taken away my blindness."

Then they stole away out of the palace by night secretly, for they feared the princess, and journeyed home; and there they found their child, now grown tall and beautiful, and lived happily together to the end of their days.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

A CERTAIN merchant had two richly-laden ships making a voyage upon the seas. He had embarked all his property in these vessels, in the hope of making much money, and great was his grief when the news came that they were lost. From being a rich man he had become so very, very poor that nothing was left him but one small plot of land, and his two young children, a son and a daughter.

To relieve his mind a little of his trouble, he often went out to walk on his ground.

One day, as he was strolling along, a little, rough-looking dwarf suddenly appeared before him, and asked him why he was so sorrowful and depressed.

The merchant replied, "If I thought that thou couldst do me any good, I would tell thee."

"Who knows but I may?" said the little man. "If thou wilt tell me what is the matter, perhaps I can be of some service."

So the merchant told him how all his wealth had gone to the bottom of the sea, and he had been left with nothing but a little plot of land.

"Oh! if that is all, thou needst not worry," said the dwarf; "only promise to bring me here twelve years hence, whatever meets thee first on thy way home, and I will give thee as much gold as thou wishest."

The merchant thought that it would be the easiest thing in the world to comply with this request; it would most likely be his dog, or something of that sort, that he would meet first. He forgot that his children might come to meet him; and he agreed to the bargain without a moment's hesitation, and signed and sealed the engagement to do what the dwarf demanded, in return for the gold he was to receive.

But unfortunately, as he drew near home, his little boy, who had been on the outlook for him, was so pleased to see him, that he ran towards him and laid fast hold of his legs.

The father started with fear, for he suddenly realised what it was that he had bound himself to do; but later, when no gold arrived, he consoled himself by thinking it was only a joke that the dwarf had been playing him.

A month had passed since the agreement had been signed. Then one day he went upstairs into a lumber-room to look for some old iron that he might sell, to raise a little money; and there he saw a large pile of gold lying on the floor. He was overjoyed at the sight, for there was enough to enable him to go into trade again, and he soon became a greater merchant than before.

Time passed, and, as the merchant watched his son grow up, and remembered that the end of the twelve years was drawing near, he became so anxious and thoughtful, that his face became furrowed with care and sorrow. At last the son noticed how careworn his father had become, and asked what was the matter: but the father refused to tell him at first.

However, after some persuasion, he told him how he had, unwittingly, sold him to a little, ugly-looking dwarf for a great quantity of gold; that he had promised to hand him over in twelve years, and that the time when he must fulfil his agreement was fast approaching. The son reassured his father with the words. "Give yourself very little care about that; depend upon it, I shall be too much for the little man."

When the time came to meet the dwarf, father and son went out together to the appointed place; and the son drew a circle on the ground, in which they could stand. The little dwarf soon came, and said to the merchant, "Hast thou brought me what thou didst meet first on thy way home from here, twelve years ago?"

The old man was silent, but his son promptly replied by asking, "What dost thou want here?"

"My business is with thy father, not with thee," was the dwarf's retort.

"I am here to demand my father's bond. Thou hast meanly betrayed him," said the son.

"I will not yield up my rights," was the reply.

Whereupon a long dispute arose. At last it was agreed that the son should be put into an open boat, on a lake hard by, and that the father should push him off with his own hand, and so turn him adrift. The young man said good-bye to his father, and stepped into the boat; then the merchant sorrowfully pushed it off, and, as he did so, it heaved, and fell on one side into the water: and he was left with the fear that his son was lost.

But the boat did not sink. It carried the young man safely to the shores of an unknown land. As he jumped out, glad to feel himself on dry land again, he saw before him a beautiful castle, but, on entering, he found it empty

and desolate within, for it was enchanted. At last, however, he found a white snake in one of the rooms.

Now, the white snake, who was in reality an enchanted princess, exclaimed joyfully as she saw him enter, "Oh! my deliverer, art thou at last come? I waited for thee for twelve long years; thou alone canst save me."

Then she went on to tell him what would happen the next three nights.

"This night twelve men will come," she said; "their faces will be black, and they will be almost weighed down with chains. They will ask why thou art here; but thou art to refuse to give them an answer, and let them beat and torment thee if they will. Bear all, only keep perfectly silent till twelve o'clock, when they must depart."

"The second night twelve others will come; and the third night twice as many, and they may even cut off thy head; but at the twelfth hour of that night all their power will leave them, and I shall be free. Then I will come and bring thee the water of life, and with it restore thee to life and health."

All came to pass as she had said. On each of the nights when the men appeared, the merchant's son spoke not a word, and on the third night at twelve o'clock the princess stood before him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Immediately joy and gladness burst forth throughout the castle. The princess married the merchant's son, and he became King of the Golden Mountain.

They lived together very happily; a little prince was born, and eight years had passed over their heads without any misfortune, when the king was seized with a great longing to see his father again. The queen was afraid to let him go, and said, "I know quite well that troubles will arise if you go." However, he gave her no rest till she consented, and, as he was leaving, she presented him with a wishing-ring, saying, "Put this ring on thy finger; whatever thou wishest it will bring thee; only promise that thou wilt not make use of it to bring me to thy father's."

The king took the ring, at the same time promising what she asked, and as he put it on his finger, wished that he was near the town where his father lived. No sooner

had he done so than he found himself at the gates. Here he was stopped, however, for the guards would not let him enter because he was so strangely clad. So he went up the side of a hill just outside the town, and borrowed a suit of clothes from a shepherd, which enabled him to pass unobserved into the city.

When he came to his father's house, the merchant would not believe that he was his son, for he had but one son, who, he said, had been drowned long ago. Moreover, he would not even offer him anything to eat, because he was dressed like a poor shepherd. The king, however, repeated what he had said, and to prove his statement, asked, "Is there no mark by which thou couldst discover if I am really thy son?"

"Yes," observed his mother, "our son had a strawberry mark under the right arm."

Then he showed them the mark, and they at length believed that he was their son. He told them that he was now King of the Golden Mountain, was married to a princess, and had a son seven years old. Now, the merchant again suspected that he was telling falsehoods, and said, as he looked at his dress, "That can never be true; he must be a queer king truly who travels about in shepherd's clothes."

The son, in a fit of passion, forgot his promise to the queen, turned his ring and wished for her and his son. In an instant they stood before him; but the queen was weeping; she said he had broken his word, and misfortune would follow. He did all he could to soothe her, and at last she pretended to be comforted and willing to relent. In reality she was not, but meditating how she should take her revenge.

An opportunity soon came. One day the king took her to walk with him out of the town, towards the spot where he had been turned adrift in the boat. Here he sat down, saying, "I am very tired; let us sit down and rest." Soon he fell asleep, and then the queen stealthily drew the ring from his finger, and crept softly away, while she wished herself and her son at home in their kingdom. The king awoke only to find himself alone, and discover that the ring was

gone from his finger. "I cannot now return to my father's house," he reflected; "they would call me a wizard. I will travel throughout the wide world till I come again to my kingdom."

He immediately set out, and in due course came to a mountain, where three giants were dividing their inheritance. They were busy at the division as he came past, and they cried out, "Small men have clear heads; let us ask this man to divide the inheritance among us."

They had in all a sword that cut off an enemy's head if the owner but used the words "Heads off!" a cloak that had power to make its possessor invisible, or change him to any form he pleased; and a pair of boots that conveyed the person who put them on to whatever spot he wished. The king said they must let him try these wonderful things before he made the division, so that he might know the value of each. They gave him the cloak first. "The cloak seems very good," said he; "now let me try the sword."

"We daren't do that," exclaimed the giants, "until thou promise not to say 'Heads off!' for if thou sayst that, we are all dead men."

He promised to try its virtue only on a tree, and they gave it to him. He then asked for the boots also, and, the moment he had the wishing boots in his possession, he wished himself at the Golden Mountain; and he left the giants with no inheritance to divide, for he carried all three articles with him to his kingdom.

Hearing the sound of merry music coming from the castle as he approached, the king asked the people the reason, and was told that his queen was about to celebrate her marriage with another prince. Immediately he threw the magic cloak around him, and passing through the castle without any one seeing him, placed himself by the side of his queen. Now when any food was put upon her plate, he ate it himself, and though they kept on serving her with meat, her plate always became empty immediately; and when a glass of wine was handed to her he drank it.

When she found everything disappearing thus without

her having touched it, fear and remorse came over the queen, and she went into her room, and sobbed out to herself, "Alas! did not my deliverer come? Why, then, do these strange accidents still haunt the place?"

The king, who was still invisible, had followed her, and now he said, "Traitor! thy deliverer indeed came, and now is near thee again. Has he deserved this of thee?" So saying he went out to dismiss the guests. He told them that the wedding was at an end, for that he was the king returned to his kingdom; but the princes, and nobles, and counsellors laughed at his words.

However, he would enter into no parley with them, but demanded in a loud voice whether they would depart in peace or not. They crowded round him and tried to lay hold of him, but he drew the sword which he had got from the giants on the mountain, and having shouted "Heads off," he watched the traitor's heads fall before him; and now he was once again the King of the Golden Mountain.

THE WITCH

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was very stubborn and always unhappy, for she would seldom obey her parents. One day she said, "I will go and see the old witch. She is a wonderful old woman it seems, and besides, she has many strange things in her house I am very curious to see, if all that people say about her is true."

Her parents, however, told her not to go, saying, "The witch is a wicked old woman; nothing that she does is good; and if you go near her, you are no longer a child of ours."

The girl, however, would not be stopped by commands or threats, and went to the witch's house. She arrived at the cottage terribly frightened and pale, and an old woman came out and asked her, "Why are you so pale?"

"Oh," replied she, trembling all over, "I got such a fright by what I saw as I came along."

"What did you see?" inquired the woman.

"I saw a black man on your steps."

"That was a collier," replied she.

"After that I saw a man dressed in gray."

"That was a sportsman," said the old woman.

"Then I saw a man with blood on him."

"That was a butcher," replied the woman.

"But, oh, I got the greatest fright," continued the girl, "when I peeped through your window, and instead of you, I saw a creature with a fiery head."

"Ah! then you have seen the witch in her proper dress," said the old woman. "And now that you are here, you shall give me a light," she continued, "I have waited a long time for you." Then she changed the girl into a block of wood, which she threw on the fire. It burned up at once, and as she sat down on the hearth to warm herself, she said, "Ah, now for once the fire burns brightly!"

THE LITTLE LAMB AND THE LITTLE FISH

ONCE upon a time there was a Brother and Sister who loved one another very much. Their own mother was dead; but they had a Stepmother, who was very unkind to them, and did them privately all the injury she could. One day it happened that the two were playing with other children on the meadow before their house, in the middle of which was a pond which ran past one side of the house. Round this the children used to run, joining hands and singing:

"Eneke, Beneke, let me go,
And I will give my bird to you;
The bird shall fetch of straw a bunch,
And that the cow shall have to munch;
The cow shall give me milk so sweet,
And that I'll to the baker take,
Who with it shall a small cake bake;
The cake the cat shall have to eat,
And for it catch a mouse for me,
Which I will turn to sausage meat,
And cut it all to pieces!"

While they sang they ran round and round, and upon whom the word "pieces" fell he had to run away, and the others must pursue him and catch him. The old Stepmother stood at her window and watched the game, which vexed her very much; but, as she understood witches' arts, she wished that both of the children might be changed, the one into a Lamb and the other into a Fish. Thereupon the Brother swam round the pond in the form of a Fish, and the Sister trotted to and fro on the meadow, sorrowful and unhappy, and would not eat or touch a single blade of grass. Thus a long time passed, till one day foreign strangers came to the castle on a visit. "Now is a good opportunity!" thought the Stepmother, and called the cook, and bade him fetch the Lamb out of the meadow, for there was nothing else for the visitors. The cook went for the Lamb, and, leading it into the kitchen, tied it by the foot, that it might suffer patiently. While he went for his knife, and was sharpening it on the grindstone to kill the poor animal with, a little Fish swam up the gutter to the sink and looked at him. But this Fish was the Brother, and he had seen the cook carry away his Lamb, and had swum from the pond to the house. When the Lamb saw him, she cried :

" Ah ! my brother in the pond,
Woe is in my heart so fond !
The cook is sharpening now his knife
To take away my tender life ! "

The Fish replied :

" Ah ! my sister; woe is me,
That I am far away from thee !
Swimming in this deep, deep sea ! "

When the cook heard the Lamb speaking, and observed the sorrowful words which she said to the Fish, he was frightened, for he thought it could not be a natural animal, but had been bewitched by the wicked woman in the house. So he said to the Lamb, " Be still, I will not kill

you!" And with these words he fetched another lamb and dressed it for the guests. Then he took the Lamb to a good honest country-woman, and told her all he had seen and heard. Now, this woman was in former days the nurse of the two children, and she conjectured what had really taken place, and went with them to a wise woman. This latter said a blessing over the Lamb and Fish, and thereby they regained their natural forms. Then the little Brother and Sister went into the forest and built for themselves a little cottage, in which they lived happily and contentedly, though alone.

THE SALAD

A MERRY young huntsman, walking quickly through a wood one day, was accosted by a little old woman thus: "Good-morning, Mr. Huntsman, good-morning! you seem merry enough, and I am hungry and thirsty; do pray give me something to eat." The huntsman took pity on her, and gave her all he had in his pocket. Then he turned to go his way; but she took hold of him, saying, "Listen to me, I am going to reward you for your kindness. After you have gone some distance you will come to a tree where you will see nine birds fighting over a cloak. Take aim and shoot at them, and you will kill one. The cloak will fall along with the bird, and you are to take it, for it is a wishing-cloak, and, when you wear it, you will find yourself at any place where you may wish to be. Cut the heart out of the dead bird, and keep it, and you will find a piece of gold under your pillow every morning when you rise."

The huntsman having thanked the old woman, went away saying to himself, "If all this does happen, it will be a fine thing for me." When he had gone a hundred steps or so, he heard above him, among the branches, such a

screaming and chirping that he looked up. A flock of birds were pulling a cloak with bills and feet, screaming, fighting, and tugging as hard as they possibly could. "Dear me," said the huntsman, "this is wonderful; this happens just as the old woman said."

Taking aim, he shot into the midst of them, scattering the chattering flock far and wide. One of the birds, however, fell down dead, and the cloak dropped also. Then the huntsman, remembering what the old woman had told him, cut open the bird, took out the heart, and carried the cloak home with him.

The next morning when he awoke he looked under his pillow for the piece of gold, and there it lay glittering brightly. The same thing happened every day until he had gathered quite a heap of gold, and at last he said to himself, "Of what use is this gold to me whilst I am at home? I will go out into the world and see what is to be seen."

So taking leave of his friends, he took his bow and arrows, and went his way. It so happened one day that his road led through a thick wood, and out on to a green meadow, where stood a large castle, at one of the windows of which he could see an old woman, with a very beautiful young lady by her side looking out. Now, the old woman was a fairy, and said to the young lady, "Here is a young man coming out of the wood who holds a wonderful prize; we must take it from him, my dear child, for it is more fit for us than for him. He has a bird's heart, and through it he finds a piece of gold under his pillow every morning."

Meantime the huntsman was coming nearer, and staring up at the lady. "I have walked a long distance, and I should like to go into the castle and rest myself; I have money enough to pay for anything I want," he said to himself, for he wanted to see more of the beautiful lady. He went in, and was welcomed kindly; and it was not long before he was so much in love that he thought of nothing else but the young lady's eyes, and showed himself ready to obey her every command.

The old woman said, "Now is the time for getting the bird's heart." Without much trouble the young lady

managed to steal it away, and the huntsman did not find any more gold under his pillow, for it lay now under the young lady's, but he was so much in love that he never missed his prize.

"Well," said the old fairy, "we have got the bird's heart, but we must also get the wishing-cloak."

"We might leave him that at least," said the young lady. "We have taken his wealth."

The fairy was very angry, and said, "Such a cloak is a very rare and wonderful thing, and I must and will have it."

Then she told the young lady to sit down at the window, and look out over the country as if she were very melancholy.

The huntsman saw her and said, "What makes you so sad?"

"Alas! dear sir," was the reply, "yonder lies the granite rock where all the costly diamonds are. I long so much to go there that whenever I think of it I cannot help growing sad, for only the birds and the flies can reach it—man cannot."

"If that is all your trouble," said the huntsman, "I can soon make you happy," and he drew her under his cloak, and in a moment they were both on the granite mountain. The diamonds glittered on all sides, and, delighted with the sight, they at once began to pick up the finest.

But the old fairy made a deep sleep come upon the huntsman, and he said to the young lady, "Let us sit down and rest a little; I am so tired that I cannot stand any longer."

They had no sooner sat down that he fell asleep; then his companion quickly slipped the cloak from his shoulders, hung it on her own, gathered up the diamonds, and wished herself home again.

When he awoke and found that the young lady had tricked him, and left him alone on the wild rock, he exclaimed, "Alas! what deception there is in the world!" and sat still on the rock in great grief and fear, not knowing what to do. Now this rock belonged to fierce giants who lived upon it; and before long he saw three of them

striding towards him. He quickly threw himself on the ground, thinking, "I can only save myself by pretending to be asleep."

When the giants came up, the first pushed him with his foot, saying, "What worm is this lying curled up here?"

"Tread upon him and kill him," said the second.

"It's not worth the trouble," said the third; "let him live; he'll go climbing higher up the mountain, and some cloud will carry him away."

With that they passed on. But the huntsman had heard all they said; and as soon as they were gone, he climbed to the top of the mountain. After he had sat there some time a cloud came rolling around him, and caught him in a whirlwind. It bore him along, and gradually lowered him, and set him down amongst the greens and cabbages in a garden.

He looked around him, and said, "I wish I had something to eat; I shall be worse off than before here, for I see neither apples nor pears, nor any kind of fruits, nothing but vegetables." At length he reflected, "I can eat salad; it will refresh and strengthen me." So he picked out a fine head of lettuce and ate it. Scarcely had he swallowed two bites when he began to feel quite changed, and realised with horror that he was turned into an ass. However, he still felt very hungry, and the salad tasted very nice; so he ate on till he came to another kind of salad. But scarcely had he tasted the new salad than he felt another change come over him, and he found himself back in his old shape again.

Then he laid himself down and slept off a little of his weariness; and when he awoke the next morning he took a piece of both salads, saying to himself, "This will help me to my fortune again, and enable me to pay off those treacherous people." Then he set out to try and find the castle of his late friends; and after wandering about a few days he was successful. He stained his face all over brown, so that even his own mother would not have known him, and went into the castle and asked for permission to pass the night there. "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no farther."

The fairy said, "Who are you, and what is your business?"

"I am a messenger sent by the king to find the finest salad that grows under the sun," he replied. "I have been lucky enough to find it, and have brought it with me; but the sun is so scorching that the salad is beginning to wither, and I don't know that I can carry it farther."

When the fairy and the young lady heard of this delightful salad, they longed to taste it, and said, "Dear countryman, let us taste it."

"By all means," answered he; "I have two heads of it with me, and will give you one;" so he opened his bag and handed the old woman the bad salad.

She took it into the kitchen to be dressed; and immediately it was ready she took a few leaves and put them in her mouth. Scarcely were they swallowed than she lost her own form and ran braying down into the court in the form of an ass.

Now, the maid came into the kitchen, and seeing the salad ready, was about to carry it up; but she, too, felt a strong desire to taste it, and ate a few leaves; so she also was turned into an ass, and ran after the other, while the dish with the salad fell to the ground.

The beautiful young lady was sitting all this time with the messenger, wondering why nobody came with the salad, for she longed to taste it. At last she said, "I don't know where the salad can be."

The messenger was thinking that something must have happened, and said, "I will go into the kitchen and see." As he went he saw two asses running about in the court, and the salad lying on the ground. "This is all right!" said he; "those two have had their share." Then he took up the rest of the leaves, laid them on the dish, and brought them to the young lady, saying, "I bring you the dish myself that you may not wait any longer."

The young lady ate it, and, like the others, ran off into the court, braying.

Then the huntsman washed his face and went into the court to show them who he was. "Now you shall be paid for your roguery," said he, as he tied all three together

with a rope and drove them along till he came to a mill. He knocked at the window.

"What's the matter?" said the miller.

"I have three tiresome beasts here," answered the huntsman; "if you will take them, and feed them, and treat them as I tell you, I will pay you whatever you ask."

"With all my heart," said the miller; "but how shall I treat them?"

Then the huntsman said, "Give the oldest stripes three times a day and hay once; give the next (who was the servant-maid) stripes once a day and hay three times; and give the youngest hay three times a day and no stripes." The youngest was the beautiful lady, and he could not find it in his heart to have her beaten. When he had finished giving his orders he went back to the castle, where he found everything he wanted.

Not long after the miller came to him and told him that the old ass was dead. "The other two," said he, "are alive and eat, but they are pining away with sorrow." The huntsman took pity on them, and told the miller to drive them back to him.

When they came, he gave them some of the good salad to eat; and the beautiful young lady fell upon her knees before him: "Oh, dearest huntsman! forgive me all the ill I have done you. My mother forced me to do it; it was against my will, for I always loved you very much. Your wishing-cloak hangs up in the closet, and I will give you the bird's heart, too."

But he said, "Keep it; it will be just the same, for I mean to make you my wife."

So they were married, and lived together very happily till they died.

THE BRIGHT SUN BRINGS ON THE DAY

A YOUNG tailor who had finished his apprenticeship was tramping through the country in search of work. Unfortunately he could find none, and was forced to spend his last farthing. He was feeling in utter despair when he met a Jew on the road. He went up to him, and caught hold of his coat, being sure that a Jew would have money.

"Give me money," he cried, "or I shall kill you."

"Eight farthings are all I have," pleaded the Jew, "I cannot give you any money, but spare my life."

"You have more than eight farthings; I do not believe you, and I will have money," cried the tailor; and he beat the poor Jew till he was so nearly dead, that he had only strength enough left to say, before he expired, "The bright sun brings on the day."

The tailor now set to work to turn out the pockets of his victim, but he found only eight farthings. So he threw the body away among the bushes and started off again to search for work. He had gone a great distance before he found any employment, but at last came to a city, where he was engaged by a master tailor. This tailor had a pretty daughter, and the journeyman married her. They lived very happily together, and in the course of a few years the master tailor and his wife died, and the young people with their two children remained in the house.

One morning the journeyman was sitting near the window drinking his coffee, when suddenly the bright sun shone down on him and lighted up the whole of the opposite wall. Greatly alarmed, he jumped up and exclaimed, "It is trying to bring on the day, but it cannot!"

"What do you mean—what is the matter," asked his astonished wife.

"I dare not tell you what is the matter," was the reply.

But his wife was not to be put off; she teased him, and coaxed him, and said that she would tell no one about it. At length he told how he had killed a Jew, with the inten-

tion of stealing his money, when he was wandering about looking for work and could find none. Then he explained that the Jew's last words had been, "The bright sun brings on the day," and that morning when the sun had danced so brightly on the walls he had remembered them.

He begged his wife not to tell any one the story, but no sooner had he sat down to work than she went out to visit a cousin and told the whole secret, making her promise afterwards to tell no one. Three days later the cousin told a friend, and the friend told someone else, and the story spread in this way until everybody knew it.

The result was that the tailor was summoned to appear before the judge, and was condemned to death. So the bright sun brought on the day.

THE FLAIL WHICH CAME FROM THE CLOUDS

A FARMER was ploughing a field, his plough being drawn by a pair of oxen. He had finished nearly half of it, when the horns of his beasts began to grow, and they grew so high before he left the field, that when he got home he could not get the oxen through the stable door. Fortunately, just at that moment a butcher was passing, and the farmer gave him the beasts. The bargain they struck was that the farmer should carry a measure full of turnip seed to the butcher, who would give him in return a Brabant dollar for every grain. That seems a very good bargain!

The farmer went into his house, and coming out shortly after with a measure of seed on his back, set off for the butcher's. Now, it so happened that he dropped one grain by the way; and the butcher counted out for every seed a Brabant dollar, so if the farmer had not lost one he would have received a dollar more.

However, on his way back he found that the seed had grown up to a fine tree, so tall that it reached into the clouds. Pausing to look at it, he said to himself that he might as well climb up and see what was doing in the

clouds. So up he climbed, and when he got to the top, right before him there in the clouds were people threshing oats in a field.

He was standing looking at them, when he felt the tree shake, and, far beneath, he could see someone sawing it down. "I shall have a bad fall if I am thrown down," said the farmer to himself. He was very much bewildered and frightened, but it suddenly occurred to him to make a rope of oat straw. When he had finished he seized a flail and a hatchet, and then let himself down.

He dropped into a deep hole, so he was very glad that he had brought the hatchet; for he had to cut steps to get out. As for the flail, it served as a sign of the truth of his story, when he got into broad daylight again. No one could doubt it, of course, in face of such evidence.

Did you ever hear of a more wonderful adventure?

THE EARS OF WHEAT

AGES upon ages ago, when the angels were supposed to wander on earth, it is said that the fruitfulness of the ground was much greater than it is now. Then the ears of wheat bore, not fifty or sixtyfold, but four times five hundredfold. The corn grew from the bottom of the stalk to the top; and all the ears were as long as the stalk. But, as men very often do in the midst of their abundance, the dwellers on the earth forgot to be thankful for the blessing which came from God, and became idle and selfish.

One day a woman was walking near a cornfield, when her little child, who was with her, fell into a puddle and soiled her frock. The mother, without any hesitation, tore off a handful of wheat-ears and cleaned her little girl's dress with them. Just then an angel passed by, and saw what she had done. He was very angry, and declared to her that henceforth the wheat-stalks should no longer produce ears.

"You mortals are not worthy of Heaven's gifts," he

said. The bystanders who heard him fell on their knees, praying him to let the wheat-stalks grow as before, if not for them, yet for the poor fowls, who must otherwise perish with hunger. The angel, pitying their distress, granted part of their prayer; and from that day the ears of wheat have grown as they do now.



